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THE DOCTOR'S  
RECREATION SERIES

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON  
*General Editor*



VOLUME THREE

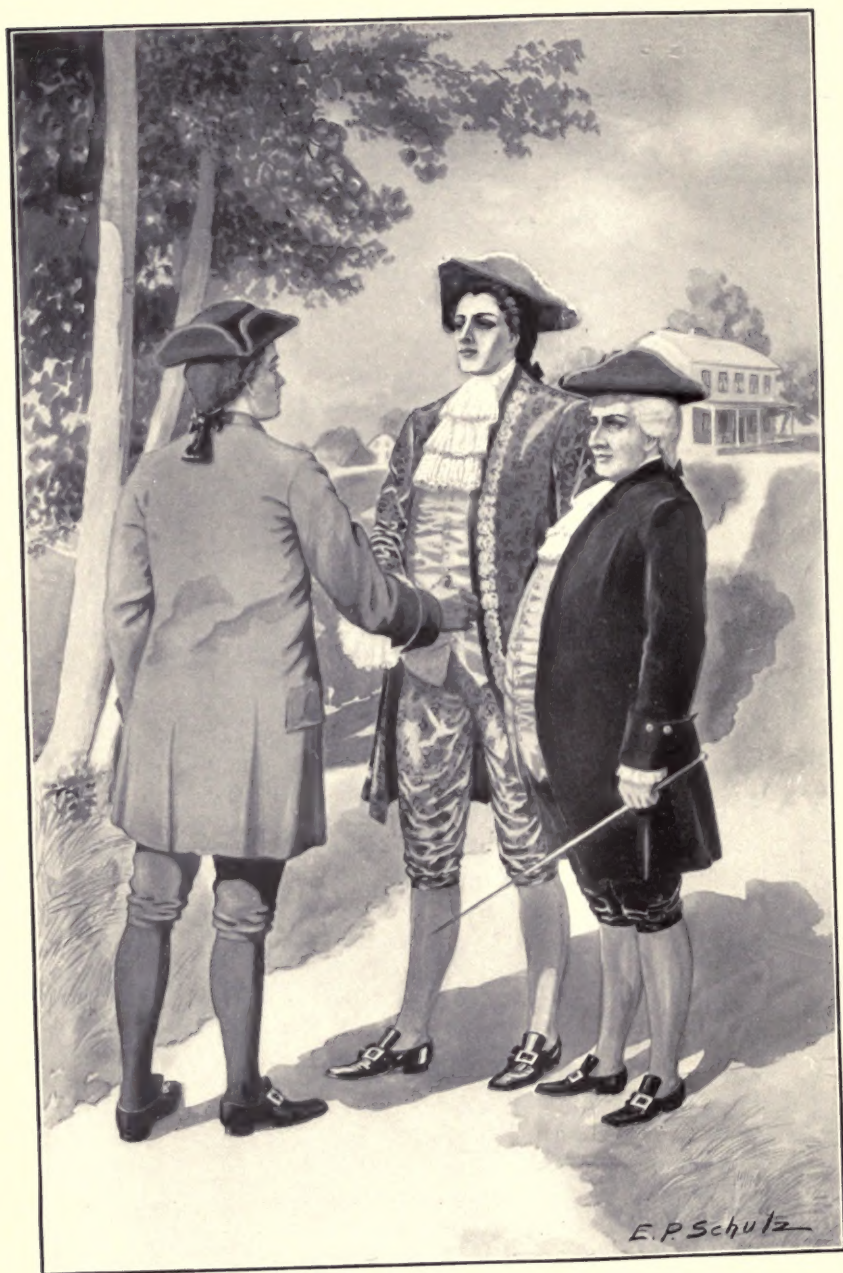














# IN THE YEAR 1800

BEING THE RELATION  
OF SEVERAL EVENTS  
OCCURRING IN THE  
LIFE OF DOCTOR  
JONATHAN BRUSH  
DURING THAT YEAR.

*"Doctor Brush," said the Judge, "Allow Me  
to Present Mr. Jamison."*

By *Samuel May, M. D.*



1864

THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO

AKRON, O.

NEW YORK





# IN THE YEAR 1800

BEING THE RELATION  
OF SUNDRY EVENTS  
OCCURRING IN THE  
LIFE OF DOCTOR  
JONATHAN BRUSH  
DURING THAT YEAR.

BY

Samuel Walter Kelley, M. D.



1904

THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING CO.

CHICAGO

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NEW YORK



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## ILLUSTRATIONS.

By E. P. SCHULZ

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## WHENCE AND WHEREFORE.

---

A package of old papers tightly rolled in a leathern wrapper, tied with a strip of the same material and marked in scarcely legible characters,

“THE PROPERTY OF DOCTOR JONATHAN BRUSH,  
PRIVATE,”

would certainly excite one's interest and curiosity, as well as cause a certain feeling of delicacy about examining its contents. But the circumstances under which an article comes into one's possession make a great difference. In this instance I felt myself not only at liberty in the matter, but, in a sense, obligated to find out the purport of the writings. Having, after considerable labor, deciphered and arranged as many of the papers as were not altogether illegible, and supplied words, phrases, ideas, commas, semi-colons, facts, sentences, etc., etc., as necessary, I found that they were not what too many doctors leave as their sole legacy to posterity—a collection of unpaid accounts for professional services—nor yet, as I half expected, clinical records of cases in practice, but were of a very different character. They constituted, as the heading within indicated, a fairly connected narrative of events that transpired during the year eighteen hundred, with some general remarks more or less appropriate; and appeared to be written by and mostly concerning Dr. Brush himself. As is apt to be the case with autobiographers, the doctor seems to have thought the occurrences quite remarkable. Indeed, some of them were so, though after all very much the same kind of human nature prevailed then as now.

I became very much interested in the story and followed it through to the end, notwithstanding the



occasional long digressions and discursions; and, judging that what interested me might interest others, I decided to place it upon record in printed form. I have also taken the liberty to divide it into chapters and to furnish chapter headings.

Dr. Brush's narrative, or "Relation" as he calls it, appears to possess a value aside from its power to entertain. If I am able to judge, it gives an authentic picture of the times in which he lived, especially in regard to medical matters and the relations of the public and the profession. A comparison with such histories, diaries, letters and other data as are available for my purpose, as well as an examination of relics found in museums and other collections, satisfies me that Dr. Brush's relation corresponds in all essential matters of fact with the other annals of his times that have come down to us. Nearly all the questions dealt with are known to and interest the public as well as the profession in our own day.

Of course the reader will recognize at once, as I did, some of the personages of whom Dr. Brush writes, as they are already well known to history; for instance, General Knox, Doctor Rush, and some others. I accidentally hit upon the discovery that Mr. Baring is none other than he who afterward became Lord Ashburton; and have no doubt whatever that a careful study would reveal the identity of others and give corroborative evidence in very numerous instances of the fidelity of Dr. Brush's account. In another surmise I may be in the wrong, but it seems to me that Brush's great enemy and rival, Jamison, who undoubtedly was as guilty as Brush thought him, or even more so, was of unsound mind; although curiously, no one, not even Brush himself, who watched him so closely, appears to have suspected insanity. But I leave that question, beside many others, to those who may care to study them out, or who are perhaps better able to judge than I.

Having perused the story with some care, I might

extend these comments and suggestions upon such points as particularly struck me, and give notes and references upon those I have investigated; but after all, that would not be necessary to the studious reader, while he who reads for pleasure only would not care for them, and so I have forbore.

A recent advertisement from a publisher states that one of our learned and laborious savants, Herr Professor Von Diggerdelder, with a large corps of assistants, has undertaken a work entitled "On Medicine and Surgery as Practiced One Hundred Years Ago, Together with an Account of the Social Status of the Profession: a Resumé of the Collateral Branches and Auxiliary Sciences and Arts as Related to Civilization and to the Art of Healing. An Essay, Philosophical, Historical and Analytical, in Twenty Volumes." As may be seen by the prospectus, the author devotes forty-seven pages to "The origin and development of the Round End of the Probe," so I have no doubt that the work when completed will be a monument of thoroughness and erudition, such as the profession has long needed and the public sighed for. But I fear it will be too technical for the laity until their course on medical advertisements and newspaper science has continued a few more years, and too lengthy for the profession in the busy times in which we are living; and it is not out yet anyway. So I hope Dr. Brush's story may in the meantime prove acceptable for general reading.

THE AUTHOR.

*Cleveland, O.*





# A Relation of Sundry Events Occurring During the Year Eighteen Hundred.

## CHAPTER I.

---

IN WHICH A STRANGER COMES TO FARMERSTOWN—ALSO  
SOME OF THE NEWS OF THE TOWN IS DISCUSSED.

**I**T WAS in the Spring of 1800 N. S. when I had been practicing physic and surgery about four years in Farmerstown, in the Province of Maine, and had attained to quite a respectable ride, that an occurrence took place which made a vivid and lasting impression upon my mind, set in motion the whole train of events that followed it, and rendered that year the most notable in my life thus far.

Upon retrospection I can see now that it was partly owing to the jealousy of my fellow practitioners, partly to the rising popularity of tractoration, to my own zeal and perhaps recklessness in the pursuit of science, and to the tireless tongues of certain petticoated slanderers, that I was carried into a course beset with anxieties and dangers. Still these would not have been sufficient cause or occasion without the crimes of others. I can see, too, that I certainly could not have continued hitherto without the faithfulness of noble-minded friends, without the most strenuous exertion of my own faculties such as they are, and without the mercy of a Power higher than all else. What life ever would have been or meant to me without these experiences is a problem I scarcely dare to contemplate.

However, it all began with an occurrence which I shall now relate.

One day in May, having arrived home, that is at Ezra Baxter's, in the Main street of our town, unsad-



dled and left my horse at the stable, I brought my saddlebags to the house, placed them on the settee that stood on the porch, and was in the act of divesting myself of my mud-bespattered leggins when I heard the click of the front gate. I glanced up and watched the coming figure.

Although but a few yards intervened between the gate and the porch, and the person walked straight toward me, there was time for me to make a number of observations. The comer was a lady, a stranger to me I thought, though I could not see her face because it was veiled. She was better dressed than was customary in our part of the country. In fact, she was richly though not showily appparelled. She appeared stout beneath her cloak, or at least walked with her shoulders held well back. She paused at the steps and said in a most melodious voice, "You are Dr. Brush?"

I replied, bowing, "Yes, madame."

"I wish to consult you, sir," she said.

"Pray walk in," said I.

The room at the end of the porch was my shop. As the lady entered she lifted her veil, disclosing a beautiful countenance. I felt the impression that I had seen her before, but knew that could not be true. She took the chair I offered. Her movements were graceful, notwithstanding her evident condition. She hesitated a moment, and I said, "You need the services of a physician? Or do you only expect to?"

"Yes," she answered, "I had not expected to need one quite yet," here a look of pain crossed her face as she continued, "but since riding in the coach I have felt several pains and the tavern keeper's wife thought I would better see you. She assured me you are very skillful in such matters. I had hoped to find some friends before anything happened. I do not like to stay at a tavern and among strangers."

Her lip quivered for an instant, and then was firm again. "However," said I, "you might be a great deal worse off. The Holcombs are kindhearted people

and keep a very decent and orderly place for a public house; and whatever skill I possess is at your service."

After some further conversation relative to her case, I prepared several doses of opium and enjoined her to lie down immediately on returning to her room and remain perfectly quiet until I should visit her the next day. But in case the pains continued or a hemorrhagy occurred to send for me.

During our talk I had time to study her face, and a very fair face it was to study. The eyes were large, dark grey and very expressive. The nose was regular in its outline. The mouth was exquisitely cut. The chin was fully rounded, and seemed to nestle down among the ruffles at her neck with a dovelike motion. Her complexion was that of a fair, fine skin in perfect health and her cheeks changed their delicate hue with each emotion. The whole face bore a look of joyful and yet pensive expectancy and excited my interest and compassion.

"For whom shall I inquire when I call to see you," said I.

"O, I beg your pardon," she replied, "ask for Mrs. Gray."

When I had dismissed her, and the drabcolored gown had disappeared through the gateway, I sat down to ponder. The odor of a mild perfume lingered in the air, yet it was not that made the apartment seem different from what it was before she had occupied it. Its plain and simple furniture did not seem meaner nor rougher nor poorer. On the contrary, it seemed invested with a new interest and beauty; and I felt myself to be in some way different from what I had been on coming in from a tedious ride through the woods and highways. I appreciated anew the dignity and sanctity of my profession. Of a truth I was but a country doctor with no right to claim more than the ordinary learning, and yet I had the knowledge in my brain and the skill in my hands to minister in her most trying hour to the fairest and

28.



most sensitive of God's creatures. In these modern times, thought I, physicians are the true knights-errant, undergoing trials and perils, battling against the grim and frightful monsters, pain, deformity, sickness and death; often happily delivering out of their hands the beautiful and innocent; aye, succoring alike the erring with the virtuous; helping even the repulsive and depraved. Never, said I, do sentiments of duty, of chivalry, and pride of skill more strongly arouse us to action than when the fate of a mother and her babe are at the same time entrusted to our care. I never could comprehend the feeling of those physicians who affect to despise the practice of midwifery as beneath the dignity of a man, and would have the whole practice of it left to women.

"Here is a patient," said I, pacing my room as I soliloquized, "here is a patient whose sensibilities will enable her to appreciate my service better than most to whom they have been rendered."

I had taken every opportunity to acquire knowledge and skill in midwifery and was not unprepared to render even instrumental aid when necessary. I had a pair of extractors, or forceps, which I myself forged upon my father's anvil, fashioning them carefully after the pattern of Dr. Smellie's, of which my preceptor, Dr. Ainstie, had a pair. I dressed and smoothed them and covered the blades and handles with a fine piece of deerskin. I had also a hook, which I made similarly. I resolved not to be found wanting in this case, and from my shelf pulled down Baudeloque and also Denman to refresh my knowledge by reading. I had Rigby's book, too (although no other physician in town could boast it), on that dreadful condition, *ante-partem hemorrhagy*.

Then there came the sounds of footsteps on the porch, a knock at the door, and I admitted Mrs. Magruder and her buxom daughter, Honora. I knew Mrs. Magruder as the wife of a laborer of our village, with a houseful of young Magruders, of whom the strapping lass, Honora, was the eldest. I remembered

then the occasion when little Dennie stepped on a sickle and cut an ugly wound across the sole of his foot. I inquired after Dennie's foot and learned that it was "as good as iver or betther, thanks be to God and the doethor." "But now, doethor," continued the worthy dame, "here is my Nora. I fear she's been doin' as she shouldn't (more shame to her!); though she'll not tell me yes or no. But I want you to find out and tell me whether what I'm afeard on is thrue. For if it is, I'll turn her out o' the house, and if it isn't I'll break ivery bone in her body before the likes of it happens agin."

Now, if this chronicle should ever come under the eye of a layman, and he should be skeptical, I might perhaps be accused of fiction, with a view to representing that I was enjoying a considerable practice in a certain line; but a physician would know that similar cases often come together in the most unaccountable way. A physician may not see a given form of disease or accident for weeks, months or years, and then meet with several of the kind in close succession, and this without any logical connection in causation.

I made the necessary inquiries and investigation of the case and found such symptoms as led me to inform the girl and her mother that, while medical treatment was out of the question, I would advise, for the sake of Nora's reputation and that wrong might be righted insofar as it was possible, that the young man be hunted up and a marriage performed as soon as possible.

"Yes," said the mother, "that's what I tould her. Best 'take the baste for the damage.'"

These visitors being dismissed I resumed my books, but had not read long till I found my thoughts a-wandering from the strictly medical aspects of the case of Mrs. Gray, and myself asking myself questions which myself could not answer. Who could she be, who had come thus a stranger to our remote settlement? Why was she travelling alone? Why had she not stated whence she came and whither she was



bound? Well, why should she have made statements on these points? There was no necessity that I should know. The interview was short. She felt embarrassed. Perhaps she will communicate more when next I meet her. I wonder if she is Mrs. Gray, or Mrs. anybody else. Perhaps hers is just such another case as poor Nora's, and she has come up here in the country to escape her friends rather than to find them. Yet she looked so modest and so innocent, I will not think evil of her? Can a woman leave the path of virtue and yet keep that pure gaze? I have not enough experience to know, but I do not believe it possible. What was the meaning of that look that came over her face as she said, "You may ask for Mrs. Gray." She did not say, "My name is Mrs. Gray." But then I had asked the question indirectly and she answered in the same way. Well whoever she is, she is a very attractive woman. Whoever is the father of her babe must be wondering where she is and how she fares. She seems sad. Perhaps she is a widow going home to her people. But she was not dressed in mourning, except the black veil. And so my thoughts ran on and on. But with all my surmising I did not once suspect that the coming of this stranger to Farmertown would be followed by such momentous occurrences as should not only stir profoundly the interest of the whole community, but decide her fate, influence my own destiny, and change the course of other lives than ours. Yet I felt a quite extraordinary interest in my visitor, and still my thoughts were all concerning her, when my landlady, good Mrs. Baxter, summoned me to supper.

I repaired to the kitchen, where the glowing fire shone brightly upon the dresser with its shining rows of pewter, and seated myself with Mr. Baxter at the supper table. Mrs. Baxter finished cutting the bread and placed the tea-pot within easy reach, for she was a very portly woman and frequent rising was laborious, and took her seat. "Have you heard the joke on Dr. Snodgrass?" said she.

“Not I,” said I.

“Laws no,” said Mr. Baxter.

Now Mrs. Baxter was not gifted above the generality of her sex with the love of gathering and redistributing the news of the neighborhood. In truth I found her or believed her to be reticent beyond the common, at least upon occurrences in her own household, including my affairs. Never to my knowledge—and I consider it no small credit to the good dame that I am able to say it truthfully—never to my knowledge had she manifested an unseemly curiosity as to who came to see me or what the nature or progress of their sickness or the state of their account with me. And yet, as will appear, she was not oblivious of the doings and the sayings of her neighbors; and she had the faculty and the habit which many women and a few men possess, of remembering and repeating details either in occurrences or in conversations.

“Do tell us, Almiry,” urged Mr. Baxter, whose face was crossed with quizzical wrinkles ever ready to deepen into a smile. “Tell us so we kin laugh, too. Who was telling ye?”

“That’s you! Ezry Baxter,” she said, “setting there lettin’ your supper get cold waiting to hear a joke on somebody else. If the joke was on you, you’d be the last one to want it told about.”

“Come now, Almiry, tell it,” persisted the old man. “What is it?”

“Well,” said she. “I just stepped into the store to get a few things when who should I see but Mr. Strong a-talking with Mrs. Plunkett.”

“Who’s Mr. Strong?” interrupted Mr. Baxter.

“Why Ezry Baxter! What has gone with your mem’ry. He’s the new school teacher come up from Boston, and you know it; and he’s like some more of them Boston people, he thinks himself pretty keen.”

“Sure enough, sure enough, Almiry; and he was talking with Mrs. Plunkett, was he?”

“Yes, she was saying how pale he was lookin’, and she’d heard he’d been ailing, and was he better. And



he said he was, thank you, Strong by name and strong by nature, that's his way of talking, you know, and then he laughed. And she said she hoped it was nothing serious, as his valuable services were needed in this town. He said it was only a slight indisposition, a weakness and a cough. And since he'd escaped the treatment, he trusted to get shut of the disease; and then he laughed. She said she didn't exactly sense his meaning. And he said it was of no consequence. But she said that his health was of a great deal of consequence and didn't he have a doctor. And he said yes and no; he formerly had a doctor but not at present. And she said how did that come. And he said he'd tell her. And he told her that he'd asked Dr. Snodgrass about his weakness and his cough; and the doctor told him the change of climate from Boston here was not agreeing with him as they had hoped. What he needed was bark. And he said he told the doctor that he had more 'bark' now than he wanted. But the doctor told him that he thought any dogwood bark—a white dogwood, a black dogwood, or a striped dogwood bark, under the circumstances—and he said he told the doctor right there that he believed so, too. That under the circumstances and feeling as he did any dog would bark whether he was black, white or yellow; and then he laughed and coughed. But he said Dr. Snodgrass told him that he meant that a tea made from the bark of any kind of dogwood or a mixture of that and Jesuits' bark would make a good bitter for him. But he told the doctor he was brought up a good, strict Protestant and didn't want to have nothing to do with Jesuits; and then he laughed. But he said the doctor told him he might call it Peruvian bark. And he would furnish him some of both kinds and tell him how to make the tea. Then he told the doctor he presumed that the bark by any other name would taste as bitter, and he took it home and made the tea and took it for a while, but failed to improve. So he went to the doctor again, and the doctor said he

was too white; what he needed was iron to give him some color. So he gave him some tincture of iron and he took that several days, but got no better. Then he went to Dr. Snodgrass the third time and the doctor says, says he, 'That's a very stubborn case. What you need is to take both of them medicines together and then you'll get color and strength and lose your cough,' says he. So the teacher went home and poured the medicines together and what do you suppose happened—it turned black as ink! He got a quill and tried it and it *was* ink. And he said he supposed if ink was good for anybody to take it was good for school teachers, but he'd let somebody else experiment first; and then he laughed and coughed. He took the stuff down to the school-house and gave all the children some to write with and they all wrote their copies with Dr. Snodgrass' medicine. And he told Mrs. Plunkett all about it, and he laughed good and hearty. But Mrs. Plunkett she turned solemn and says she, 'But suppose you'd took all them medicines and they'd have mixed in your blood, you'd have turned as black as ink.' He looked at her. 'Do you really think so?' says he. 'I had not thought of that.' 'Why, of course,' says she. Then he burst out laughing worse than ever. 'Then I would have "got some color,"' says he, 'and might have "lost my cough."' But he ain't lost it yet, poor fellow, for the laughing brought on a bad kink of it. 'Take my advice,' says Mrs. Plunkett—speaking very solemn and shakin' her finger at him, 'Take my advice and see Dr. Stikes—there ain't a doctor in town can hold a rushlight to Dr. Stikes.' Then she seen that I was listening and she talked low. But half o' the people in town are talking about Dr. Snodgrass's ink. It's a wonder you hadn't heard about it before now. Mrs. Pendleton was at the store, too, buying lots of things. Probably you disremember that Sophie Pendleton's wedding day comes next week Tuesday."

"Why, so it doos," said Mr. Baxter, "so it doos."

"An' you'd clean forgot it," exclaimed his wife; "what is gone with your mem'ry? Men air so stupid. Ain't their bans been read out and waxed onto the door post last Sabbath already, and two more Sabbaths 'll be three times? An' ain't her cousin Drusiller come up from Bangor to help get ready? An' ain't Dorothy Whittlesey goin' to be the bridesmaid an' Richard Henry the groomsman?"

"Laws me! How should I know?" said Mr. Baxter. "But I 'spose if you say so, it must be true."

"Why, of course it's true. Didn't Mis' Pendleton tell me so her own self? An' didn't I know all about it anyhow? Ain't everybody in town talking about the wedding?"

"More'n likely, Almiry, more'n likely they air."

"That is everybody exceptin' you and the doctor. You never *do* know what's goin' on; or anyways if Dr. Brush knows, he won't tell about it."

"Things goes on ju-u-st as well, Almiry, without me an' the doctor talkin' about 'em," said Mr. Baxter slyly.

But she continued, "They say that Mr. Strong is pretty much cut up about Sophie, an' him only here this Winter and Hezekiah Bowen known her all her life and been courtin' of her for two years. And they want me to be sure and come to the wedding in time to make the flip. And they say that Mrs. Bowen dremp that she seen Sophie with Hezekiah's head in her lap."

"Hear that now, Doctor! D'ye hear that! Mrs. Bowen *dremp* that she seen Sophie with Hezekiah's head in her lap. Ho! Ho! Ho!" and Mr. Baxter laughed his quiet, easy laugh.

"It ain't a thing to laugh at, Ezry," said his wife seriously. "She dremp Hezekiah was *dead*."


"Laws now! You don't say! Well, he looked big and hearty enough when I seen him today. I guess he'll be at his weddin'. Ain't you afeard that you're a little out of practice makin' flip? You'd better try your hand now. Me and the Doctor'll test it for ye. Come, Almiry, do."



## CHAPTER II.

---

THE NARRATIVE OF THE FAIR AND INTERESTING STRANGER  
IS CONTINUED—VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE MAKE THEIR  
APPEARANCE—MRS. GRAY DECIDES TO STAY AT FARM-  
ERSTOWN—THE GOSSIPS ARE BUSY.

N THE morning after the day on which the fair and interesting stranger arrived in Farmerstown and consulted me about her state of health, I found myself awake early, lying in my chamber in the old Baxter house, reviewing the incidents of the previous day. I mentally resolved to pay my promised visit to Mrs. Gray at the tavern at as early an hour as might be considered seasonable.

I knew the hour was yet too early by the dim light that entered my chamber through the drawn curtains; and also quite as well could the time be told by the familiar sounds about the village neighborhood. The cocks has slackened in their noisy salutation of the first peep of dawn, and their chanting was interspersed with sundry other notes from their own lusty throats and the slenderer pipes of hens and chicks. These sounds were always cheerful and pleasant to me; and I think would still be agreeable without the associated ideas of a fresh-laid breakfast or a nicely roasted dinner. The birds made merry music in the orchards and thickets. I could distinguish the song of many a little favorite. Then I heard the click of the door-yard gate followed by the squeak of the well-sweep, and I knew that neighbor Carter had come again, as he or some member of his family had done several times a day for the past ten years, to borrow a pail of water from our well. Carter had not the

time to dig a well on his own premises. Indeed, it seemed unnecessary that he should dig a well when an abundance of the best of water could be had from the well of his neighbor.

Then I heard a boy's merry whistle suddenly muffled by the rattle of cart-wheels and a jingling and metallic jangling which became less and less audible and finally were lost in the distance. So I knew that Ashabel Watkins had started out to work on his father's farmplot, taking with him in the cart such implements as he needed. Far down the village street I can hear a winding horn frequently interrupted by the sound of voices and mingled with a clatter of bells. It is time I were up. When I go to the window and peer through the curtains I know full well I shall see him of the winding horn, Simple Jerry as he is known, the town cowherd, gathering his herd for the day. The town-folks turn out their milk cows as he comes up the street sounding his horn, or singing with a voice quite as wild and melodious as the notes from his simple instrument.

All summer long Simple Jerry herds the cattle on the best pasture lands to be found unfenced outside the town; and he tends them well and never fails to bring them home at sundown, distributing his herd adown the village streets where he finds their owners waiting to open the home gate and let the patient creatures in. All summer and winter long, the selectmen have agreed, Simple Jerry shall be fed and clothed and housed. As to whether their duty is done as well as Jerry's is, I myself shall keep an observant eye.

Now the herd approaches our house, led by a one-horned harridan who will allow none to advance before her, while she seeks a tuft of grass or a spray of shrubbery within reach to crop at, but seeks in vain, for the herd have passed that way too oft before. So she reaches over the fence for a bough of our favorite pear tree, and I suddenly shout, "Hie!" through the open window at the old marauder. At this Jerry looks

up and spies me and calls out, "I see you, Dr. Brush, I see you! Ha-ha-ha!" He laughs delightedly and claps his hands. Poor Jerry! He and I are the best of friends. He knows it was I that secured his release from Morris Steinberg who, being the lowest bidder, was paid by the town to take care of Jerry, but starved and abused him instead; and that I arranged the agreement between him and the selectmen by which he was to do the townherding in consideration of his proper maintenance.

The number of Jerry's little herd is to be increased by three from our homelot. The white cow is Mr. Baxter's, the brown-and-white cow and the heifer are mine. I recall very well how they came to be my property. Each was in payment of a debt that could not be collected otherwise. The cow formerly belonged to 'Squire Jedediah Tompkins—better known (behind his back) as old Miser Tompkins, and afterwards was owned by the Widow Bowles until she died. The story of her acquisition is rather amusing, if I could forget the hard journeys and harder mental labor and anxieties that she cost me. But no matter now. The story is too long anyway to tell before breakfast, which I judge by the odor stealing up the stairway is nearly ready.

I fear I neglected the garden and my pets, and that the sun was not yet very high in the heavens when I walked up Main street to the principal cross-street which our town possessed. There on one corner stood the tavern, a rambling frame structure with the gable toward the street, and its two-story porch painted red. In front, projecting over the foot walk, swung a sign bearing the words,

ENTERTAINMENT

FOR MAN AND

BEAST, JABEZ HOLCOMB.

One side of the sign displayed a painting of a horse regaling himself at a manger full of hay, while the



other side bore the picture of a ruddy-faced man seated at a table, in the act of raising a tankard to his lips.

This of course was meant to indicate that the tavern was kept by Jabez Holcomb; while strict truth would have inserted the names of Jabez' wife and daughters. Thus was omitted mention of the greatest personage about the inn, namely, the portly wife of the inn-keeper. She was greater than her husband physically an hundred and twenty-five pounds, one leg, an arm and an eye; and morally by the breadth of at least two of the ten commandments.

That is to say, Mrs. Holcomb was a large and fleshy woman of some two hundred and fifty pounds weight; while her husband was only of middle size; and his weight had been still further reduced by the loss of his left leg above the knee, and left arm at the elbow. This loss occurred in the service of his country during the war of the Revolution by the bursting of a cannon which he was serving. The same accident destroyed his left eye. Jabez was very fond of describing the occurrence, as well as many other scenes of the late war, and was very popular with the stagedrivers, hostlers, idlers, and, in fact, with the population of the village generally, as well as the travelling public. He seemed to think that it was his duty to entertain his guests in the sense of keeping them amused and helping them to pass the time, rather than to look after their bodily comfort and welfare.

He was known to be the possessor of the most extensive and inexhaustible vocabulary of oaths, expletives and imprecations of any man in our section of the country, and yet he could be most urbane and always managed to evade the letter of the law and escape the usual penalties for profanity. His peg-leg and his boisterous voice could be heard everywhere through the house and stables at any time of day and in the bar any time of night. I have heard it said that if the selectmen of our town were strictly to enforce the new

law, and cause to be posted up in the houses and shops of all taverns, innholders and retailers, a "list of the names of all persons reputed common drunkards, or common tipplers, or common gamesters, misspending their time and estate in such houses," that the name of Jabez Holcomb would be posted upon his own inn walls. It was said that his one eye and one hand were as good as most men's two when it came to a game of cards; and those who knew him when he was young asserted that he was not only gallant as a soldier but very gallant among the fair as well. With all his popular qualities his bluster and his urbanity, the real business of keeping the tavern was attended to by the good-tempered and motherly wife, assisted by the two daughters, Amanda and Cynthia Ann, who were well respected in the village.

I had become well acquainted with the family, having lived at the tavern during several months when I first located at Farmerstown, until I secured more quiet and commodious quarters at Baxter's; and the Holcombs had always employed me upon occasion of any illness among them ever since. Cynthia Ann Holcomb was an active and industrious girl of sixteen. Her elder sister, Amanda, would not be judged by the casual observer to be frequently out of health. And yet she had been under the care of one physician or another for a variety of complaints. She was of a somewhat plethoric habit and had a surprising number of ailments from time to time considering her appearance. She had been most under the care of Dr. Stikes, but since establishing my practice in the village I had been employed, and treated her for various dyspepsias, difficulties of breathing, papitations of the heart and a variety of pains and morbid sensations.

The Holcombs had also a son, Harry, aged about twenty, who was a veritable chip of the old block. So far in his career he had exhibited few if any of the business and moral qualifications of his mother.

On entering the tavern through the barroom I was

first accosted by Cynthia Ann, who made me a little half-curtsey from the landing of the stairs and beckoned me to follow upward. "She's just had breakfast," said Cynthia Ann, and tapped at the chamber door which we entered.

Mrs. Gray was still in bed, the curtain of which was parted that she might reach out to her breakfast tray on a stand at the bedside. She greeted me very kindly and I inquired how she felt. She said her pain had all disappeared, for which she was very thankful, as it not only hurt but frightened her greatly; but that she was very dizzy on raising her head. This I told her she could take as a hint not to raise her head, but to leave it low upon the pillow.

"Doctor," said she, "how long must I remain in bed?"

"At least, madame," I replied, "for a few days, even if there is no return of the symptoms, in order to insure that they do not return."

At this moment Mrs. Holcomb called Cynthia Ann, and she went down stairs. Mrs. Gray lay quite still for a full minute gazing thoughtfully into space. Then she said, "Then shall I be able to travel before my lying-in?"

"It may be possible for you to travel," I replied, "but it will not be prudent."

A look of intense sadness and weariness came upon her face. After a long silence she said, "Do you know how it feels to be far from home—from your *own* home?"

"I have never been farther from home," I replied, "than the distance between Hanley, Massachusetts, and Philadelphia, and from Hanley here." I paused, but as she did not speak I continued, "I have called this town home for the past five years, but my real home is in Massachusetts."

"Pardon me, Dr. Brush," said the lady, "but would you mind talking to me about Massachusetts?"

I replied, smiling, "That is quite a topic. Do you want its history, its products, its—"



"Oh, no, no," she cried, her voice trembling and her eyes filling with tears—"tell me little things—about the people—the life there when you were at home—anything you may chance to recollect."

"Well," said I reflectively, perceiving the mood she was in and seeking to soothe her, "my earliest recollections are of life upon my father's farm, with my little sister Martha? The very earliest incident of life that made a permanent impression on my memory is that we children made houses of corn-cobs in the dooryard under the great apple-tree; and one day I turned the grindstone that stood there, the crank of which flew around and struck Martha upon the shoulder and knocked her down, to our great fright and dismay. And father came by, and after finding that the child was not much injured removed the crank and placed it high in a fork of the apple tree, from which he took a switch and threatened dire punishment if I meddled again. But mother took a child in each arm and comforted both alike." I paused, but the lady said, "Please go on," and she closed her eyes and listened while I continued.

"Then a baby came to our house and the next year another and each year or two another, and as they grew they became recruits to our little band of playmates. There was little Ruth, and Daniel named for his father, and Sarah and Thomas, who died of measles and the croup when quite small. Next came Albion, who lived only long enough to be christened, and youngest of all baby Naomi."

"And you had rare sport together," said Mrs. Gray.

"O, yes," said I, "but I was the eldest and long ere this I was old enough to help to do the chores, and life was not all a play-day. There was a huge woodbox hard by the kitchen fireplace, which must be replenished every morning and evening; there were weeds to be uprooted in the garden, and poultry and pigs to be fed. The cows must be brought from the pasture lot,

and mother must be helped at minding the children. I was not very tall ere I must drive a yoke of oxen to a harrow, trudging all day over the cloddy field and often in a cloud of dust which the numerous teeth of the implement stirred. I well remember the day when, in our levellest field where the soil was mellowest, I learned to plough. Father instructed me how to sight ahead at two distant objects in a line, how to raise the handles as the cattle started and send the share into the earth, how to hold the plough at the proper level and to guide it to the right or left. Very proud I was when I could turn a furrow which father acknowledged was as straight as an arrow."

"I can imagine I see the level field," said the lady still with her eyes closed but the look of weariness gone, "and the mellow soil turning over easily, like a great brown wave."

"Yes," said I, "but there were stony hillsides to be ploughed and the new clearing full of stumps and hidden roots of trees, among which, with sudden jerks and stops and starts the ploughboy was knocked about dreadfully by the ploughtail and glad when nightfall brought rest to muscles aching with weariness."

"But then you had the abundant harvest, and you prospered," said Mrs. Gray, looking up.

"As to that," I replied, "like most of the farms of New England, ours was none too fertile, and it was only by much labor and great industry and economy that it could be made to yield subsistence for our growing family. The women folk, too, had their duties to perform. To cook, to bake, to sew and keep the house tidy were only common accomplishments. Butter-making and cheese-making, pickling, the preserving and drying of fruits, the care of the poultry, the carding and spinning of wool and of flax, and the making and mending of clothing and bedding for the family, all devolved upon mother and the girls."

"That was a toilsome life surely," said Mrs. Gray.

"Yet we found time for some diversion, too," said I,

"and sometimes turned the heaviest labor into a merry-making. The neighbors would congregate from far and near to a log-rolling or a barn-raising, and the young women as well as the young men would gladly gather at a husking bee. We sometimes went a-fishing in the creek below the bridge. The Sabbath brought the solemn diversion of attendance upon Divine worship, and the interchange of news and gossip among acquaintances of the whole country-side. The Autumn brought the season of Thanksgiving; and even Winter with all his frigidity could not chill the ardor of our spirits, either at the fireside or at the vigorous sports of snowballing, coasting and sleigh-riding. And Winter was our time for books."

"You went to school of course," said Mrs. Gray, and I saw she was watching me attentively.

"Yes. In the short days we went to school, however deep or wildly drifted the snow, however rudely blustering the wind; and in the long evenings the light of the blazing logs in the fireplace or the candle upon mother's sewing table beheld us studiously conning our lessons."

"And so," said the lady, "you found time for the cultivation of some arts and graces more refined than merely toiling and sweating for subsistence. And did the brothers and sisters grow up together? Will you tell me about them?"

"Sister Martha grew to be a tall and lithe young woman with great brown eyes, and an abundance of waving chestnut hair like mother's. She had the deftest hand at needlework and was a famous spinner. Her voice was sweet as the meadow lark's and she loved every beautiful thing. It was Martha who planned and planted the flower beds and edged the walk which curved around the farmhouse with such brilliant hues that we called it Martha's Rainbow. There stood a clump of evergreens half way down the sloping sward in front of the house. It was Martha who coaxed me to trim this verdant growth into the



shape of a hollow cone and to fashion a rustic settee which we placed within it; and she trained trailing vines over and about it; and so, with what romantic maidens-fancyings I know not, she transformed that motte of bristling spruces into a veritable lady's bower. Martha is married now, to Liberty Jasper, whose farm lies on the road between our farm and Finley's Corner. It was last year I made a visit home to the wedding.

"And the others, what became of them?" asked the lady.

"Dan grew to be a stout lad who could do almost as much at some kinds of farm work as either father or myself before I left home. He is a man grown now. He was ever merry-hearted, and fond of games, but cared less for books or any work requiring care or patience than I did. And Ruth? I remember how proud Ruth was when she learned cookery, and she took on great airs over her first baking. Ruth was of quieter disposition than Martha and had fewer fancies. But she was deeply earnest and when I was at home had not yet come up to the time of youthful dreams. But I am tiring you with all this."

"No, indeed you are not. It was what I wished—and I feel better now," she added calmly, "you have been very kind, but I must not detain you too long, and I have a question to ask. Is there not some nice quiet place to which I can go before anything happens? There is so much going on here at the inn, with the stage-coach, and the dogs, and the children in the street."

A heavy tread sounded on the stairs and I had only time to say, "We will see about that," when Mrs. Holcomb entered. She said she wanted directions, if there were any, how to take care of the patient. She didn't have much time to spare, but if there was anything she could do or get for her just to let her know.

"La me! You didn't eat much breakfast, my dear," said she, "and I thought it was real good."

"And so it was," replied Mrs. Gray, "if I cared to eat anything."

Mrs. Holcomb took the tray and laboriously journeyed down stairs.

"She is very kind indeed," said Mrs. Gray, "I have nothing to complain of, only I would like to have it quiet, and I have thought that it is rather public here. If I stay any time and care to walk out it will be a little embarrassing."

"Then you do not intend to resume your journey as soon as you are able?" I inquired.

"No," she answered decisively, "I think that if I can find a suitable place in the neighborhood I will remain till all is over and avail myself of your services when I most need them—if you will be pleased to attend me."

I assured her that my best skill was at her command.

"And now, Doctor," said she, "how much do I owe you? You must pardon me that I forgot to speak of it yesterday; but I was in such trepidation."

"A shilling a visit is the usual charge?" said I.

"It is too small," said the lady, and handed me a half sovereign, refusing to take change. "And you will call again tomorrow, doctor?"

To this I assented, and after giving some further directions, took my leave.

I must confess that all that day my charming patient of the morning was very much in my thoughts. While I went my rounds among the ailing, and while I sat at the table or at books I caught myself musing upon her beauty and her gentle dignity, and speculating upon her history. It was really no affair of mine who she was or whence she came. It was for me to give her medical advice and assistance and meddle no farther with her affairs. Yet I wished that she had voluntarily offered some explanation of her situation. However she had not, nor had she offered me any opportunity to lead to such explanation, but had with

great tact and politeness brought our interview to a termination. She seemed to have a plenty of money. If she had I could offer no objection to her liberal fees, if she continued them. Perhaps she would forget the fees hereafter. No, I did not believe she was an impostor of that stamp. I believed she was a lady who for some reason chose to keep her identity and her concerns to herself. That she was a lady of superior refinement and education was evident from her language and her manners; and what was greater evidence to me than anything else was the view she apparently took of the propriety of engaging a physician as her accoucheur; the custom being to depend upon a midwife in the great majority of cases and not call a physician unless some desperate difficulty arises which even the obstinate ignorance of the midwife cannot prevail against, when a physician may be finally sent for. More than once during my course at Philadelphia have I heard Prof. Shippen deplore this barbarism on the part of the common people and express his belief that the day will come when education and enlightenment of the masses will lead to the employment of physicians as a general custom.

When I left the tavern Mrs. Plunkett, whose conversation with Mr. Strong I have related—Mrs. Plunkett, the Oral Gazetteer of Farmerstown, she of the broad jaws, yellow eyes and flapping dewlap, managed to be at her gate as I passed. She stopped me to inquire what was the probable cause of a pain in her knee, which had been troubling much of late, and I told her that she walked too much. When she said she had a bad taste in her mouth and volunteered to show her tongue, I had it on the end of mine to say that she talked too much, but checked myself in time. Not because that statement would not have been strictly true, but because it was too true; and she would have been sure not only to talk but to invent something to talk about which would not have been to my credit. So I solemnly opined that there was a



slight gastro-hepatic derangement and advised her to drink a little spikenard tea before meals, and hoped that she would feel better.

"I suppose you know Mr. Strong's gone," she said.

"No, I did not know it," I replied.

"Yes, he's went back to Boston. He had to give up the school and all." Then with a purr in her voice, "Didn't he come to see you? I always told him the best thing he could do was to get you to doctor him, and if anybody on earth could help him, you was the one. I suppose he never took my advice; and besides, Sophie's refusin' of him clear discouraged him. Yes, he spit a lot of blood and went back to his folks at Boston." Then came the real object of her interview. "I 'spose you was in to see Mandy?" said Mrs. Plunkett.

"No," said I.

"La, is that so? Didn't you know that Mandy was sick?"

"No," said I again.

"Dear me! Yes, she's dreadfully sick. Dr. Stikes was called in. He's going to use them tractoraters on her. I thought likely you was having a concertation of doctors on Mandy. I knowed you generally tended Mandy of late years."

"Yes, usually," said I, by this time far past the gate. But that was news to me. So Amanda was ailing again, and they had called Dr. Stikes to see her and said nothing to me about it. Somebody had recommended the Perkinistic treatment I suppose, and persuaded them to call Dr. Stikes again instead of me.

When next I visited Mrs. Gray, I found her still further improved. She again expressed a wish for a more suitable place for her lying-in and finally asked me to suggest some place I could recommend, and endeavor to secure accommodations for her. She apologized for expecting me to take so much trouble, but she thought I would be most likely to know where the right kind of place and people were; and, in fact, at

present there was no one else to whom she could make the request. She said I might promise liberal compensation as well as her gratitude if consideration and kindness were shown her. She would prefer a secluded spot; simple comfort and cleanliness with honest hearts about her were all she desired. She was by this time able to be propped up in bed; and as she talked in that melodious voice and nestled her chin among her ruffles, turning one cheek toward one shoulder with a movement that seemed habitual with her, again I thought how like a dove she seemed—a dove cooing. A dove who has lost her home and her mate and is seeking a haven of rest. Seeking a quiet spot wherein to build her nest and rear her tender offspring. Perhaps she is—No! I will not think it. Why should I think so? What evidence have I? What right? And if she be? Still will I befriend her. Who am I—to censure or to scorn? Did not the great Physician show kindness to the woman of Samaria? But this woman is none of that kind. How do I know? Well, I cannot prove it, but I think I know by the look, by her tones, by her manners. This woman is worthy the chivalry of a true knight. These thoughts passed through my mind even as she spoke, passed quickly as thoughts will, even quicker than her words.

I was running over in my mind the various localities and families with which I was acquainted in and around the village—when her last words caught my ear—“simple comfort and cleanliness and honest hearts.” They suggested and exactly described one household which I knew. I described the place and the people to Mrs. Gray.

### CHAPTER III.

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DR. BRUSH TURNS BACK IN HIS NARRATIVE TO GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE—ALSO TELLS OF HIS FATHER'S ILLNESS AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES LEADING UP TO BRUSH'S STUDY OF PHYSIC; AND INTRODUCES DR. AINSTIE.

**I**T MAY easily be perceived by any reader of experience ere he hath gone far in the reading of this, that I am unpracticed in the writing of history or narrative. I here confess I had commenced my relation by recording an occurrence that, while it was the opening incident in the most thrilling and impressive chapter of my experience, should have been preceded by a statement of certain facts that in chronological order came before. Besides, I turned aside upon matters of small importance. So that I feel constrained to begin again.

Let the reader not be disheartened. While I am confined to tell but sober truth, not giving way to fancy (it were useless for me to hope to rival the entertaining productions of Richardson, Smollet or Fielding), I will yet endeavor to present facts clearly and without too much circumlocution or digression; and I hope to improve by practice as I go on. And yet the discerning will perceive as he progresses that what seem digressions and of no import are not always mere idle garrulity, but are for his better understanding of the persons and the circumstances herein concerned; and I must be allowed to go on with my relation in my own way, like "The sure traveller" who, as quaint old Herbert says, "Though he alight sometimes still goeth on." I should first give some account of myself, the writer of this narrative, and state more particularly the time and place of the occurrences I purpose relating.



I, Jonathan Brush, was born in the small town of Hanley, Massachusetts, Anno Domini 1771, New Style. My father, Daniel Brush, was of English descent, his grandfather having come from Hampshire. My mother, although a native of Hanley and a daughter of one of the selectmen, who afterwards became Moderator, of that town, traced her lineage to the north of Ireland, and herself manifested the quick sympathies of that warm-hearted race. Her father was killed in one of the Indian wars and her grandfather, Thomas MacLennan, had reared her. My parents had eight children, of whom I was the eldest. Four of the children died in childhood. Soon after I was born my parents removed to a piece of land father had purchased near Hanley, and life upon the farm there gave me my first preparation for the larger world. With a great deal of work and not too much play we maintained our holding, in respectability and moderate comfort. In matters of learning, I may say without boasting, we were not behind our neighbors; and affairs affecting the welfare of the community and the country were frequently and earnestly discussed among us. My father had been a soldier in the war for independence and often were the stories of those trying times rehearsed at our fireside. I can remember very well when my father kissed us goodby and mounted our best horse, Hannibal, and rode away with his gun across his saddle and a roll of blankets strapped on behind him. Of course I was too young to realize at the time the full import of all that was going on; but later it came within my comprehension, and I have so frequently heard talk of it that all has grown familiar. My father was among the very first in the neighborhood to volunteer under Colonel Henry Jackson. For a short time he saw hard service during the operations in New Jersey, but his active service was soon brought to an end. A detachment of twenty volunteers was called for to delay a regiment of Hessian cavalry. This little band of patriots, all that

could be spared at the time from the regiment of continentals, was headed by Lieutenant Colonel Cobb. The forlorn hope attacked the enemy in the rear, harassed them upon the flank, diverted and annoyed them in a manner to successfully delay their advance. But in one of the skirmishes, my father got a pistol ball in his groin which it was at first thought would be speedily fatal. But he rallied after a time and they sent him home, probably to die. But the comforts of home and my mother's careful nursing prevailed. He survived, but was not able to return to the army. He gradually resumed farming as his health permitted, but he carries the pistol ball to this day, and although many years have passed, at times he has suffered a good deal by reason of it. Father's absence and the long illness which followed his return had greatly interfered with the crops and reduced our stock, notwithstanding my mother's heroic efforts. So that with debts and with taxes many years of strenuous effort were required to place us in more comfortable circumstances.

Although my father was a farmer he was very handy at some other trades. We had on the farm a shop in which was a smith's forge, and he could shape a ploughshare or make a weld, or turn a shoe and then put it on the horse's or the ox's hoof quite dexterously. He knew very well the art of tanning the skins of animals. He also kept carpenters' tools, and the out-buildings, much of the household furniture and nearly all the implements of the farm were of his handiwork. Some of the pleasantest recollections of my boyhood are of watching him or helping him at work in his shop, or, best of all, being entrusted with some of the tools and allowed to do a piece of work myself; and the dexterity thus acquired served me well when I came to practice the art of surgery. Toilsome was my life, chopping and grubbing in the clearings, for I grew a sinewy hobbledehoy and must do my part in all the work that was going forward—drawing stones to

be piled in out-of-the-way corners or builded into fences upon the hillsides, ploughing, planting, haying and harvesting, corn cutting and husking. All these signify industrious labor early and late to the thrifty farmer of New England.

Thus the years passed until I reached my twenty-third, and I had chosen no occupation other than that of farming. I had somewhere or somehow, where or how I cannot tell, imbibed the idea that the most desirable thing to acquire was knowledge. Perhaps that idea is in the very air, as it seems to pervade all New England. I read during all my spare time, and I made it a rule to extract some knowledge from every person with whom I came in contact. I soon learned that there is no one, however lowly or ignorant, who does not possess some knowledge or cannot suggest some thought that is worth having. In this pursuit of knowledge, I acquired by practice a facility at eliciting information, and a perception of the character, feelings and thoughts of a person, which I scarcely realized myself at the time, but which greater experience and observation of late years have taught me were unusual for one of my age, and have proved valuable in my professional life. My greatest aim and ambition had been to attend college at Harvard. I had labored at my books assiduously and believed I could enter on the sophomore year. Father had always encouraged my studious habits and would gladly have indulged my wish to go to the college, but each year he had been unable to spare me, and had promised if possible to let me go the next year. My mother grieved at my disappointment but was reconciled by the thought that she would be spared parting with her eldest. Thus I might have remained a farmer in New England all my life but for one occurrence—so readily may the whole course of a life be changed by a mere accident—or does a Divine Providence put forth a hand? Or is it but the operation of fixed laws, however they originated, which laws require that all the



elements that go to make the universe, the elements of mind and matter, shall change and change and interchange by the operation of forces—blind and unfeeling forces, that act and interact among them?

I was about to relate the occurrence which led to my change of vocation, from that of the farmer to that of the physician, and later brought me to Farmers-town.

In the month of February, 1794, while the ground was covered with a deep snow that had been firmly frozen since December, the weather suddenly became milder and a great thaw set in. We had been engaged in cutting trees in our woodlot and had hewn timbers for the purpose of building a new bridge and repairing our old one, and were taking advantage of the frozen snow to drag the logs and timbers upon sleds; when before we had completed the undertaking the thaw supervened, threatening to render the ground not only destitute of snow for sledding, but so soft and yielding as to be impassable for wheels. This caused us to redouble our exertions in order to take advantage of the snow while it remained, and men and teams labored valorously to finish the work in one day. On this day it rained, and what with the melting snow and the rain and the rolling of the wet logs, both men and oxen became as thoroughly wetted as was necessary to render us very uncomfortable. The work was done and all escaped at the time with no more than discomfort and fatigue; but it was no longer than the next day thereafter that my father felt considerably indisposed and during the following night became quite ill. He was seized with a great coldness, followed by extreme heat of the body, and experienced acute pains in the right side of his chest, with difficulty of breathing. We gave him hot cordials and strove to minister to his comfort; but all our well-meant offices availed nothing, and as the night wore on he only grew worse with the pain and oppression of the breathing, so that we became alarmed at the state

he was in. Mother and I conferred together upon it and decided that notwithstanding the objections of the sick man, we would summon a physician to his aid. So Daniel was dispatched upon horseback, and might be trusted to lose no time upon the way.

More than four hours had elapsed since Daniel's departure and the day was dawning, when, after I know not how many journeyings of Martha or Ruth or mother or myself to window or doorway to peep into the darkness and listen for his coming, and I had decided to start forth in search of him and a physician, suddenly we heard a well known whistle in the direction of the lane, and soon Daniel was among us, muddled from head to foot. He had found that Dr. Henderson at Finley's Corners was absent from home on a long trip; and so had ridden on to Hanley, eight miles further, to bring Dr. Ainstie, who was now coming not far behind. Daniel had hurried forward after guiding the doctor across the ford.

Meantime father had become extremely ill and the misery of beholding his suffering which we were helpless to relieve, and the sight of mother's distress, for she seemed to suffer with him, and the fright of the whole family, for all were now aroused, filled me with such compassionate anxiety as I shall never forget.

Dr. Ainstie came and was ushered into the sick man's presence. When once he was there we were better pleased than if he had been Dr. Henderson, for whom we had thought to send because nearer. Dr. Ainstie bore the reputation of a very learned and skillful physician, and there was much demand for his service. I remember hearing it said that when he first came to Hanley, that he was somewhat too aristocratic in his opinions to please the old Whigs and that he had quarreled with his relatives in Connecticut before moving to Hanley. Some people said that the doctor had expressed views that in '76 would have secured him a cart-ride or even tar and feathers, but others explained that then he had but recently come

from Scotland and neither understood us nor we him. Of late years he had been as staunch a friend to our government and institutions as one could wish, an American of Americans and a federalist to-boot. In person Dr. Ainstie was of medium height and portly figure. His face was ruddy, with bushy whiskers at the sides. His hair and brows were bushy, too, and nearly of the color of his eyes, which were grey. In age he appeared about forty but might be less or more. He seemed to have a huskiness of his voice which required a prelude of "hemming" before each utterance; but he said little at first, and felt the patient's pulse while we gave an account of his illness. At this time father could scarcely speak by reason of the pain and the shortness of his breathing, nor could he content himself either lying or sitting, but half reclined upon the side which most pained him. Dr. Ainstie regarded him but for a moment when he asked for a bandage of a yard length and a couple of inches width, and a couple of small squares of linen, and a bowl. The doctor inquired what was the sick man's habit of bleeding, and we answered that he had been seldom bled, being not often very ill since the time of his wound. But the doctor said that was not the point. However, he did not inform us what was the point, but took from his waist-coat pocket a lancet. The required articles being brought, the patient's right arm was bared and the bandage tied about it above the elbow. Martha covered her face with her hands and declared she would swoon. However, she did not swoon, but continued to look on. And I watched the doctor closely. He placed his left thumb upon the great vein upon father's arm in front of the elbow, and he took the lance in his right hand like a pen, and he thrust the blade into the vein and split it up, and commanded me to hold the bowl near, when I had done which he lifted his thumb and the blood poured into the bowl. Then Ruth, who stood silently by, would have fallen, but Daniel caught her and laid



her upon the settee. The doctor's eyes were upon the patient while he held the pulse, and he bade mother lower the patient's head and shoulders. Then he loosed the bandage about the arm in a twinkling and the bleeding nearly stopped. The doctor washed the arm and placed a pad of linen upon the wound and bandaged it on. There was near about a pint of blood in the bowl, which the doctor inspected closely, shaking it and holding it up to the light. Then he called for a pitcher of water and a spoon, and taking a bottle from his saddle bags he poured a powder into his hand and threw it into the pitcher. And while he was stirring the medicine I asked him, "What is it, doctor?" And without looking up he said, "It is a neutral." Not understanding this, I explained that I meant to inquire what disease it was, and he said it was "a pneumonia," and bade us to give the patient a small cup-full of the medicine slightly warmed every three or four hours, and as much flaxseed tea or water or thin barley-water or currant jelly dissolved in water and slightly warmed, as he cared to drink in small portions; and not to over-heat the room but keep it rather cool. And he ordered a glyster to be composed of half a pint each of milk and water with half a teacup of oil and a large spoonful of brown sugar. By this time the patient breathed much easier and experienced great relief from the pain in his side and thought he could sleep. So, promising to come again on the morrow, Dr. Ainstie took his leave.

Father appeared much relieved by the visit of the physician; but as the following night approached he grew restless, and during the night the difficulty of breathing increased again. But we waited for the doctor's coming in the morning, at which time he again removed a pint of blood, after which the patient was more comfortable. But as he coughed a great deal and spat up what appeared like blood, we gave him besides the medicine, only water gruel and toast water, and indeed he cared for no other food if it had been al-

lowed. He continued thus for two days more. At this time he was seized with pain in the opposite side, that being the left side of his breast, and we feared that he would surely die, as he took his breath only with greater effort than ever before, and he himself almost despaired of living. We were obliged to send in haste for Dr. Ainstie, who when he arrived immediately bled him from the left arm to the amount of nearly a pint and a half. The doctor prepared a different medicine, using but a very small powder; and bade us give but a large spoonfull at a time in a cup of water and a lesser quantity if the patient was like to vomit. I being curious, ventured to question the physician as to what constitutes the disease called pneumony and he told me, "It is an inflammation of the lungs and their covering." I questioned him as to how the taking of the blood and abstaining from food can remove illness, to which he made no reply until I put the question a second time, when he replied that it "Removes the phlogistic diathesis." Not knowing by this whether he chose to make sport of me or thought my questioning impertinent, I asked no more questions at that time, but regarded the physician's ways the more closely. He spoke but little to the patient or about the sickness, but upon other subjects he talked freely and was very friendly to all, so that we soon became very kindly disposed toward him. The next day he did not bleed the patient at the arm, but with a small instrument like a box set with protruding lancets which worked with a spring and a trigger, he made numerous slight cuts upon the chest, to which he applied suction by means of cups. How strange it all seemed then which is so familiar to me now, for I had never till then seen cupping and scarifying.

When two more days had passed I had grown somewhat less in awe of the physician, or rather was emboldened by his kindly ways, and had asked him more questions about the disease, and he told me something of the structure of the lungs and of the thorax, and of

the engorgement of the blood-vessels in an inflammation, and how it was relieved by the removal of the blood, beside other matters which greatly excited my interest. On the seventh day of illness the physician changed the medicine again, giving a very bitter draught, and placed a plaster upon the patient's chest which caused the appearance of large blisters. The next day there appeared a most copious perspiration which bathed the sick man from head to foot, and we would have been alarmed had we not been forewarned by the physician that such a condition might arrive. The patient was in a state of most alarming weakness, but, following the directions we had received, we gave him cordials and he revived and we hoped that the worst of the illness was passed. We were very solicitous for the opinion of the physician and watched eagerly until he came and examined the patient and pronounced the crisis over and ordered more stimulating food.

I brought the doctor's horse from the stable as he made ready to depart, and in so doing I remarked that the horse was lame.

"Yes," said the doctor, "he lost a shoe yesterday and I meant to have him shod this morning, but it slipped my memory till after I left town and it was too late. He travelled very well on the lower road, but when we reached the stony hill this side of the Corner, he broke his hoof badly."

Then I examined the hoof. "I can tack on a shoe in a few minutes, if you will wait," said I, and not waiting to have the doctor's consent, I entered the shop, brought out the shoeing kit, unhitched the beast and set a shoe in a short time. As I worked the doctor watched me, stamping his feet and striking his gloved hands together to keep warm, for the day was frosty, and puffing his breath out in quick steamy jets. When he stooped near to inspect the work, he puffed laboriously. His puffing breath smelled powerfully of calamus, for he had a habit of carrying that pungent



root in his waistcoat pocket, and we had before remarked upon his frequent nibbling of calamus. That morning, whether it was on account of the patient's improvement I cannot say, the doctor seemed uncommonly jovial.

"Now, that's very cleverly done," said he, as I finished the work and dropped the roadster's foot, "and may save me a great deal of bother and delay. I'll do as much for you some day—or what can I do right now? One good turn deserves another." "Oh, that's nothing, Doctor Ainstie," said I, "but if you want to do me a favor, and it isn't too much trouble, I'd like to see that book on anatomy you mentioned the other day."

"Certainly you shall. Certainly. The first time you're in town, drop in—or stay—I'll bring it along with me tomorrow and you shall read it and welcome. I think I can fasten it on the gig. Good day."

By this time he had mounted his gig, gathered up the reins, and, taking another nibble of the calamus, he slapped the horse's back with one rein and clucked to him. The horse started at first with some hesitation on the broken hoof; but perceiving that it did not hurt him and receiving sundry slaps of the rein he soon struck into a long swinging trot, turned from the lane, crossed the old bridge into the road and stretched his neck toward home.

I watched for Dr. Ainstie's next visit with an added interest and when his gig appeared bobbing along up the lane I was out to meet him by the time he alighted. "There now," said the doctor, "I forgot that book! It quite slipped my memory—never thought of it till this minute. But never mind. It'll come in time. How is your father?" I gave an account of the patient as we went into the house and when the physician had examined him he pronounced him still improving. The improvement continued so that the next day we sent word by a neighbor who was going down to Hanley that the doctor need not come, unless the patient grew

worse. His wound had broken out again and was discharging and this also we considered a favorable augury.

The weeks passed on and father was well and about again. Mother needed some purchases from the store and consented to my going to Hanley for that purpose and making a visit to Dr. Ainstie, a pleasure which I had long promised myself. The horses being too much over-worked upon the farm and the yoke cattle too slow, I preferred to walk, and being a good pedestrian, and taking an early start, I accomplished my journey in the cool of the morning, and arrived before most of the townspeople had breakfasted.

Dr. Ainstie himself answered my knock. He was hatted, booted and spurred ready to ride. He greeted me with a pleasant enough "Good morning," though his face wore a frown, and bade me enter. "Good morning—how's your father? Not worse—that you're here so early—like the Corbetts over there—called me up before I had my sleep out to see a woman that's been sick and should have been attended any time this fortnight. But no. They delayed it till an outrageous hour and then expected me to come in haste and make up for the time they lost. Well, now, how is your father?"

"I thank you, he's well, sir. It is not on his account I came. But about the book, sir, on anatomy. If it is not too much—"

"Certainly. Certainly," broke in the doctor. "It entirely slipped my memory till this minute. Here it is, a big one, and here's a table and chair, now make yourself comfortable. Had your breakfast I suppose? Your mother would never let you go off without that. I must take a little ride. Now look yourself tired. Oh, Maggie!" he called to someone within, "I'll be back about ten or eleven." Taking a nibble from a bit of calamus root which he replaced in his waistcoat pocket Dr. Ainstie looked back at me and departed.

The room in which he left me was evidently the doctor's study as it contained large cases of books—many times more books than the library of Dr. Henderson at Finley's Corner or than Parson Humley possessed. There were also other cabinets whose contents were hidden by curtains. There were two desks and a table and numerous chairs. The fireplace had been bricked up and on the hearth a Franklin stove had been set up. Several almanacs of various kinds and years hung in a row along the edge of the mantel shelf. These things I noted at a glance and then turned my attention to the great volume before me. It contained the *Tables of the Skeleton and the Muscles of the Human Body*, by Bernard Siegfried Albinus. Translated from the Latin. Printed by Balfour and Smellie, Edinburgh. For Andrew Bell, engraver, 1777. The tables were beautifully drawn and exquisitely engraved, with printed matter explaining them in the clearest manner possible.

I knew not how much time passed, so engrossed was I with the volume and the thoughts it excited. When with no uncertain tramp and a jingle of spurs Dr. Ainstie returned, he eyed me a moment, fumbled in his pocket for a bite of calamus and said, "What? At it yet? And how do you find it?"

"Oh, sir," said I, "it is fascinating! It is wonderful to see the structure of the body and almost as wonderful to learn how men have examined it and come to an understanding of its parts and their uses."

The doctor eyed me again. "Fascinating! Fascinating did you say? That is the first time I ever heard that word applied to Andrew Bell's Engravings of the *Tables of Albinus*. I have heard them called 'dry as dust,' 'old bone yard,' 'eternal drudgery,' and things of that kind. What would the class at Edinboro have thought to hear a fellow call anatomy 'fascinating.' Wouldn't it do Monro's heart good to see a young man walk twelve miles to look at anatomical charts and pronounce them fascinating?"



He studied me for a moment again and went on, "I say, Brush, why do not you study surgery or physic? Pray, come here." He opened a door and ushered me into a smaller room. "How do you like the looks of this—and the smell of it? Very likely you will call this the odor of Elysium. But it is not. It is a combination of the smells of assafoetida, camphor, valerian, vinegar, thyme, sage, balsam, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera."

The walls of the room were covered with shelves which contained numerous bottles, jugs, jars, gallipots, and packages. A table displayed a scale, mortars, flasks, funnels, an alembic, a spirit lamp and numerous other apparatuses and utensils appertaining to the work of the chemist or apothecary.

"There," said the doctor, looking at the shelves, "how would you like to study those?"

"It would be very fine indeed to understand the properties and virtues of medicines," said I, "but it would take a long time. I do not see how one can master them. There are a great many of them."

"Yes," said the doctor, "there *are* a great many of them; but some of them are not of much use. A half dozen of them do most of the work. Yes. Give me antimony, opium, mercury, bark and cantharides, and I can do very well without the others. The secret of success lies not so much in knowing all of them as in knowing well how to use a few of them, young man. The same knife will cut a long stick or a short stick or carve it beautifully, if you have the skill to use it."

"Well, doctor," said I, "nothing would delight me so much as to study a profession, and no profession would please me, so far as I know, as well as the medical. I have thought about it, but I wanted to go to college first, and there's never been a time when father could either help me, or spare me so I could help myself. It takes time and money."

"The college education is very desirable," said the doctor, "but it is not indispensable. I can point you

to a dozen men who have been distinguished as physicians and surgeons who never had the advantage of a college education. In the old world it is now demanded. At Edinboro, where I graduated in 1784, a four-year course is demanded. But not in this country. Here is a new country with neither the facilities for general education, nor the wealth to pay for them. Here is a growing population that is needing the services of physicians and surgeons faster than they could be supplied if a long college course and elaborate medical preparation were demanded. It is not demanded. You can soon inform yourself sufficiently to render very useful service to people who otherwise would have no service at all, and there are a large number of opportunities for study and improvement toward which you seem strongly inclined. Well, consider the matter carefully. Consult with your parents. Come and see me again if you like."

I took leave of Dr. Ainstie and went home with my head buzzing with new ideas, and my heart throbbing with new aspirations. I did consider the matter and consult my parents. I did see the good doctor again, more than once, and father went with me; and an arrangement was agreed upon by which I might acquire and enter upon that profession which hath ever seemed to me the most engaging and the most worthy that can employ the faculties of man.

## CHAPTER IV.

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BRUSH STUDIES UNDER DR. AINSTIE AND AFTERWARD  
LOCATES IN FARMERSTOWN, PROVINCE OF MAINE.

**D**R. AINSTIE did not desire the customary indentures to bind me as apprentice and him as master. "No," said he, "if it transpires that the young man takes no interest in his study and his service with me, indentures will not give him an interest, nor cause him to do his work well. I want a willing apprentice, or none at all. In that case let him be free to go back to the farm, and I to cease my instructions."

I take pleasure in recording here that in all his dealings with me my worthy preceptor ever evinced a fair and liberal spirit, so that my service under him was one of the happiest periods of my life. I went in the Fall to live at his house, to take care of his horses, prepare his medicines, and make myself generally useful, as well as study under his preceptorship. Although an amount of work was required of me which would have been serious hardship to one of indolent habits, I had no such slavery as I have known to be endured by some students of physic and surgery during the years of their apprenticeship. I had been bred to industry, and was determined to faithfully perform my duty, which I flatter myself I did cheerfully and promptly day or night. I grudged not to lend assistance at any work that was to be done. Dr. Ainstie owned the farm upon the border of which stood his house at the edge of the village, and he carried on the cultivation of his farm as well as the practice of physic, as many of our physicians are accustomed to do. He did not, however, as is common with



many of them, himself perform the labor of the farmer, but hired help for that purpose; although he would at times work in his garden with his own hands—at a short stint, and with a great deal of puffing and perspiration. Besides my care of his horse and the equipage of the road, and the compounding of the medicines, it was to this garden that my preceptor bade me direct the most of my physical labor. But I soon found this work of great advantage; for under the tutelage of my master I acquired a considerable knowledge of botany. The garden contained also many medicinal plants, and Dr. Ainstie interested himself in experimenting upon them with different soils and fertilizers, trying to what extent he could by such means affect their growth and their medicinal qualities. But when my duties in the stable and the field or garden were done, it was in those granaries of knowledge, the doctor's books, that I reveled. For the first time in my life I had all and more than my thirst for knowledge could drink in. I recall yet the joy of those hours when I had nothing to do but quaff the wisdom of the learned authors. Over Bell's Anatomy I pored, as well as those of Monro and Winslow; and Haller's Physiology, and Cullen's First Lines. Cullen was Dr. Ainstie's favorite; although he had the works of Boerhaave with Van Swieten's Commentaries. Dr. Ainstie took pains to point out to me the errors of Cullen's theory of putrefaction, with which he found as much fault as he did with the doctrine of morbid acrimonies which Boerhaave locates in the fluids of the human body; and he frequently discussed with me the debility of Dr. Brown. Although he could not agree upon all points with the spasmodic system of Cullen, still (for he was ever liberal minded) he bade me take him as a master. Not that I should read him at the first. Cullen was not for beginners.

Dr. Ainstie first bade me study botany and anatomy and zoology and chemistry and physiology. After that I should take up the sensible and medical proper-

ties of drugs with some possibility of understanding the subject; and then would be soon enough to read upon the natural history of diseases, and the effects of agents capable of modifying their course.

Then there was the surgery of Heyster, of Cheselden, of Pott, and Smellie's Midwifery. Nor did Lewis' *Materia Medica* end the list, for Dr. Ainstie was a man for books, and he had upon his shelves the works of Sydenham and of Mead, of Whytt, of Brooks and of Huxham, and Rush's *Medical Inquiries*. Not that these were all, but these I best remember.

I remember with pleasure the cheerful life in Doctor Ainstie's home. The Doctor was a bachelor; and a widowed sister, Maggie, mild of speech and wholesome of body and soul, was his housekeeper. The servant Jane (an ancient maiden with bearded chin), and Michael MacComber, farmer, made up the little household; unless we count the cats and dogs, and a parrot from the Barbadoes. The house was furnished with a view to the greatest comfort. Maggie, as we all as well as the Doctor called her, had a knack of making cushions for the seats and even the arms of the great chairs, and the long chest in the livingroom was by her art converted into a most comfortable couch. Lying there one could gaze directly into the wide fireplace; while the tall clock in the corner ticked off the time in leisurely fashion, as if there was never a hurry about it. The walls were ornamented with cases of pressed flowers, and of beetles and strange enormous insects; and with an exemplar of needle work which showed pictures and lettering and floral designs all done by the needle—Miss Maggie's the lettering said. There were also some portraits, black as ink could make them, on white paper. Some of these I judged were likenesses of Dr. Ainstie's kin, for they had features very like his. One which ever attracted my gaze was of a woman with features delicately cut, with nose aquiline, chin rounded, head well poised, a coil of hair, neck and shoulders shapely as a statue. What

a pity, I often thought, that such beauty could not have been copied in some way more worthy of it than this mere shadow.

As if the living cats and dogs about the house were not enough, the mantel shelf was ornamented with imitations done in china-ware, painted in impossible spots. One of them stood sleepless guard at each end of the mantel, while the center was occupied by a hideous, curious Hindu idol carved in wood. It was neither beast nor human, man nor god, according to our ideas. This grotesque monstrosity, a gift to Dr. Ainstie from a sailor friend, was made to do duty as a standard-bearer, supporting a huge fan-shaped fly-chaser of peacock feathers.

I linger too long over these details. But that I must go on to relate some of the occurrences of the past year, I would enjoy describing not only the pleasant times and occupations and living characters at Dr. Ainstie's house, but my acquaintances and friends in Hanley; for I was in the village upon one errand or another nearly every day, and soon knew everyone and was known by everyone in the whole community. Most of the townspeople who knew me I trust held me in respect, and some of them I was happy to consider friends. Dr. Ainstie was in high respect among the people, and indeed revered by many, which of course made them ready to form a good opinion of his apprentice. But some of the people were afraid to have a student of physie living in the neighborhood. They said that graves would have to be watched; and some graves newly made in the church-yards at Hanley during my stay there were watched. That they were not all watched all of the time, I'll take oath. I could give some circumstantial evidence to prove it too, which at the same time might prove interesting.

I recall so much more that I do not record here. Of visits to patients with my preceptor; of lessons at the bedside; of sleepless nights spent in watching critical cases; of bandaging, and tooth-extracting, of cupping



and bleeding, leeching and blistering; of the making of pills, boluses, infusions, decoctions, and electuaries, that what I have written seems but the merest fraction of what I should set down.

To be brief, I worked and studied assiduously for a year, and then, after careful deliberation over the question of going to medical college, I took a course of lectures at Philadelphia. It is probable that I could not have found means at that time to pay for board and lodging in the city, and also the fees required at the medical college, but for my mother's management. At the close of the war many soldiers who had been wounded applied for pension from the government, and after the responsibility had been shifted by the general government onto the states, and by the states shifted back again onto the general government, numerous individual soldiers received pensions. But my father, although he had been a soldier and, as I have stated, was wounded in the service of his country, would never consent to apply for a pension, notwithstanding all he had suffered. Not so my mother. Although very patriotic, she felt no pride nor sense of independence preventing the acceptance of a pension which, as she said, she or the children could find a use for if father could not. In 1790, when the general appropriation for pensions was allowed, my mother so persuaded father, or at any rate so belabored him with arguments and entreaties that, either convinced or overwearied, he capitulated and consented to claim his pension. But he insisted that mother should appropriate the money for herself and the children as she saw fit. It was of that little money stored by, that I, seeing no other means for it without a great loss of time, consented to borrow a sufficient sum to pay my course in college. My mother urged that it was fairly mine, as I had not even taken a freedom suit upon attaining my majority, but had remained at home working upon the farm until I went to Dr. Ainstie's.

Well, that makes no difference now, although it seemed a very important matter then, for the money was spent and repaid to mother in due time. Nor need I pause to relate the history of my first course of lectures, interesting as that season was. Suffice it to say that I spent the winter at the medical college and I hope duly profited thereby, not only in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the cultivation of that professional spirit which inspired my preceptor Dr. Ainslie, and my teachers at the medical college, and which should inspire every member of our profession.

Having returned home after my winter at the medical college in Philadelphia, the question presented itself whether I should study another year, including the second course of lectures, and take the degree of M. D., or be satisfied with M. B., and engage at once in the practice of the profession. Certainly I would have preferred to more thoroughly prepare for the responsible duties of a practitioner, but there was a formidable barrier in my lack of means. On talking over the subject with my worthy preceptor, as I did freely, I found that while as he said, he would be the last one to decry the advantage of thorough preparation, at the same time he thought there were circumstances which justified a man in launching into the practice before his education was completed. And he cited me numerous instances where men had succeeded admirably with no more opportunity for preparation than I had enjoyed. Many, indeed, set up to practice with only a certificate from their preceptor. He would not mention in comparison those numerous pretenders to knowledge and skill who had no learning and no training whatever. There were among his own acquaintances several doctors who had never attended any college. He named me a number of physicians who had had but one course of lectures when they first started to practice, though some of them had afterward taken a second course and secured the degree; while upon a few the honorary degree of M. D. had been bestowed. Of these two had

become distinguished as writers, and yet two others had risen to eminence as teachers and professors.

I decided to practice for a while, and when circumstances favored, take another course of lectures and come up for the degree of M. D.

Then came a period of perplexity and delay in regard to the choice of a location. Although the country was each year more thickly occupied by inhabitants who must need the care of a physician, still it seemed that every place was supplied, at least in the older settled portions. Inquiry and correspondence, and several short tours of inspection which I made into the surrounding country, discovered no place which appeared suitable, or afforded a fair prospect of success, and my quest for a location was carried further and wider. Now my father had maintained his acquaintance, I may say friendship, with Lieutenant Colonel Cobb, under whom he served in the war. The steps of Colonel Cobb's career were quite well known to me, and his name was often heard in our house, for father had been warmly attached to him, and greatly respected his talents and his virtues; and when himself incapacitated for service, took the greatest interest in the news from his comrades in arms and his gallant commander. Originally a physician and surgeon, David Cobb had become a colonel, then a general, then a representative to Congress and a judge.

Now Judge Cobb had recently taken the agency of a large tract of land in the district of Maine, had declined a re-election which he might easily have had, and was about to take up his residence and the business of the agency at Farmerstown, Maine. My father wrote to him inquiring what prospects there would be for a young physician in that location, and received a very courteous and cordial reply, stating that while I could not have the field all to myself, he felt like encouraging me to try my fortune at that point. This I resolved to do, and supplied myself with a modest stock of instruments and medicines such as might serve at least for beginning a practice. The friends and



neighbors gathered in during my preparations for departure. One of them advised me that I had neglected to provide myself with a very important article of a young doctor's equipment. It was neighbor Towson, one of father's cronies, who started the chaffing, and having mystified everybody over the question what the essential article could be, he explained himself by declaring, "You ought to have provided yourself with a *wife*, Jonathan. Without you're a married man you can never get much practice. Ha! Ha!" And sister Martha, fond sentimental creature, whispered in my ear that her bosom friend Harriette Marlowe was the very one I needed; that we were just suited to each other, for Harriette was of plump figure with fair hair and blue eyes, while I was rather tall and sinewy, with hazel eyes and dark hair, and Martha was sure Harriette regarded me with more than friendly warmth, and equally certain that I could not withstand the charms of the dearest girl in the whole township. However, I did withstand them, and all others, not only there, but at Farmerstown and elsewhere, up to the eventful year of which I shall write in due course of my narration; for I was not destined to continue heartfree.

At length I took leave of home and friends. When I said good-by to Dr. Ainstie, which cost me a pang only second in degree to that of leaving home, my good preceptor handed me a small gift at parting. It was the most beautiful and finely wrought lancet I had ever seen. It was made, as Dr. Ainstie told me, under his own directions, by Seth Owens, the watch-maker of Hanley. The flume was so connected to the handle that by touching a spring the lancet opened. Also it could be easily taken to pieces for cleaning. But more important than these advantages was the spear-shaped point, the merits of which Dr. Ainstie had often explained to me as being far superior to those of any rounder-bellied blade, inasmuch as it enters into the vein more easily, and is less apt to be, by too great force, thrust entirely through the vessel. Moreover,

the spear-shaped point makes a wound in the skin and cellular membrane of the same size as that in the vein, whereby the bleeding may be more readily stopped; and also there is less danger of an inflammation.

"There," said Dr. Ainstie, handing me the instrument, "is one of the most powerful agents yet discovered for the cure of disease. Master its indications, and you are far on your way to success in handling your cases. If you could learn just when to use and when to refrain from using this little instrument, you would be wiser than the majority of physicians who have ever lived. If you forget all else that I have taught you, remember this: That the lancet is an ever ready weapon, powerful to cure or kill, according to the skill with which it is wielded." That the words of my wise preceptor proved true and prophetic in more senses than one will appear as my story is further unfolded. I carried the lancet ever after in my waistcoat pocket upon the right-hand side, and it was not the least important article of my armamentarium.

At last I set out on my journey, and in due time I found myself at Farmerstown, Province of Maine.

Among people of all classes I made acquaintance, and gradually acquired a respectable practice, although I was not the only claimant of skill in the healing art in our part of the world. I had a goodly number who were not only my patrons but my friends in Farmerstown. Judge Cobb and his family resided near it. At their house I was ever a welcome guest, and found their interest in me both agreeable and valuable.

I attended to my patients assiduously month after month, in heat or in cold, rainy or fair weather, being never off duty except upon hunting or fishing trips. The woods and streams became as well known to me as those about Hanley, and the flora and fauna as familiar. Such, then, was my early history, and such the circumstances of my pursuing the study and practice of physic and surgery; so that the year 1800 found me a well known townsman, and practicer of that art and mystery.

## CHAPTER V.

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MRS. GRAY IS REMOVED TO THE HENRY FARM, AND MAKES  
ACQUAINTANCE THERE.

**A**S I have stated in narrating my interview with Mrs. Gray at the inn, and our conversation concerning a better lodging during her lying-in, I described to her a place I had in mind. "I know a very suitable place," said I, "the Henry farm, about a half mile from town. A comfortable, quiet and clean home, and very pretty, too."

"And the people?" inquired the lady.

"Honest, kind, intelligent. I have known the Widow Henry and her son a long time, and esteem them very highly. I attended Mrs. Henry for an intra-capsular fracture of the hip soon after I came to this town. She is an elderly woman, to be sure, and is lame; for notwithstanding the best attention I could give her, the bone never united. But she is quite strong and active, and gets about with a crutch or even with a cane, and does her own housework, and she is as good a nurse as could be found hereabout."

"I fear it would be too great a burden upon her to have a stranger sick in her house," said Mrs. Gray, doubtfully.

"I do not think so," I replied. "She has Richard to held her, and he can do almost anything. When Mrs. Henry met with her accident and through all her illness, Richard was a most attentive nurse, and handled his poor old mother with the tenderness of a woman. He also performed the household duties as expeditiously, and I may say as neatly as a woman. He baked, cooked and swept. He waited on the in-



valid most assiduously; and then went out and fed his stock and chopped firewood and labored in the clearing he was adding to their little farm. Richard Henry is well worth knowing, I assure you, and his mother is a famous housekeeper!"

"They appear very worthy people by your description," said Mrs. Gray, much interested.

"Indeed they are," I continued warmly. "Mrs. Henry was left a widow by her husband being killed by a falling tree; a widow with small children on a new clearing in a new country, and she made her own living on the farm and took care of her children. Two of them died, but she raised Richard, who is a remarkable fellow I think. I want to tell you more about him. When I first saw him, a young man, who seemed about twenty-six years of age, engaged in the household work, even churning and making butter, I thought perhaps he was a womanish sort of fellow, and good for nothing else. But I soon learned otherwise. Everybody knows him as a hardy hunter, afraid of nothing that roams the woods. During the years that I have lived here Richard and I have been on many a hunting trip together, after moose and caribou, bears and porcupines, lynxes, wolves and panthers. And he is considered to be the handiest man in this region to have at a raising. Unless old Squire Ludlow is present, Richard is always called upon to direct the men at the raising of a house or barn. He has a knack of knowing just how to do it the easiest way. Some think he is even better than the Squire. He made his mother the most beautiful pair of crutches I ever saw, and you should see the various ingenious contrivances he has made about the house for her convenience. I am sure you would be pleased with the Henrys, and they would take good care of you."

"But do you think there is any hope that they will take me?" asked my patient.

"Yes, I think there is. They are in circumstances to appreciate compensation. They are extremely hos-

pitiable, and they are very good friends of mine. If you like I will see them about it."

"I shall be very grateful if you will do so," said the lady.

As I took my leave she reached out her hand to me. I felt that to serve her was a privilege—but not being able at that moment to find the right words in which to say so, I passed out.

The more I thought over the plan of having Mrs. Gray lodged with the Henrys the more feasible it seemed. It was the kind of place she wanted. It would be free from intrusion. Mrs. Henry though lame, was quite active, and the patient was not one to make unnecessary trouble. Mrs. Henry had considerable experience in sickness—was as good a nurse as any in the neighborhood. She was not possessed of a great amount of curiosity considering that she was a woman, and I knew that she would not be unpleasantly inquisitive, even though the subject of curiosity was a woman.

I knew, too, that the Henrys were in circumstances to appreciate the liberal compensation which Mrs. Gray would give them. In fact, a little extra money would be particularly welcome just at that time. It was an open secret in the neighborhood that Richard and Dorothy Whittlesey, whose father's farm adjoined the smaller holding of the Henrys, were lovers, and I was aware that Richard had secured a promise from the fair Dorothy, and maybe was only waiting until he could make an improvement in his purse, to make her his wife. I anticipated some pleasure in effecting an arrangement that would be agreeable and beneficial to all concerned. That same evening I visited the Henrys and unfolded my plan to them. I acknowledge that I carefully avoided mention of the suspicious possibilities, but dwelt rather on the refinement and gentleness of the lady, and her present need of motherly care and sympathy. After hearing all about it they consented; and Mrs. Henry at once

began planning the arrangement of her furniture as to best accommodate her coming guest. It fell to me also to communicate to Mrs. Holcomb in a way that should give no offense, the fact that Mrs. Gray desired to change her quarters. In so doing I perceived that I was the bearer of unwelcome news, or perhaps even regarded as responsible for the change.

In a day or two more, no further symptoms appearing, and my patient having regained her usual strength and composure, I ventured to have her, as well as her baggage, transferred to the house of the Henrys.

A distance of half a mile back of the town at the margin of the great woods, there is a cedar grove upon the bluff which overlooks the valley of the river. The face of this bluff is cloven by a ravine which opens into the valley, and at the bottom of this ravine dashes a noisy little brook. Near the ravine, half sheltered by the bluff on one side, and commanding a view of the fields in the valley below, stands the farmhouse of the Widow Henry. I had the satisfaction of seeing my patient comfortably installed there, and on pleasant terms with her entertainers, each party endeavoring to be agreeable to the other. When I called the next day, to see whether the small journey had disturbed her, I was glad to find her quite well, and more cheerful than I had ever known her. She was wearing a rich gown, with a jeweled brooch at her neck. As she talked and smiled her eyes sparkled, and her beauty added to its charm a brilliancy. I had never known a lady of such refined manners—such a delightful presence.

She seemed much pleased with her surroundings. The Henry farmhouse of cedar logs was of the common pattern, but was better built than the common, and the interstices were chinked with moss and plaster, neat as wax. The riven shingles and the floor had never felt the touch of saw or plane, so Mrs. Henry said (it was her husband's work, and she was



very proud of it) yet they were hewn so smooth that Mrs. Gray wondered at the workmanship. She spoke of the lining of the walls as something quite new and noteworthy, for they were covered smoothly with spruce bark inside out. That was Richard's work.

Richard had gone to escort Dorothy to church, for it was Sunday. The road to her home lay directly by the Henry farmhouse. It was about time for his return, and I was not surprised to see Dorothy coming in at the gate with him. In passing they had seen my horse at the stile and stopped in. I had often met Miss Dorothy, and we were quite good friends. She came first up the pathway, swinging a bonnet and a bunch of flowers in one hand. She was smiling and flushed—with walking perhaps—with something Richard had been saying perhaps. She looked very pretty. She was a tall girl, and shapely, fair and ruddy with out-door life, as strong as many a man, and could, if she liked, pitch hay or stack grain as well as her muscular young brothers. She was the eldest of her father's family, the only girl, and much petted. Richard was very much in love with her, and I could not blame him. As Dorothy walked up the path with her eyes looking frankly toward us for a greeting, with the afternoon sun shining through her golden hair, with her elastic step and breezy air, she might have been likened to the goddess of Spring. She had a certain boyishness in her movements which a stranger might have taken for boldness; but I had always thought it acquired merely by association with her brothers.

Richard was of medium height and rather spare, but sinewy. His hair was black, and eyes dark brown and deeply set—or was it that his brows projected over his eyes? His nose was rather long. So also was his upper lip, which was straight and compressed. His mouth was large, but as the lower lip was compressed to match the upper, it never looked large. His eyebrows were arched up in the center, and he had a curious habit of raising and lowering them. In fact,

this raising and lowering of the brows with the slightest turn upward or downward at the corners of the mouth, were the only changes of expression that ever came over her face. He was often silent, and usually laconic, though he could talk well when he would.

Dorothy and Richard both greeted me with their usual cordiality as they entered the house. Mrs. Gray sat there in the living-room, and Dorothy was presented. Mrs. Gray rose and acknowledged the introduction graciously. Miss Dorothy courtesied—rather coolly it seemed to me. How capricious a girl can be, thought I.

“You should all have been pious and gone to church as we did,” said Richard. “You missed a treat in Mr. Punk’s discourse. It is one of his best. I had not heard it since away last winter. It had seventeen heads. Yes, seventeen, without the sub-heads. I am sure, for I was paying close attention. And I marked the time too. Is it not true, Dorothy? I stuck a splinter where the sun shone on the back of the pew, and marked off a sun-dial. He preached an hour and a half, without finishing, and is going to give the remaining in eight heads after dinner.”

So they went on chatting until I came away, leaving them all in good spirits—all excepting Dorothy.

On my way homeward as I went down Main street, Mrs. Plunkett was again at her gate. I did not see her this time, or I would have taken the other side of the street. She must have been in the shadow of the syringa bush till I was quite near. As I expected came a question, “How’s the person out at Henrys’, Doctor?”

“What *person*?” said I. “Oh, you mean the *lady* who arrived recently. She’s very comfortable,” and I passed on.

“What seems to be the matter with her?” pursued Mrs. Plunkett.

“Nothing serious,” I replied.

"An' is she going to stay?" persisted the industrious newsmonger.

"I don't know how long," I replied, determined to keep my patience. I was now several rods away, but hearing the click of a gate, I turned in time to see old Mrs. Darnall crossing over to exchange notes with Mrs. Plunkett. Then Granny Lambert crossed her garden and leaned over the fence that separated it from Mrs. Plunkett's door-yard. So! The gossips were busy already about the stranger, and Farmerstown would soon be comparing notes, and all intent upon Dr. Brush and his new patient; and discussing the questions who she could be, whence she came, why she had come to Farmerstown, and how she would fare under Dr. Brush's management.



## CHAPTER VI.

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BRUSH DESCRIBES JUDGE COBB, WHO INTRODUCES A MR. JAMISON—DR. SNODGRASS AND OTHER INHABITANTS.

**S**OME few days had elapsed, when one afternoon I started to walk up Main street, on my way ultimately to the Henry farm to visit Mrs. Gray. I had proceeded no further than the bend in the street which enabled me to view the upper end of it, when I observed a well-known figure walking toward me, and with him a stranger. The first was the figure of a man of medium height and rather full habit. He must have been fifty years of age, but he walked with the vigor of a younger man, on a pair of legs that well filled the silk stockings and the knee breeches that covered them. He had something of a martial bearing, and twirled a walking-stick in his hand, and neatly nipped the head from a weed that stood in the pathway. His face was rather large, and most expressive. I read there benevolence, intelligence, manliness, determination, geniality, frankness. Such was and is my honored friend, the doctor, general, the honorable, Judge David Cobb. And as that gentleman was influential in my choice of a place to settle for practice, and moreover, as he took part in the strange events I have set out to chronicle, and advised me upon serious questions of juris-prudence which soon confronted me, I should trace his career.

David Cobb had been educated as a physician, and had practiced several years before the war, and early in the opening campaign was surgeon to a Massachusetts regiment. But finding that his country had greater need of him to make than to heal wounds, he accepted a commission as Lieutenant Colonel in the

line. Not that he was alone among physicians in taking up new duties at his country's call. For many practitioners of the art of healing entered the army either as surgeons or as officers in the line, and some were destined to high places in the councils of the states and of the nation. Of the signers of the Declaration were not Benjamin Rush, Lyman Hall, Oliver Wolcott, Joseph Bartlett and Mathew Thornton all doctors? Ay, indeed.

Colonel Cobb soon advanced from this position. His talents, his zeal, bravery and prudence, attracted the attention of Washington, and he was invited to take a place on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief as Aide-de-camp. In that capacity he served until the termination of the war, although he had been given command of the regiment in which he entered the service, and was breveted Brigadier General.

After the war General Cobb renewed the practice of the medical profession, but was soon appointed by Governor Hancock to the bench of the Court of Common Pleas. The Legislature made him Major General of the Fifth Division of Militia. Before the war, in 1774, he represented Taunton in the first Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and in 1789 and for three years in succession he was elected representative to the General Court, and held the Speaker's chair each year. The following year he was elected representative for the whole State to the third Congress, which convened at Philadelphia. There he was welcomed by many of his old companions in arms, who were serving their country in civil as they had in military offices, not only in both houses of Congress, but in the Cabinet, and in the presidential chair itself. His revered commander-in-chief was now president, and his warm friend, General Knox, Secretary of War, and Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, and Pickering, Postmaster General, and Jonathan Trumbull, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Dr. Cobb has led a varied, a busy and a useful life.

I doubt not there are other duties and honors yet in store for him. I have speculated upon what might have been his professional career if his country had not needed him more as a soldier and a senator than as a scientist or surgeon. While he practiced his profession he was known in his locality to be as ready and skillful with the scalpel as he afterward became with the saber. His professional neighbors are said to have considered him particularly deft and sagacious in the operations of midwifery. I have often heard my preceptor, Dr. Ainstie, speak of him in the highest terms as a practitioner and as a gentleman. With his literary training, for he was a graduate of Harvard, with his professional ability, and the gift of a clear and forcible oratory which he afterward exhibited in the public offices which he held, I surmise that he would have become a noted clinical teacher, perhaps an author, in one of the practical branches of the healing art, and it may be, have shed great luster upon the medical profession. Strange how and how much circumstances may change the course of a man's life without stopping his career, if he have the breadth of mind, the force and versatility of David Cobb.

Judge Cobb had been very kind to me since I had come to Farmerstown, invited me frequently to his house, introduced me as a competent medical adviser to his friends, and pointed out to me a choice little piece of land that was offered for sale, and which I had secured at a very good bargain. He was good enough to say, in his open, cordial way, that he took an interest in me at first for my father's sake, as one watches a horse of a good strain, to see how he develops, but afterward kept up his interest for qualities of my own.

I had become well acquainted with the Judge, and learned to regard his character very highly. He is a man of pure motives, wide knowledge, quick discernment, inflexible fidelity, and resolute courage.

And all this time I have been telling about him,



Judge Cobb was strolling down Main street in Farmertown, a stranger with him.

The stranger was rather handsome in appearance, and was very fashionably dressed in a plum colored suit and a long buff waistcoat, and wore fine laced frills and ruffles, and gold buttons. He was of commanding figure, and carried his head high, looking this way and that with the air of a grandee. His jaws were long, with a short upper lip. He was talking vivaciously to the Judge, smiling much with his mouth, displaying his teeth. His blue eyes were restless.

Then we met.

"Good morning, Dr. Brush," said Judge Cobb.

"Good morning, Judge Cobb," said I.

"Dr. Brush," said the Judge, "allow me to present Mr. Jamison."

We bowed ceremoniously and shook hands, the lace at his wrist half concealing his hand, although it was not a small one.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Doctor," said Mr. Jamison affably. "Not only because of the pleasant things Judge Cobb says about you, but because I am likely to become a fellow citizen, or at least a landholder here."

"You are intending to reside here permanently then?" said I.

"Perhaps I ought not to say permanently," said Mr. Jamison, "for I have interests elsewhere which will demand a part of my personal attention. But I am tempted to make this my headquarters and center of operations. I am charmed with the advantages of your district here, not merely for residence, but as the scene of large social, industrial and commercial enterprises."

"We certainly have many advantages," said I, "for a new country."

"For a new country!" he exclaimed vivaciously. "That itself is not the least of its advantages. A

virgin soil! Primeval forests! Fish and game in abundance! It surpasses anything I dreamed of."

"One would suppose," said Judge Cobb jocularly, "that Mr. Jamison rather than I had land for sale hereabout."

"He is certainly very appreciative," said I. "Is all this due to your eloquence, Judge?"

"The Judge's eloquence has not been spared, nor wasted, I assure you," said Mr. Jamison; "but I would be very dull indeed not to see the force of it."

"As to our town here," said the Judge, "although it is quite an old settlement, for a long time it made little progress. As you see, it has now only these two long streets parallel with the river, and a few short streets crossing them at right angles. That crooked one yonder, following the irregularities of the river's bank, is River street, by some still called by its old name, Indian street. This one is Main street, with good houses on both sides, as you observe. The log houses were built by the earlier settlers, while most of the framed and clapboarded houses are recent. We have had a considerable new growth here lately, since the lands have been offered for sale in small tracts, thus attracting new inhabitants."

"How indeed could it be otherwise," said Mr. Jamison. "All classes of men must be attracted to such a situation, which I clearly perceive is destined to become a great metropolis, with all the improvements that civilized man can wish."

"Well, we have gathered quite a variety in our population thus far," said the Judge. "We have farmers, mill men, lumber dealers, a few store keepers, mechanics of various trades, and representatives of the learned professions; besides permanent and transient residents of the maritime class, speculators in lands or in timber, hunters, trappers and loggers from the woods, and straggling Indians of the Abenaki family. And to accommodate all kinds of people we have two churches or meeting houses, a school house

which is also the town house, an inn and likewise a jail. So we really can already boast of the marks of a civilized community.

"This, of course," said I, "is but a small part of the whole Province, much of which remains to be settled. The farms and farm lots adjoining the town become very scattering as one penetrates the woods."

"You have only just begun!" said Mr. Jamison. "The small bare spaces marking the farms and settlements which the hands of men have opened in these mighty forests, form but mere scattered dots upon the map. As to the possibilities of the future—we have barely mentioned but a few of the advantages of this part of the Province for the grand purposes I have in view. Its easy access to the high seas, and its proximity to the Old and the New Worlds, are in the highest degree advantageous; the falls there, opposite what do you call it—Indian street—and the rapids in the mighty stream upon which this town is builded, while they stop further progress of ships coming up the stream, thereby making this point the head of navigation, furnish incalculable power for the mills that saw the timber that the stream brings down to them. The unused power of that magnificent river is something wonderful!" Mr. Jamison spoke volubly, enthusiastically, and accompanied his words with the gestures of an orator.

"Mr. Jamison has in his mind a vast scheme of colonization," explained Judge Cobb, "with certain novel industrial and social features which he will be glad to detail to you, doctor, when you have time."

"And, gentlemen," said Mr. Jamison, drawing himself up and expanding his chest, while he glanced about over the landscape, and his face lightened up with enthusiasm, "the more I ponder over my plans and estimates, basing my calculations upon the conditions as I find them—not merely as I hoped or supposed them to be—but as I find them and know them to be—the more certain I become of a glorious success!"



"I shall be interested to listen to your project at your leisure," said I. "Pray call and visit me. You can see my sign swinging from the porch yonder at the southermost end of the street."

"You were looking rather grave, doctor, as we came up," said Judge Cobb. "Are all the patients well too soon? You've been neglecting us of late. Mrs. Cobb and the girls feel quite slighted. I'm expecting General Knox to pay us a visit in a week or two; and Mr. Baring is to be here, another Englishman besides Mr. Jamison, who didn't get killed in the late scrimmage. We shall expect you to make one at a little dinner party. We'll send you word when, but you needn't wait till we get an extra dinner or get sick before you call."

"I thank you, Judge," said I. "I assure you I've not forgotten my friends, if I have neglected them. But I've been somewhat occupied of late, one way or another."

"That's right, that's good," said the judge, "if you don't take too much of a good thing. At your books, I'll be bound, or tramping through the woods to botanize; or picking some animal to pieces. Don't forget that little piece of timber up the river that I wanted you to see."

"I have it in mind, sir," I replied. "Richard and I are going to look at it soon."

Then, with a bow from each, we parted company. The Judge and his tall companion pursued their walk down the street, the Judge swinging his cane, and Mr. Jamison taking with great animation, while I turned aside from the route to the Henry farm to visit Dennie Magruder.

It is in little incidents often that character is revealed, and I would fain draw faithful portraits of those who appear in these pages. My road lay near the riverside. Here I came upon Mr. Bowen's new saw-mill in process of erection, and a group of men talking about the new runway which had just been

completed, and which they had now been trying by dragging a log upon it with a yoke of oxen. The runway was a kind of trough of timbers laid upon posts, and pinned to them and to each other with large wooden pins or dowels passed through augur-holes and wedged at their ends.

This runway, track or trough, extended some forty feet from the mill over the bank, and slanting downward, dipped into the river. Logs floating in the water, when intended for the saw-mill, were caught by one end, and the chain being wound upon a windlass in the mill, were dragged, slippery and dripping, upon the track, sliding upward and shoreward into the mill. The water-wheel for the mill was almost, but not quite done. The runway could be tried with ox or horse power, and such logs as were to be hewn into timber to complete the mill could be drawn ashore.

And here were Mr. Bowen and his son and Hezekiah, and his men, Jake Hollowell and Bud Harkness; also Dr. Snodgrass, one of my professional rivals, a group of idlers, and, slightly to my surprise, Richard Henry.

I greeted the group on approaching, and found that the oxen having stalled with the log not half way up the slide, a great discussion was in progress as to where the fault lay.

"I tell ye," said Jake, who held a long birch goad in his hands, "this here's as good a yoke o' cattle as there is in town, an' if that way was built right they could snake that log out o' there quicker'n you could skin a cat."

"There ain't nothing the matter with the runway," said a stander-by, Tom Badgery, who always had an opinion to express upon everybody's business, having none of his own; "what you want to do is to grade the road so's to drive your cattle up the bank, an' that'll give 'em more of a lift on the log, an' up she'll come."

"I just exactly agree with the opinion o' the last speaker, Mr. Thomas Badgery," put in Bud Harkness,

attempting facetiousness, "with the exception that the road ort to be graded *down* instead of *up*, so's the team can git their weight onto it."

And Tom and Jake fell into an argument upon this point until Dr. Snodgrass came forward and offered his opinion.

Doctor Snodgrass was a small man, whose large head ran to a point at the top. He wore spectacles, and alternately looked through and over them with a regularity that kept his stiff queue going like a pump handle. His manner was obsequious and half authorative, and his tones persuasive. He was fond of using high-sounding phrases, in which, however, the words were not always those quite suited to the place assigned to them. He added to the occupation of doctor not only that of farmer, but was also agent of various firms of dealers in Boston and elsewhere, for which service he received a rate. He was inquisitive, yet harmless, well nigh omnipresent, an industrious busy-body, and yet poor. Some people called him Deacon Snodgrass, from his holding that office in the church. Doctor or Deacon Snodgrass was called a type doctor, but I do not think he adhered closely to the doctrine of signatures. He claimed that there was a specific in the vegetable world for every malady of the animal world, and that the hand of Providence had marked the physical properties of the remedy to typify that part of the human frame for which it was useful. Kidney beans were clearly intended to remedy the nephritic diseases, as their shape indicated, and yellow lilac was for jaundice. God had made it mercifully easy for men who would but understand his laws in nature to perceive that the kernel of the walnut was a panacea for diseases of the human brain. But I think he had gone further than the signatures in his practice, for once I visited his farm on other business, and saw, hung up in bunches, dried sage, sweet marjoram, savory, liverwort, saffron, sassafras, thyme, anise, and pine cones. As a rule he eschewed mineral drugs as



foreign and deleterious to the vital principle in the human system, being especially opposed to the use of antimony and mercury, but for some reason he exempted lead and iron from this ban; and he jumbled in his superstitious brain-pan a little of all the mysticism and folk-lore that had ever come under his notice, believing it to be heaven-born philosophy.

So Dr. Snodgrass, after viewing the runway repeatedly through his spectacles, finally removed the spectacles, and while he wiped the glasses with the corners of his 'kerchief, he knowingly wagged his head from side to side, saying, "I fear, my friends, that you will have to spear deeper into the mysterious rellum of causes that affects. Mr. Bowen, be the timbers of that track laid with the butts towards the water?"

"U'm h'um," assented Mr. Bowen, rather doubtfully. "At any rate, the grain lays perfectly smooth, and there ain't a knot or a gnarl to interfere with anything."

"Well, then," resumed the doctor, "it's my opinion that them there timbers was cut in the *decline* of the moon. I've always permulgated the fellin' of trees fer purposes of building bridges or houses, or anything that has to be raised or jined, in the *increase* o' the moon, and I ain't never seen as good success when this mysterious edition of nater was neglected."

Upon this opinion Bud Harkness scratched his head and winked comically at Richard Henry. The Deacon happened to raise his glasses just in time to catch sight of the grimace.

"Ye can scoff if ye like," said he severely, "but I've often seen the efforts of the scoffer ignoramously defeated. Ye'd ort to ponder and listen to them that knows, and study philosophy."

But most of the philosophers present agreed that the grade of the runway was too steep.

"Mr. Bowen," said Richard Henry, who had not spoken a word up to this time, "it's very clear the run doesn't work."

"That's so," assented the other, sadly, "there's something wrong about it. Them oxen ought to have been able to haul that log out. But we tried them over 'n over, an' they couldn't."

"How long have you been in building it?" inquired Richard.

"Well, Jake and Bud and me have been a week and a half I guess."

"How much will you give me to remodel it so it will work as it should?" said Richard.

"Do you think you can?" asked the owner, looking curiously at Richard, whose ingenuity had often excited the wonder of the neighborhood.

"Well, if I don't," replied Richard, "you needn't pay me."

After some bargaining it was agreed that Richard was to have ten dollars on completion of the work, which was to be done in at least twelve days' time. He was to be allowed also the use of Mr. Bowen's tools, and one of the men was to help him in the moving of the timber, etc.

"I suppose," said Richard, when this had been arranged, "that waiting for this run will cause you some loss. You can't start the mill."

"Yes," said the owner, "we can't do much without it, and everything else is a'most ready."

"I presume," said Richard, "that you'd be willing to pay me something extra if I could finish the work in less than twelve days?"

This led to further bargaining, the result being that Mr. Bowen agreed to pay ten shillings a day for every day less than twelve necessary to remodel the runway.

"If mother knew where I was," said Richard to me, "I'd begin on that job right now, and work till night. She'll be wondering what keeps me so long. I just came in town to get the bounty on a lot of crows," and he jingled some silver pieces in his pocket.

"I am on my way out to your place," said I, "and if you like I'll tell her where you are, and you can stay."

"Very good," said he, "and thank you. What do you think of the runway, anyhow?"

"I did not think anything about it," I said. "I was watching the men. I was thinking that Bud Harkness is something of a natural wag, and that the mind of Dr. Snodgrass must resemble a country store with a miscellaneous stock of antiquated and unsalable wares, or else he's a shrewd old humbug, one or both. But you was thinking of the runway? What's the matter with it?"

"Simple enough," said Richard, wheeling in the road so as to view it. We had sauntered to a distance of some rods, and were out of earshot of the others. "Observe the slant of it," continued he, "it is nearly a straight line from where it rises from the surface of the water to the level of the mill floor, which is much higher, and the grade is too steep. The team stalls nearly as soon as the log is entirely out of the water. We must lessen the grade. We might extend the run further out, but that is expensive, and the water grows much deeper there, and it is not necessary to do so. I shall raise the outer end of the track rather suddenly from the water, perhaps to a height of two feet or more; then you see that when one end of the log is caught and slid upon the track the remainder of the log is deep in the water; then the water will help raise the log onto the track, which being that much higher at the start will make but a moderate grade to the mill."

I nodded.

"How long will the work take you?" said I.

"I shall tear down nothing," said he. "I shall simply lay a new track on top of the present structure. I shall hire two men to help and have it all done in two days."

This he did.



## CHAPTER VII.

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DR. BRUSH VISITS MRS. GRAY AT THE HENRY FARM AND  
BECOMES STILL MORE DEEPLY INTERESTED IN HER—  
DOROTHY'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR.



GAIN a few days later I made my way across the fields to the home of the Henrys. I tapped at the door, but as no one answered and the door was open I entered. There was no one in the sitting room, but hearing a noise in the kitchen I stepped across the floor and found Mrs. Henry there. She beckoned me into the kitchen and closed the door and I looked for some communication of unusual interest.

She came close to me and speaking low said, "Shall I let her do any work?" The "her" was accompanied with a wag of the head toward the inner room. So that I inferred that "her" was Mrs. Gray. "She wanted to help me and insisted so much that I couldn't put her off. And she's real handy, and knows just how as if she was brought up to it. She helped get the dinner things ready and then made pies. And then I got her to stop and go and rest herself. I was afraid it might hurt her and you wouldn't allow it."

I told the good woman that the patient might with propriety be allowed to assist at the lighter household work, and that it would be useful for her, and a pastime. Mrs. Henry offered to call Mrs. Gray, but that lady anticipated the call and met us in the sitting room. She was dressed in an easy wrapper of becoming design. I thought each time I saw her, though whether 'twas on account of her dress or manner I could not tell, that she appeared more charming than

the last. Her manner had lost something of its formality and added a touch of increasing friendliness and confidence that was delightful.

The day was beautiful, and I proposed a walk, to which she quickly, even joyously, assented. She glided to her room, returning in a moment with a handful of some gauzy silken fabrication which she threw over her head, discarding it the next minute as Mrs. Henry offered to loan her a wagon-bonnet as better to keep off heat and tan.

"Where are we going?" she asked, as we took the path leisurely around the house.

"Where you will," said I. "The cedar grove yonder on the bluff is a lovely spot and commands a fine view. It is really one of the prettiest places here-about."

"Indeed I can well believe that," rejoined she. "I have visited the grove every day since I am here. I have seldom seen a prospect more charming in its way in this or any other country. This path is the best, I find. 'Tis a little farther but the ascent is easy." As we took the path toward the ravine I observed a new device that Richard had just completed for carrying water from the spring to the house. He had planted a line of posts from the house up the ravine and a track of saplings with the bark peeled off, extended along the top of the posts, and a wooden wheel with a groove in its rim which fitted the track, and so contrived as to carry a water pail hanging beneath. On the porch of the farmhouse was a light windlass with a strong cord attached. All was so arranged that one could send the empty pail travelling down the track to the spring, and then draw it back full of water. At this moment Mrs. Henry, standing on the porch, sent the pail gliding past us along the line down to the spring, whence it presently came back filled and dripping with the clear spring water.

"How do you like the Henrys by this time?" said I.

"Are they not nice people!" she exclaimed warmly. "They are so kind. A mother could not be more careful of me than is Mrs. Henry. And the young man is uncommonly clever, is he not?"

"Did I not tell you so?" I replied, well pleased that she was satisfied. "Mrs. Henry is kinder than you yet know; and Richard cleverer. A year or two ago he somehow happened to obtain possession of an old copy of Euclid, and a work on physics, in the French language, which he had never studied only a little from the trappers and lumbermen, but now he knows both those books from cover to cover."

"Indeed!" exclaimed my companion. "And he sees everything, though he says but little. And he is so thoughtful for others. I would like to have him for a friend—as you have."

"And there is no reason why you may not," said I.

"I suppose you must be aware," she continued smiling, "that Mr. Henry thinks there is no one in the whole province, or perhaps in the world equal to Dr. Brush."

"I know his regard for me is warm," said I. "I had evidence of it early in our acquaintance and it has strengthened since, as also mine for him. Sometime after his mother's accident, when it became evident that repair was not progressing in the injured limb and that she would remain lame, certain of the neighbors, male and female, insisted on calling in Peter Wood, the bonesetter. According to them Peter had made wonderful cures, as had also his father before him, and his father before him, and so on for six generations back, so it was said; and Peter being the seventh was the most marvelous bonesetter in the whole line. Peter Wood never went to any college nor studied with any doctor they said. He didn't have to. He had a natural gift for bonesetting."

"A couple of the village gossips happened to meet here one day in a friendly call on the Widow Henry. The Reverend Mr. Whitehall was present at the same



time, and it was he who related the occurrence to me. Mrs. Plunkett and Mrs. Darnall had been relating to the widow some of Peter Wood's miracles, and had been making very light of young Dr. Brush, who, they said, had probably never seen nor heard of a case like that before. Thus is a physician's reputation often bandied about by the irresponsible. They had persuaded Mrs. Henry to let them send for Peter once, and they were sure of a cure. Give him a trial anyway, they said, it couldn't do any harm. Mrs. Henry finally called to Richard and asked his opinion. "I'll tell you what I think," said Richard, "I think that both of these ladies and the whole Wood family together couldn't tell the right thigh bone from the left nor the upper end of one from the lower if they had them in their hands; and they know no more about ligaments and muscles than they do about finding the area of a triangle!" I need not repeat what he said about myself, but I appreciated it. The bonesetter was not sent for. But is not this a pretty view?"

"Yes, truly! See by the brook," exclaimed my companion, "the mosses in a dozen different tints of green! What birds are those we hear?"

Reader, have you not sometimes likened a person to a certain bird or animal? And did you ever on a summer's day listen to the song of the wild dove? Soft, yet penetrating. Distinct, yet faint. Is it near? Then why is it not louder? Is it far? How could so mild a tone be carried far? Listen,—listen. Plaintive yet not cheerless. Loving and longing, yearning for the loved one. Mournful, yet hopeful. There—it has flown. I thought it was nearby. But it was away yonder on that old tree.

Thus sounded to my ears the voice of that fair woman talking from the cavern of that old bonnet, and I opened my lips to tell her so, but checked myself in time, and said.

"I beg your pardon. I thought I heard a dove somewhere nearby. Those little birds? They are the

white-throated sparrows—very numerous in all these woods and very merry songsters, too.”

We stood on the brink of the ravine and gazed toward its source at our left and toward its mouth at our right. Its sides were jutting with rocks which could only be seen here and there through the dense foliage. There were fir trees and spruce above with their sharp tops like tall spires against the sky. Lower down and with rounder billowy outlines were birch and maple, arbor vitae, moose-wood, hazel, alder and brake. The birds made merry in the sheltered thickets. Away below, the spring brook frolicked and babbled over the mossy rocks until it reached the open fields, where it steadied itself for a soberer journey of half a mile to the river.

If I describe with tedious minuteness this locality and its environments, and detail all the occurrences known to me of those days, it is only that the reader may have a clear understanding of the circumstances surrounding the coming tragedy, of the approach of which we were mercifully unsuspecting.

We turned from the ravine and ascended the slope to the cedar grove upon the bluff that overlooked the valley. The ground where this little grove of a score or more of cedars stood was dry and grassy, almost as level as a floor and quite free from undergrowth over a space several rods in each direction. Beyond this, excepting toward the margin of the bluff the woods were dense with cedar, spruce, and pine. So dense were they that the sunlight could scarcely penetrate, and the rocks and soil beneath were moist and mossy, always giving one the impression, if he penetrated far into their depths among the slippery fallen trunks and tangle of underwood that he was in a low or swampy country. From the verge of this bluff one could look down a steep and bushy declivity of fifty feet to the level upon which the farmhouse stood, beyond which the ground sloped suddenly again and then stretched away level to the river. Or one could gaze away up

and across and adown the valley through which the river ran—the rocky river, the Penobscot, ever rippling over rocks or rushing over rapids. The Indians have a legend that long ago, before the white man came bringing troubles of all kinds to the red man, the river flowed up on one side and down on the other for his convenience. Whatever it may have done in the olden times, the water certainly hurries all in one direction now. Where it glides smoothly for a space it is only to gather speed and volume in order to dash itself over a fall. There, down stream as we look across the valley,—is a fall with power enough to run a hundred mills, and making a noise that we could hear even at this distance, if the wind were in the right direction, as though all the mills were running now. We also see the river here or there, where the forest has been cleared away.

Forests of spruce and fir cover the greater expanse of the landscape, with birch and maple where the soil is richer, and elm and ash nearer the water. The aspen stands quivering its restless leaves over the ground from which the primitive woods had been burned away by the first settlers. A light green fringe of willows marks the course which the spring brook has taken to reach the river. The brook also marks a boundary line. This side of it is the Henry farm, on yon side of it is Whittlesey's with a great stretch of cleared land, and smoke rising from another field in process of clearing. The village lies away behind this spur of hills that reaches down toward the river.

"That wooded island in the river," said I, "is a great rendezvous for Indians. Look sharp and you can see a wigwam here and there beneath the trees and perhaps one or more canoes gliding over the water."

"Are they savage?" inquired my fair companion, with a glance toward the thicket behind us.

"At present they are at peace with the whites. Did you not see any in the village? You can see them in the streets on almost any day with furs or game or



fish to sell or barter. I have often employed them to gather roots and herbs for me, such as are useful in medicine or as I suspect of possessing medicinal virtues. I have met their chief and some of their head warriors at Judge Cobb's. They are very fond of the judge's generous kitchen."

As we talked I had led her to a seat near the edge of the cliff. The seat was of Richard's handiwork. At least he had utilized the work which nature had done for him. He had split in halves a ten-foot section of the trunk of a spruce and left four of the stout limbs of the tree for the legs of the settee. On this we sat and viewed the landscape wide and far, and now nearer and quite near until we studied the brakes that sprang from the hillside just beneath us and the cinquefoil and the beautiful harebells that grew in the clefts of the cliff at our very feet.

"I have been up here every day since I am here," said Mrs. Gray, "and on rainy days between showers. The more familiar I become with the scene the prettier it seems and the more friendly. I shall never forget the impression of my first view of the shore of this province. Certainly, the sight of any land was very welcome after six weeks at sea. And the shores of one's native land make the heart leap as no other sight can. But the first that we saw of Maine was so rocky and forbidding. It looked so strange, so rugged and barren, fog-swept and sea-beaten. Even after landing and taking the stage, the country had some of the same appearance. So much of the vegetation was of the pine family and they at first seemed so bristling, stiff, jagged, uncongenial. The roads were rocky and the skies lowering. We had scarcely begun that fifty miles of coaching when it rained, and it rained, and it rained all the whole way. You may not think so, of course I will not dispute your opinion, but do you know I believe that the trouble that led me at first to consult you was caused more by mental anguish and fright and terror and distress through which I passed, and the



back to my business. I have often employed them to gather nuts and berries for me, such as are useful in medicine — and I suspect of possessing medicinal virtues. I have had their oil and some of their good medicines of Dr. J. C. F. F. They are very fond of the hunter's game and the deer.

As we walked I had noticed a nest near the edge of the cliff. The nest was of Richard's handiwork. It must be had utilized the work which nature had done for him. He had with his claws a ten-foot section of the trunk of a spruce, with four of the stout limbs of the tree for the sides of the nest. On this we sat and viewed the landscape wide and far, and rose nearer and quite close to the studied the landscape that sprang from the bright spot beneath us and the singed and the smoking hills that grew to the cliffs of the cliff and the sea.

"I have been in the very day since I am here."

"On *This We Sat and Viewed the Landscape* — The more I see *Wide and Far*.<sup>1</sup> The scene the picture is more and the more memory. I shall never forget the impression of the view of the shore of this province. Certainly the sight of any land was very welcome after the months of sea. And the view of our native land was the heart leap as no other sight can. But the first time we saw of Maine was so rocky and forbidding. It looked so strange, so weird and weird, fog-wreath and all that. Even after walking and taking the stage the country had some of the same appearance. So much of the vegetation was of the most kind and they at first seemed so bristling, stiff, jagged, uncomely. The roads were rocky and the ships, leaving. We had scarcely begun that day when it rained, and it rained, and it rained all the while. For my not think me of course I will not dispute your opinion, but do you know I thought that the trouble that led me at first to leave you was caused more by mental anguish and trouble and terror and distress through which I passed, and the







depression of spirits and loneliness through which I was passing, than by the actual discomforts of the stage travel and the roughness of the roads."

The lady seemed to be in a communicative mood and in bright spirits, and although she did not talk quite as uninterruptedly as I have written it, yet nearly so. When there was a pause I had only to assent or show my interest and she went on. "And I believe,—now you will laugh at me,—that it was the doctor's reassuring words and my belief that he could and would take good care of me, as much as it was the medicine, that took away all my bad symptoms."

I was curious enough, you may be sure, and had a great desire to know the cause of the mental anguish and the terror and distress which had come to her. A score of surmises which may occur as readily to my patient reader as they did to me, led me to no certain conclusion. In her present mood the least adroitness on my part in the management of the conversation would have led her into confidences. But I had agreed with myself that I would learn from her no more than came spontaneously and at her own discretion. The idle curiosity of the vulgar is sufficiently disgusting; and should certainly never be indulged in by a physician. She should feel under no compulsion either by virtue of my professional or friendly relation to tell me anything that she did not choose to reveal. I would not take the advantage—even so far as to make her feel that she was impolite in evading an implied question, from one who had been uniformly kind and gallant toward her. If she felt that she needed to make a confidential friend of her physician I would make it easy for her to do so. It should not be difficult for her to tell me what she chose about herself, sure of my kindness, fairness and faithfulness to the trust.

"I assure you I have no doubt that the state of the emotions has a great effect upon the functions of the body, and may influence it greatly toward the production of disease in the healthy, or of health in the



diseased. And I think that conversely most of us are more influenced in our emotions, opinions, and actions by the state of our bodies and the effects of our surroundings than we would be willing to acknowledge even to ourselves.

"We are fond of thinking that we are complete masters of ourselves and can do what we will, and perhaps it is best that we suppose so. This is a rather large question if one choose to measure all the lengths and depths of it. I suppose in regard to external influence some are a great deal more susceptible than others."

"Yes," said my companion, "I have thought of that too, and tried to study it. Since I am here I have been more contented than I have been for months. I have been happier—I, who thought I would never be happy again. I believe I am really happy today. At least I feel a great sense of liberty, of peace and hope. A sense that all is well and all will be well. I have been trying to study the cause of it. Not a very deep study of it probably. Perhaps you can help me. I have been wondering whether it is because of the sorrows I have endured and the danger I have escaped, or because, having endured through these where I had no reason to expect them, and then arrived in a land that at first seemed so forbidding and among strangers from whom I had no right to look for more than bare civility, I now find myself surrounded by the most kind and considerate friends. Or is it the influence of the natural objects about me or some subtile process in my own nature that has made me happier? Let me tell you—for I think you will understand me—not every one does—when I was yet a child and ever since, external nature has had a strange control over my moods. I remember yet that if I was in a giddy and frolicsome mood and gambolled into the fields and woods,—my home was in the suburb of a city,—bye and bye I became calmer, and came back more thoughtful; and if after some youthful quarrel or disappointment I stole away among the grass and trees to mope, I lost my bad temper and became cheerful."

This may be not quite her language, as I have written it from memory; neither can I reproduce her tone nor convey the charms of her expressive face. I did not choose to break the thread of her thought nor of her utterance. It was an exquisite pleasure to hear her tell her thoughts.

"Oh," said I to myself, "here is a fine, sweet spirit, all in tune with nature's harmony." And again I felt sure that whatever there might have been of caprice, or of error there had been no gross sin in this woman's life.

She continued: "You must know that I have been much alone of late—and these influences have come strangely upon me. I have wandered up here upon this bluff and everywhere near this place, and I feel those same sympathies with every bird and flower and tree and cloud that I felt when a child. And it is not because of my return, after long absence, to my native country and more familiar 'flora and fauna,' as you call them. Your good friend Richard tells me that you know the name and habits and properties of every plant and herb and tree and living thing around here, and love to study them and classify them. Now, it would not matter in the least to me whether I knew the names in Latin or in English of your birds and trees, or whether the birds are edible or the juice of the plants drinkable as food or medicine. They would have for me the same companionship. You see that birch tree, with its smooth trunk as handsomely mottled as a marble column, and its boughs spread out in horizontal layers with air spaces in between? I have watched the birds come and go in and out of those spaces till it seems to me I know the little creatures all, as a coterie and as individuals; and I know all their errands to and fro. The tree is a great six storied hotel, and there the feathered guests visit it, to sing and make merry through the summer. They call on their neighbors and gossip. They feast and carouse. They sally forth on an excursion, and return to shelter

and relate their adventures. I have watched their coquetries and their courtships. They woo and wed and go to housekeeping. They keep no secrets from me. You will laugh at me. They tell me all their little plans and hopes. At least I dream they do, until for the time it seems true. O, I could tell you many a tale out of the annals of the 'Hotel Beechwood.' "

She laughed. Would I could picture the bird-like turn of her neck and the arch look of her eyes. How long they have haunted me!

"Now, you do not think it strange, do you, that I should imagine such things when I am out by myself? Sometimes it even seems to me that the trees are animate—that they are conscious, I mean. I have often had that thought, or feeling, whichever it is. Of course I do not really *think* they are. You see those evergreens?—I don't know the kind—where the road is cut through—they seem to stand in a row on either side of the opening. Yesterday I was here when the wind began to blow. You observe how the drooping branches curve upward at their outer ends, like a lady with extended arms holding up her robes to dance a minuet. As the first strong breeze came across the valley and went piping among the tops of the trees, the row on this side bowed politely to those standing opposite, who with equal grace and courtesy returned the salute. As the wind freshened and gust followed gust mesdames all bowed again, lifted their green frocks and courtesied to right and to left. And they joined hands and parted, and advanced and retreated and so kept up their dance with stately mirthfulness and a whispered buzz of conversation, and a rustling of draperies, and the music of a hundred Aeolian harps—and a great viol that sounded from yonder lightning-splintered trunk.

"All this is fancy, I know, but let me tell you something else that is not fancy. One day I brought my lute and sat just here and thrummed the strings. The birds became silent; and when I noticed this I began to



play softly—for them—and will you believe it; the birds came nearer, and soon sang louder and louder as I played, and we had quite a chorus!”

“Indeed I do believe it,” said I, “for if you sing or even talk you charm all hearers. And you made me forget the flight of time. It is high noon. Do you know the meaning of that white signal fluttering from the staff at the farmhouse gable? Soon you will see Richard coming from some quarter of the farm—home to dinner. You must go in, too. I have been selfish and kept you too long.”

“No,” said she earnestly, “not too long. I have not yet said some things that I had intended to say to you.” We were strolling toward the farmhouse. “Some things that I must tell you for the sake of my child that is to be; and before the day of its advent, lest if I should die they would remain untold. But not today.” She spoke serenely yet seriously. “I feel that I can trust you and your friends here. Is it too much to ask you to come again in a few days?” I assured her it was not only a duty but a pleasure for me to do so.

We reached the house, where was a smoking dinner on the table laid for four. Richard came in in a few minutes. I was standing inside of the porch lattice and caught sight of his face, before he saw me as he came out of the orchard. I thought at that moment he looked troubled. But he greeted us with his usual quiet cheerfulness, and when he had soused his face, neck and hands and forearms in a basin of water and combed his hair with habitual neatness, we all sat down to dinner. It was but homely country fare, but it was prepared with Mrs. Henry’s rare knack at cookery and made a wholesome feast. Perhaps the congenial spirits of the little company gave something of our pleasure. Mrs. Henry and Richard sat at opposite ends of the table. Mrs. Gray was my vis-a-vis.

I had dined at this table before, but there was today

a presence that added an essence of refinement to the very air, and for me at least idealized the whole scene. We seemed to belong to some different, better, brighter world than we had known to exist heretofore. We sat long at the table in conversation, much of which I can recall, especially one or two of Mrs. Gray's merry sallies and Richard's short, sharp, witty rejoinders, at which we all laughed heartily. We were very happy.

I have often thought since of that little dinner. I have dined at that table since, but—but I must not anticipate the current of events. The brightest hour must end. I took my leave to return by the river road to the village. Richard walked with me through the orchard. After some moments of silent walking had carried us beyond hearing distance of the house, he said, "I am sorry to bring you an annoying piece of news—but it is well for you to know how matters stand. Simply this—Dorothy and I have quarreled. You may guess about *whom*. Though about *what*, who can imagine? She has been cross ever since she met a certain handsome stranger here. But I didn't think she would carry it as far as this. I knew she was rather willful and high-strung and has always been allowed to have her whims gratified and have her own way in everything. But this affair is more than I expected or can quite understand.

"Why, it's plain enough," said I, "she's jealous. I thought on Sunday she acted somewhat piqued."

"Yes," he rejoined, "but what sense is there in it? What definite idea or notion can she have of any relation past or present other than the obvious and true one, between this lady and me? You know it's absurd for her to be jealous. But the more I tried to reason with her the madder she got. Really," said he, a hint of a smile upon his face in spite of his evident deep annoyance, "really, if it wasn't so disagreeable and so serious a matter, it would have been highly entertaining. She grew fairly pantherish—reminded me of a lynx in a trap—the way she raged around was splen-

did—worthy of a better cause. The thing is absurd. She finally said if I didn't send madame away at once I would live to repent it."

"Dorothy's prejudice and her jealousy are certainly unjust and unreasonable in the extreme," said I, "at the same time I don't see any way to gratify her whim. You understand that if I could have foreseen any of this I never would have brought Mrs. Gray here. But now she is on the eve of her lying-in. It cannot be many days off at the farthest. It is liable to come tonight or tomorrow. We can't be hunting a new place and carting her around at the last minute. It will not be long till all is over and she can go away again. I don't believe that Dorothy will carry her displeasure to a permanent breach with you. It cannot be so bad as that. Moreover, I think under the circumstances, I ought to tell you that Mrs. Gray has today intimated to me that upon or before that event she has matters to communicate to me which may make the whole affair clear. At present I don't see but what we must wait a little and see what a day will bring forth. I don't feel like going to this lady—for that she evidently is—and saying, 'Here, you must lay bare your personal history—give a full account of yourself and your affairs or we'll turn you out to shift for yourself.' I can't do it."

"Nor should you if you would," said Richard slowly. "We are in the right. Mother and I took Mrs. Gray in good faith, with the agreement to keep her through this crisis. She has done nothing to forfeit our respect and good-will or give us any excuse to break our bargain. She shall stay. I'll go myself if it's necessary. That ought to satisfy Dorothy. I can get somebody to come and help mother. Perhaps Dorothy would stay with her and stand guard." His mouth curved up at the corners humorously. "I proposed this plan to her. She went away white hot. I wish the whole affair was over and done with any way."



"Well, don't worry," said I, "I'll see you in a couple of days, and we'll consider about it. You remember we are to make that little trip into the woods for Judge Cobb some day soon. Good-by."

"Yes, so we will; the judge reminded me about it but a day or two ago. Good-by." With that we parted, he to go to his work in the field, and I to resume my way to the village. After he had left me I pondered the question whether I should not turn off and go across to Whittlesey's and try my logic on the fair Dorothy. Surely I ought to be able to convince her that she was clearly in the wrong. Was it not my duty to do so? But I recollected that I must see a patient, and had been a long time from home where perhaps other duties awaited me. I walked rapidly to the village.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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DR. STIKES PERKINIZES AMANDA HOLCOMB.

**A**S I have before remarked, I had found the field of medical practice at Farmerstown already occupied by Dr. Stikes and Dr. Snodgrass upon my arrival there; and they still remained. The young physician in a new location interests himself in his professional rivals with an interest scarcely second to that he takes in the community at large—interests himself more than is necessary, as he afterward discovers; and I was soon well posted upon the personality and characteristics of these two physicians. Dr. Stikes was a man of years and experience—"more than thirty years' experience in the practice of physic," as he was fond of announcing whenever that piece of information could be conveniently introduced. Where he received his medical education I never learned, but upon acquaintance I found that he possessed a considerable knowledge of diseases and drugs. Dr. Stikes looked to be fifty-five years of age. He had been living at Farmerstown for many years and had acquired quite a respectable amount of property. It was not difficult to determine why it was that the people generally stood in such awe of Dr. Stikes, while the children and young persons regarded him with a superstitious dread. He was an uncommonly tall man, lank, with a long, colorless face, a high forehead and wide faded eyes, whose lids hung over them like curtains of parchment. His oral muscles were so tightly drawn and his face so stony that when he spoke it seemed as though the Sphinx had broken silence. His speech, like all his actions, was drawlingly deliberate; and as he talked those

parchment curtains drooped over his eyes while his soul retired to unseen realms within, as if to bring forth deeper knowledge. He still wore a wig, a gray bob, and usually dressed in a drab colored suit having coat buttons made from silver shillings, with eleven-penny-bits for the waistcoat and breeches. Dr. Stikes was shrewd. I had seen plenty of evidence of that fact. And he had no mind to allow me to acquire any large share of the practice in and about Farmerstown. I believe he was secretly consumed with envy as time and reputation brought me increase of patronage. Not that he had it quite all to himself even before my arrival at Farmerstown. Dr. Snodgrass, whom I have already described, was also there.

When Perkinism began to be noised about and was talked and read of in our community and numerous persons were found ready to patronize the metallic practice, Dr. Stikes procured a set of tractors, and made many converts in and around Farmerstown. Of the two men, Dr. Stikes and Dr. Snodgrass, I would rather have expected the latter to be the more likely to become interested in the phenomena of the Metallic Influence. But Dr. Stikes, slow as he appeared to be in most matters, was keen enough to recognize a method by which new public interest might again be directed toward himself and his practice, and new fees might be attracted to his pockets. Or perhaps it was because he better than Dr. Snodgrass could afford the investment of twenty-five dollars for the two pieces of metal and the printed directions for their use. Now I truly believe that if Dr. Snodgrass had been first to become possessed of the tractors and to introduce their use in our community, he would have been an enthusiastic advocate of the new practice. As it was, he looked on with envy at Dr. Stikes' augmented prosperity and affected to sneer at what he called the "new fangled notion that had no foundation in philosophy and neither bore the index finger mark of Providence nor was handed down to us by an approving poster-



ity." "Who was Dr. Elisha Perkins," Dr. Snodgrass would exclaim scornfully, "that he should stamp his name on pieces of iron and brass and pretend that they was equal to the natural remedies that God A'mity had stamped with His own seal and fashioned with His own handiwork?"

But Dr. Stikes kept right on drawing out pains and diseases from those who would allow him to apply the tractors, or at least drawing out the stipulated fee for the benefit of the practiser. In these latter operations tractoration seldom failed to succeed. But I made no quarrel with either Dr. Stikes or Dr. Snodgrass.

On my way home from the Henry farm that afternoon, as I passed near Holcomb's Inn, I met Dr. Stikes, and greeted him with a "Good afternoon, Dr. Stikes."

"Good afternoon, Dr. Brush," responded he. "Ahem! I have not seen much of you of late, sir. I suppose you are busy with your animals and plants, sir. You should turn your attention to the new discoveries in science. Have you investigated the marvellous metallic treatment, sir?"

I acknowledged that I had not.

"Most remarkable discovery of the age, sir," continued Dr. Stikes in his most deliberate and impressive and patronizing manner. "You should not allow the old men to out-do you in scientific progress. I would be pleased to have you witness the wonderful effects I am getting, sir.

"Why, yes, Dr. Stikes," said I. "I would be happy to do so."

"Come in, doctor. I am just now going to make another application to Amanda," said the old man with as great a show of cordiality as his parchment face could assume. To this proposition I assented. We went to the family apartments to see the patient. Dr. Stikes entered the room with an impressive solemnity that would have inspired awe upon a court occasion.

It seemed that Amanda had been seized with an inability to swallow. This affliction added to her other complaints had elicited the sympathy not only of her mother and sister but of all the neighborhood as well, one of whom had extolled the merits of the tractors as wielded by Dr. Stikes, and that worthy had been summoned. The metallic operation had proved beneficial, 'twas said, for after the first application, the patient had been enabled to swallow a little water and food, although the disorder returned in a few hours, so that it was necessary to repeat the procedure daily.

Dr. Stikes approached the bed, his tall form swaying majestically above the patient, whom he occasionally regarded with a glance. With his face toward the horizon and his eyes half closed, he recounted to me the symptoms, which he considered due to paralysis of the esophagus. I stated that I had attended the same patient on previous occasions when she was suffering with such a sensation of choking as of a ball rising in the throat. I had found no difficulty in dispelling the globus by the exhibition of a few scruples of *valerianæ officinalis radix*, with the *spiritus volatilis* or the foetid gums. I ventured to suggest that the present difficulty was of an hysterical nature similar to those attacks which had preceded it. Dr. Stikes said he considered it paralysis. He related that after the patient had been unable to swallow any food for several days, during which time she had lain in a semi-unconscious state, on the first application of the tractors for not above twenty minutes the patient had experienced a feeling of tingling and heat in the throat and a gentle perspiration. Following this she roused up and called for water; which she drank with little difficulty. This experience had been repeated for several days with increasing improvement, and Dr. Stikes now proceeded to apply the tractors again. Taking the little three-inch bits of metal in his bony fingers, the iron in one hand and the brass in the other, he drew the pointed ends gently down upon the

patient's throat and bosom. He continued this steadily for perhaps fifteen minutes when he remarked, "Ah! the perspiration is beginning."

"I do not see any perspiration," said I.

"A moment later the young woman began a gulping, and a glass of water being presented, she took and drank it. She soon took some food with no particular difficulty so far as I could observe. I remarked that I was reminded of what I had read concerning some of the experiments of Mesmer. Upon this Dr. Stikes frowned, and said I should liken it rather to the effects produced by the discoveries of Galvani, as he made no doubt their phenomena were related to each other in their causation. For his part he cared little for theories upon their action, what interested him was practical results. And he waved his arms grandly over the patient.

"Which results, however, are apt to be very deceptive," said I. "I believe," I continued, "that Dr. Perkins has hinted that his discovery is similar to Galvani's, but he has taken no pains to elucidate the subject. On the contrary, he has made a secret of the composition of the tractors, which, however, probably are as they appear to be, nothing more nor less than brass and iron; and he has taken out a patent on his discovery."

"Which he had a perfect legal right to do," said Dr. Stikes oracularly.

"His right is legal enough," said I, "but is in opposition to the unselfish and philanthropic spirit and custom which have ruled the profession from time immemorial. I suppose you know Perkins was expelled by the Connecticut Medical Society?"

"So, too, was the immortal Harvey ridiculed and ostracised for many years," said Dr. Stikes.

Perceiving that nothing would come of further dispute I took my leave.

I came away from the tavern in no particularly pleasant frame of mind, which was not improved when



I perceived the inevitable Mrs. Plunkett coming up the path. I quickened my steps, intending to pass briskly, but she stepped directly in the path, holding up her hands apologetically. "Now, Dr. Brush! Don't be in such a hurry. I must tell you something. I hate dreadfully to tell you though," she said.

"Well, then, spare yourself. Don't tell me," said I.

"Oh! but you ought to know what people are saying about you. I feel it is my duty to tell you. They say that—that—there ought to a been another wedding that time you went home a visiting; but being as the woman has followed you up—there, now, you ain't mad at me, I hope. I thort it was my duty—"

I left her standing there in the path. Probably it was not the most polite thing to do, but really I was too angry and disgusted to say a word. So I merely walked away. Evidently the gossips were not putting the best construction upon my interest in the fair stranger lodged at Mrs. Henry's!

## CHAPTER IX.

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BRUSH AND RICHARD VISITED JIM BARNES' LOGGING CAMP

—MRS. GRAY'S FOREBODINGS.



TILL I was waiting until Mrs. Gray should need my services; but she was having no premonitory symptoms.

I had promised Judge Cobb to look at a certain piece of timber land, and Richard had agreed to accompany me. It would take but a day, and, as I had no patient under care who could not be left that long, and as it seemed entirely safe to leave Mrs. Gray for a time, we set out on horseback early in the morning. After four hours of riding we arrived at Jim Barnes' Camp. This camp of timber cutters was well known to us, as was also the foreman after whom it was named.

Jim Barnes was a logger who had been a sailor and a captain's mate in his earlier years, but had taken to the woods some time before I settled in Farmerstown. A man of powerful frame was Jim and bulky muscles and stentorian voice. He needed them all in the exercise of his duties as a foreman in a logging camp. It was said he could handle any man on the carry. And he needed his fund of good nature and rude jokes, and, under all, his brute courage, for the men under his direction were rough fellows often; and the new country and the elements demanded hardihood.

Jim's camp had often been our headquarters on our hunting trips. The camp was a long house built of logs chinked with moss and clay. There was a huge fireplace in the middle of the floor, and sleeping bunks were ranged all round the walls. Rough tables and benches completed the furniture. Here the men cooked, ate and slept; told tales and smoked and played cards and sang and swore during the winter evenings when weariness did not drive them at once to

bed after supper. From the camp they sallied in the mornings, no matter how bitter the cold or how deep the snow, to fell trees and drag logs to creek or river, where the spring freshets could be utilized to bring them down to the mills or ships near the settlements and the sea.

Many stories were told among the men about Jim's feats of strength. No one could beat him at swinging an anvil with his teeth or at throwing a rock, and it was said that he could pick up a barrel of cider and drink from the bung-hole. There never was a man in camp who could better wield the long-handled axe used in these great forests. None could fell a tree or trim it as quickly as the foreman. I could relate many incidents about Jim and about our hunting and fishing days.

The neck of timber we came to view was but a half hour's walk from camp, and, after a hearty greeting, Jim readily consented to accompany us. He calculated we could get back to camp in time for dinner, and, as he had a new cook about whom there had been great bragging, he expected a fine dinner. We accomplished our errand without incident worthy of note and were returning toward the camp when I saw Richard chasing a small animal among the bushes and over the roots. After running a few rods he caught it and turned toward me holding up to view a wriggling, yowling quadruped not unlike a large kitten.

"O, Brush!" he cried, "this'll make you a fine pet. It's a panther cub."

As I looked toward him I saw what he did not—the old she-panther—but a few yards beyond him. She was crouched upon the slanting trunk of a lodged pine—crouched ready to spring at Richard. Her tail quivered. Her glowing eyes were fixed upon her victim. I was seized with a terrible fear at the peril of my friend; but only for an instant. Then my nerves were dead calm. I raised my rifle swiftly and catching the panther's right eye through the sights as the



barrel rose, I pulled the trigger. The huge cat rolled from the tree trunk and fell among the rocks and bushes below.

"Through the brain," said Jim, "and just in time, by G—d! She'd a-been tearin' Richard's ribs afore now."

I felt a tremor in my knees then, as I stood in my tracks reloading. Richard was silent, and we felt more or less awed during the remainder of the morning. The panther measured four and a third feet long from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. The tail was two and a fourth feet long. We stripped off the hide and brought it into camp.

Jim was in fine spirits, and when the men gathered in to dinner, he related the adventure of the morning with great gusto. The dinner had progressed no farther than the first plate of soup, when it appeared evident that the new cook had not the slightest knowledge of cookery. Whereupon some words ensued between the foreman and him. The stranger, mistaking Jim's usual good temper, knew no better than to use some very insulting language, which was no sooner uttered than Jim caught him by the neck and breeches and tossed him up against the rafters, catching him as he came down and tossing him up again. At the third toss the man clung to the rafters and clambered upon them and sat there like a treed raccoon, pretty thoroughly scared. Jim threatened if he came down to drop him into the soup kettle; so the cook perched upon his uncomfortable roost till the meal was over, when, no farther notice being taken of him, he came down and left the camp.

Not thinking it prudent to remain too long away from home, lest Mrs. Gray might need me, we returned to Farmerstown that same day and I went to bed late and tired. The first sound I heard on waking was the patter of the rain on the shingles of the roof above me. I recalled indistinctly that I had been half awakened in the night by the noise of the rain storm.

Judging by the dim half-light in my room, it was rather late on a cloudy, lowering morning. I sleepily recalled that I had a considerable amount of work to attend to, and, striving against the inclination to indulge in another nap, I rose and prepared myself for weary miles of muddy roads. It continued to rain and mist and drizzle by turns through the whole forenoon, but about midday the fall of water stopped, the clouds lifted their leaden masses somewhat higher above the tree tops, and drifted sullenly along before the breeze.

It was long past the noon hour before I could find time for my midday meal, and I hastened to don dry clothing and a cleaner pair of top-boots. I hesitated for a moment whether to go to the Henry farm on horseback by the road, or as I usually went, on foot by the short path. I knew I might get my clothing half wetted through by brushing along the grass and bushes and under the dripping trees of the path, but my beast was weary and the road around was longer. I chose to walk.

On coming to the cedar grove I was surprised to see there a figure which, notwithstanding a long cloak and closely drawn hood I knew at a glance to be Mrs. Gray. As I emerged into the open near her I saw that her face was pale and wore an anxious look. My first thought was that perhaps Dorothy had been at the house and made a scene. My next thought was that she might be ill, or that something had frightened her. She reached me her hand saying, "I am glad you are come, doctor."

"Are you feeling ill?" said I. "Is anything unpleasant at the house?"

"O no," she answered, "but I feared you could not come, the weather has been so bad, and though I am not sick I am horribly depressed. I dreamed all night of an endless evergreen forest in which I lost my way and wandered amid frightful shadows. I could not get out of doors all day on account of the rain, but

this scene that was so pleasant has failed to restore me." She shuddered and looked fearfully around. "The landscape frightens me. I feel alarmed—at what I cannot say.—See that cloud hanging over yonder hilltop. It is like a pall upon a bier!—The breezes chill me like the damp air of a vault.—The trees that were so merry yesterday only wring their hands and writhe with distress and shake their heads with despair. The music of the wind among the boughs has changed to sobs and moans, and now and again this shattered trunk utters a hoarse shriek. Some evil is about! The birds have hushed. Don't you see that the birds avoid me?"

"No," said I in reassuring tones, "they have merely sought shelter from the rain, as we should do. See, it is going to begin again. Come."

I took her arm gently and drew it within my own and would have escorted her to the house, but she paused and looked into my face and grew somewhat calmer.

"I had intended to tell you today the sad story of my life," she said. "I have avoided thinking of the past ever since I came here, and when, this morning, expecting to relate it to you, it all came back again to me, I felt it all anew; and now, for that or for some reason, I am quite unstrung and unequal to the task. It is right that you should know, though it will grieve you, and it will anger one of your chivalrous nature to hear of a woman so cruelly wronged, and not have it in your power to avenge her. If I live through my coming ordeal, there is no haste in making myself known; but lest I should die, I have this morning written a statement and shall keep it here." And she showed me a silken cord around her neck, to which was attached a wallet, the corner of which peeped through the bosom of her frock till she thrust it out of sight. "I have a feeling that I shall die in childbirth. May I ask you then to communicate with my friends? Perhaps they will forgive me when I am dead."



She burst into tears and leaned heavily upon me for a moment. Then assuming better command of herself again, she drew forth a long woven purse and pressed it into my hand. "Take this, please. You will pay yourself for your professional services. For the kindness and consideration you have shown me I cannot pay you."

"Nay, madame," said I, "this is too large a sum. And besides it would be time enough to pay when the service is rendered." But she would not take it back, and said, "Take care of it for me, then, till I or my baby require it."

Seeing it would please her best so, I put the purse in my pocket, saying, "Remember, it is yours, then, when you wish it." Then I sought to soothe her agitation as I led her toward the house.

"These morbid fears," said I, "are common to women in your state. It is exceptional to find one who does not dread while she hopes for the day that shall make her a mother. I can well understand that, having experienced uncommon trials and anxieties, your mind is in a very impressible state and readily affected by such lonely surroundings and such a lowering day."

"Indeed you do understand my feelings," said she. "Why, today the sight of those pine trees with their black shadows where no grass will grow, oppresses me with a weight of gloom—worse than that—with a horror. I have not had that feeling since I left the shadow of a family beneath whose influence not one sweet and wholesome virtue could thrive. They seemed to blight the soil with their dark shade, haunted with spectral forms of selfishness and greed and lust and crime. It is too horrible to think or tell about."

"Then pray do not think about it. It shall make no difference to me nor these friends here, if it does not to you, what the past has been," said I. "I trust you are at peace here and comfortable, and I know of

no reason why you cannot pass through the coming event as safely as thousands and thousands have done before you."

By this time we approached the house wherein we found the widow and her kitchen fire agreeable companions. I turned myself about the fire until I had somewhat dried my clothing. Mrs. Henry said that Richard had lounged about the house till he became restless and had taken down his tackle and gone a-fishing. I thought I knew the secret of his restlessness; for Dorothy was still angry and unreasonable, but I made no comment. I chatted for a while with the ladies and finding the afternoon well advanced and that my patient had grown composed, took my leave with cheerful and hopeful prophecy that we would have a brighter day before long—which I knew she would understand figuratively as well as literally. She smiled sweetly and answered, "We will hope so."

As I walked homeward I resolved that nothing should be lacking that I could do to bring my patient through her trouble. I did not like the condition of anxiety in which she seemed to be, and this idea which seemed to possess her that she would not live through the ordeal was particularly unwelcome. I had myself seen a few instances of the bad effects of fear upon my patients, and I recalled a passage in a lecture delivered by Dr. Rush at Philadelphia the previous year, of which I possessed a copy. On returning to my shop I found the pamphlet and the passage. "Fear," says Dr. Rush, "has often rendered diseases fatal, which would otherwise have yielded to medicine. The deadly influence of this passion is most observable in the plague, and other mortal epidemics. It is often increased by the tolling of bells, by the noise of a hearse, and by persons who are sick hearing of the deaths of their friends and neighbors. The effects of fear are still more fatal when they are combined with superstition. An instance of death once occurred in my practice, in a disease which rarely proves mortal,

from a presentiment of it having been excited by a previous dream."

But fear alone, thought I, is not so much to be feared as more material dangers, and these it is my duty to guard against, or, if possible, to vanquish should they come. I pondered whether a moderate bleeding might not lessen these morbid forebodings.

Once more I turned the leaves of well thumbed volumes, and freshened my memory upon the subjects of floodings and fits, and distortions of the pelvis, rigidities and prolapses, and unfavorable positions, and other sources of distress and danger, and the means and methods for their relief. I felt very thankful that the profession had rejected the iron specula for stretching, the screws, the griffins talons, the tiretets, the hooks and forceps with claws, and other revolting and horrible apparatuses invented by the ancients. How terrible it would be to use them upon such a patient as Mrs. Gray. I reviewed turning and the Cæsarian section; the use of the scoop lever of Roonhuysen, the fillet and the catheter; the Sigaultian operation, and embryotomy with the long scissars, and the crochet or blunthook. These and more I re-read carefully. I would be prepared to cope with every possible difficulty.



## CHAPTER X.

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### THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

**N**IGHT approached and again the rain came pouring down. I sat in my study, musing for a while in the gloaming, and then lighted a candle and had just settled again to my reading when I was startled by a hurried step on the porch. Then came a sudden knock on the door, which, before I could rise from my chair, was opened and Richard stood before me. His hair and clothing were dripping wet, his face excited.

He was nearly breathless from running. He had his long hunting knife in his belt and his cap in his hand. "She is dead," said he. "Mrs. Gray is dead!"

"Dead?" said I staring with astonishment, while visions of haemorrhagy and syncope, convulsions and coma, ran through my brain. "Dead? Insensible, you mean."

"I mean dead!" said Richard. "Murdered!"

"Great God!" said I. "When? How? By whom?"

"By whom I don't know. Nobody knows." He dropped into a chair. "I hadn't got home yet when it happened. Mother tells me Mrs. Gray went for a walk as usual to the grove, just before dark. She hadn't been gone long when mother heard an awful shriek and another and another, and then all was still. She was dumb with fear for a second; then she took my gun and hobbled up the hill as fast as she could. And there she found her in the grove,—soaked in blood,—stabbed, stabbed, cut, slashed! You should see her! God! What villainy!" He fingered the handle of his knife. "Get your hat and gun. There, cover the lock. We must rouse the people and search

the woods. And it's raining, damn it, like all possessed,—to wash out the trail. I couldn't see a track."

By this time we were out in the night. As we passed the tavern we roused Holcomb and Jake Hollowell and Bud Harkness, who were pounding the table with their knuckles and the greasy cards. We left them to tell others and join the sheriff. We called for Sheriff Batterson and his man and pushed on. As we went, Richard continued his narration. On seeing the murdered woman his mother begun screaming for help, which presently brought the Whittlesey boys, who happened to be at the barn, and then Mr. Whittlesey. Richard had not returned from his fishing until late, when it was nearly dark. By this time they had brought the body to the house. On coming home Richard had immediately taken a pine torch and searched the spot for some clue to the murderer but had found nothing. Now we proposed to search the thicket adjoining the grove, less in hope of finding the murderer or murderers, than of discovering some footprints or clothing or other clue to their identity. While they were preparing the torches of pine knots I took a candle and looked at the body of the murdered woman. It lay extended on a bench on the porch, presenting in the flickering glare a ghastly sight.

There were two stabs in the breasts, and they were horribly mutilated. As if this was not sure enough to take her life, or satisfy the fiend who made them, he had plunged his knife again and again into the abdomen. In making this cursory examination of the wounds I came upon the silken cord about the neck and examined its full length to discover the wallet that had been attached to it. The cord was intact. The wallet was gone. I inquired of Mr. Whittlesey, who brought the body to the house, what he supposed the cord was for, and if anyone had seen anything attached to it. He said he saw nothing. He had not even observed the cord until I mentioned it.

After what seemed a long time the sheriff came with

a posse; followed by a group of men and boys who had gotten wind of the excitement. With torches and lanterns they searched the grove and the woods nearby, and the thickets, up and down the ravine, about the house and outbuildings. They found nothing—not a track but what themselves had made, not a trace nor sign—absolutely not a clue to the perpetration of the deed. After many false alarms, with much calling, talking and hallooing, with lights glaring and twinkling all about in the darkness, all the searchers came back. The posse and the sheriff departed. He said he would “notify Coroner Stikes” and would “continue the search in the morning.”

I stayed at the Henry’s that night. It was way into the small hours of the morning before the last of the excited villagers and neighbors ceased to look at the scene of the crime and the victim and to discuss their theories as to who did it and how it was done.

Of the particulars of this atrocity, these few words must suffice. I know nothing more about it, and why should I dwell upon a scene so horrible. If I were writing merely from fancy I could have pictured a fiend in human shape, possibly with features of a Brutus or a Borgia, but with a heart devilish in cruelty. I could have shown the murderer planning the attack upon the victim, and then secreting himself near the accustomed walk. I could have pictured her strolling forth in the evening in fancied seclusion and security, absorbed in meditation. I might have harrowed my readers with anxiety as I described the assassin crouching for the spring upon his defenseless victim, and thrilled them with horror as he seized her and ended her shrieks by a slash across the throat and when she fell bathed in her blood, glutted his merciless savagery by butchery incredible. Such are the methods of the romancer. But in a plain relation of facts I can only state them as they came to my knowledge and leave the reader as I was left, to picture the manner and the perpetrator of it.



The whole terrible transaction was so sudden and unexpected that it was hard to realize at once. When, the last people being gone, Mrs. Henry insisted on my staying over night, and, as there was no other room, occupying that till now used by Mrs. Gray, I entered it with the impression that I must meet the lady in her usual place. There was her chair, and near it some unfinished sewing and a reticule. Some articles of her apparel hung upon the wall. A faint trace of her favorite perfume lingered in the air. There was her bed, with the curtains neatly looped back.

My presence there seemed like an intrusion; but I was overcome with weariness, and I drew the bed curtain, and doffing my wet outer garments I threw myself across the foot of the bed to sleep. How powerful is habit! I had in studious years been sometimes troubled with wakefulness at night, and when in practice addicted to pondering over my cases through the long quiet hours of darkness. But finding that habit deranging my health, I had trained myself to lay aside all business and all study when I laid aside my clothing, and to go to bed *to sleep*. I had acquired and fixed this habit so effectually that only at long intervals and under exceptional circumstances did I lie awake even for a few minutes after lying down at night or even in the day. In like manner can any one train himself or herself to go to sleep. After all this frightful excitement I laid myself across the bed of the murdered woman and at once fell asleep. But I did not sleep long. The tall wooden clock in the sitting room was on the stroke of four when I awoke, and instantly the terrible reality of the late occurrence rushed upon me. I arose. If I cannot sleep I will not stay in bed. That spoils the charm of the bed to bring sleep. The room was dark. I felt my way to the window and looked out upon the porch. After gazing a while into the dimness I could see the dark form extended upon the board. I withdrew from the window and found a chair by the head of the bed, and sat there in the darkness and the silence. I

thought of her as I had seen her so short a time before. I thought of her until the very air about me seemed to contain her presence, as though if I could only hold my own breath and quiet the beating of my own heart until the silence was absolute, I could hear her breathe. I reached out my hand in the darkness and felt only the pillow where her head had lain. I could have wept; whether most in sorrow or in rage I could not tell. I had not admitted to myself and could not define my sentiments toward this woman during her life, but I was filled with bitter grief at her death.

At once the question came to me out of the darkness with such suddenness and distinctness that I could have believed a real voice had spoken aloud, "Who did murder her?" My mind went busily to work in an endeavor to answer that question. Upon the blank background of the jetty darkness my memory pictured forth as vividly as reality every scene and incident of my acquaintance with this fair stranger. I recalled every circumstance and look and tone and word, and endeavored anew to trace a relationship to any theory that would logically explain the situation. At our very first interview she had said that she "hoped to find some friends" before her sickness. Where, then, had she recently been? Among strangers? Did she mean that she was searching for friends whom she had known before, or merely hoped to find some who would prove to be friendly, and so, having been well treated at Farmerstown had discontinued her journey? Why had she chosen to leave her home, or if she had not chosen, what circumstances had compelled her? Her beauty, her refinement, intelligence, wealth, it seemed to me must have enabled her to procure comfortable quarters and attendance anywhere. Why did she choose to be silent in regard to her identity? What could she have meant by saying she must tell me certain things for the sake of her child? In order that it might be claimed and cared for by her friends? Or kept away from her enemies? Or inherit a good name? Or property? Then why did she not stay

where she was known? She had spoken of her sad past. What was the occasion of that sadness? And having been wronged. Was that wrong the cause of her present situation and if so of what nature was it? Was she a maid betrayed or a wife deserted by some scoundrel? To what dread family of criminals had she referred in that home darkened with forebodings of her doom? Had that, or anything else of her remote past, any connection at all with the recent terrible event? Or was it due to some immediate and local cause or causes? These and a hundred other questions I reviewed and pondered and tried to pry into with all the concentration of which my mind was capable and with nothing about me to distract my attention from the problem. But I felt that I could not, with the facts in my possession, arrive at any certain conclusion. I recalled the speculations of the villagers both before her violent end and during this present night, when a score of opinions had been offered or guesses made to account for the occurrence. Many thought that some skulking Indian had killed her to make away with her purse. But she would probably have given up her purse if it had been demanded. The Indians were at peace with the whites, though occasionally murders were committed in lonely and out of the way places for robbery and rapine? The Indians generally scalped their victims, while this one's luxuriant tresses remained upon her head. Not only Indians but white traders, hunters, lumbermen and travelers, some of them desperate and lawless characters, were frequently passing through the village or stopping there for longer or shorter periods. Some white renegade might have committed the deed. Yet what ferocious incentive could have led him to so horribly butcher his victim?

It seemed that the fiend could not make sure enough not only of her destruction but of the death of her babe unborn. Some surmised that her betrayer had followed her here and destroyed her in fear of his own crime becoming known. The disappearance of the



wallet, too, which I knew contained a statement of her own identity and history, made it seem that the murderer was bent on keeping her history unknown. However, this would be furthering the very end she had thus far sought; and I did not believe that she had told anyone else but myself concerning the existence or the contents of the wallet. The wallet itself might as likely have been supposed by the murderer to contain money or jewels, and taken on that account. I could arrive at no definite conclusion. There remained great hope that when Mrs. Gray's effects, which were contained in this her room—her chest and boxes, were examined there might be found letters, books or documents, throwing light on the mystery. But that must be attended to by the coroner's authority and I must await developments. As I sat there straining my eyes into the darkness to find some plausible solution to the mystery, among the various theories which suggested themselves to my mind, were weighed and found wanting,—there came whispering a suspicion from which I at first recoiled and would not heed. But it came again and again till it finally lodged there with apparently as good right, so far as my evidence went, as any explanation that had offered. When, this fatal evening, the villagers and neighbors all discussed together or in little frightened groups, their ideas of the crime, I had not offered any theory of my own. I had merely listened and drawn out expressions from the others and sought to elicit any information that would serve as a basis to an opinion; and now when this suspicion among others came to me and would not leave, I resolved at least to keep it to myself and drop no hint about it till I had some positive evidence. But in my own mind I questioned,—“Can it be that Dorothy Whittlesey did this deed?” Shocking! Preposterous! Not to be believed! So I said when first the idea came to me. But I remembered the ill-will that Dorothy exhibited toward the deceased—the towering passion into which she flew on the occasion of which Richard told me (and perhaps there were others of

which he did not tell me). "There is not sufficient motive," it may be said. "Murder under those circumstances would be outrageously unreasonable." Are passions always or often reasonable? Look back over the history of crime and its motives. Has not mere blind unreasoning jealousy often led to crime as desperate as this? Besides, Dorothy may know more of this woman than either you or I know. It was certainly strange that from the first glance Dorothy manifested a dislike and soon a hatred. And Mrs. Gray did seem embarrassed when she first met Dorothy, on that Sunday. I would see if the coroner's wisdom could fathom the mystery. By this time the first gray rays of dawn looked in through the window upon my lonely vigil. After gazing out again at the still form in its bloody draperies I threw myself across the bed and went fast asleep.

In the morning came my esteemed contemporary, Dr. Stikes, and in his capacity as coroner proceeded to hold an inquest. If his acumen had anywhere approached his assumption of it, I might have hoped for some light on the subject. His parchment face was impenetrable and his look of superior wisdom something unutterable. He was punctilious enough about the formalities. He made considerable ado because the body had been moved from the identical place and position in which it had first been found. Yet it did not appear that if it had not been moved his remarkable discernment or the combined shrewdness of his jurors could have seen any index pointing toward the perpetrator of the crime. To view a corpse, put upon the nerves of the jurors a strain not to be borne without artificial aid, and it appeared to me that several of them had taken recourse to stimulants that did not at the same time stimulate their understandings. The coroner questioned everybody who had any knowledge of the person or of the circumstances and some who had no knowledge of them. When he took my testimony, it appeared to me he put an extra stiffness into his dignity and a little uncalled for acrimony into his

questions. He wanted to be told what I knew about the murdered woman's identity, and about my acquaintance with her; and when I answered that I knew nothing at all, and had no acquaintance except a professional one of short standing, he raised the drooping curtains of his eyes and looked incredulous. He questioned me with unnecessary minuteness concerning my last interview with her, my first news of the crime, my examination of the body. I answered truthfully if briefly. But nothing was asked calling out my knowledge concerning the wallet which she wore attached to the silken cord, nor the purse which she entrusted to me, and I said nothing about them. Perhaps it would have been better had I done so. It is quite possible that had I held a higher opinion of the probity of the coroner I would have voluntarily mentioned these among other points not called for. But I could not see that any good would come from it, and being none too well pleased with my questioner I remained silent. The examination of her effects elicited no clew whatever to her history or identity. Not a letter, not a book with a name on a flyleaf, not an initial nor a device upon any article of clothing could be found. There was a remarkable absence of every mark of the kind as though even the ordinary use of any means of identification had been avoided. The coroner questioned whether anybody had examined her room and effects before him. Mrs. Henry assured him no one had. Not a person had even been in the room except herself and Dr. Brush. "So,—Dr. Brush has been in there. How is that, sir?" said the coroner. And then he wanted to know when I had occupied the room and how long, and how it came about; and he looked around knowingly upon the people. But angry as I was I kept cool and answered with utmost frankness and freedom.

The verdict was withheld until Sheriff Batterson could be heard from as to whether anything further had been discovered. But nothing had been found, and at last the verdict was just what might have been



expected,—“That the deceased came to her death at the hand of some person or persons unknown.”

After that performance was over I quietly told Mrs. Henry and Richard about the wallet and the purse. We examined the latter and found it contained about twelve pounds of English money. We agreed that it should be devoted to paying the funeral expenses. The widow gave out the news that the lodger had placed a small sum in her care in case of emergency, and she offered to be responsible for the burial. To this the coroner not objecting, no one else did.

## CHAPTER XI.

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### THE FUNERAL—BRUSH DESIRES TO OBTAIN THE BODY OF THE MURDERED WOMAN FOR DISSECTION.

**W**HEN the news of the murder became noised about, as it did with what seemed magical celerity, Farmerstown was wild with excitement. All morning long the Henry farm was visited by wonder-lovers, who came to view the bluff and the grove, the blood stains on the ground, the remains of the victim; and to talk and surmise and marvel and exclaim and suggest and opine and imagine and discuss. Women and girls whispered among themselves about the dead woman and looked with curious and yet half averted faces at the sheet-covered form on the porch.

But when the coroner's ceremony was over, Mrs. Henry gave everybody to understand that further visiting, at least about the house, was an intrusion.

The widow would herself have tenderly prepared the body for the coffin. Poor woman! it was not the first time she had seen death—but old Hannah Stowe presented herself on the premises. Hannah was known throughout the town as a practiced hand at laying out the dead, and eked out her living by such services. I myself neatly closed the wounds, and then old Hannah was allowed to fill her self-elected office. A fine coffin was furnished, the death watch set and all arrangements made for the funeral. I took upon myself some care in advising these arrangements, feeling that the dead had no friend nearer than myself for this sad duty. While I believed that if she could have expressed a wish a quiet private burial would best have suited her, I perceived that curiosity had

been too generally aroused not to be gratified to some degree, and that public opinion would by no means countenance that plan. It was thought best to ask both Mr. Punk and Mr. Whitehall to take part in the services. Being no lover of funerals myself, and holding in dread the length of Mr. Punk's usual sermons, I feared his effort on such an occasion. Therefore I asked Mr. Whitehall to preach, and Mr. Punk to assist in the other services as convenient.

On the next day came the dismal business of the funeral. We chose to bury her in the graveyard of Mr. Whitehall's church. This not merely because it was the nearest, being at the edge of the town; but for the reason that it was by far the prettiest and best tended about there. It was fairly well freed from stumps although it was not long cleared from the forest which still surrounds it on two sides, and it was enclosed by an old stockade fence.

The underbearers were selected among the respectable men of the town. Their strong shoulders bore the burthen gently, filing along the road from the house to the church, in which the services were to be held. The pall bearers were Judge Cobb and Mr. Pritchett, Mr. Whittlesey and Deacon Snodgrass, Richard and myself.

Deacon Snodgrass had an appetite for funerals. It is my belief he enjoyed them. At any rate he always attended them. He really had a taste in obsequies and loved to be useful on such occasions. I think this trait must have belonged to his character as a deacon rather than as a doctor. As a rule I think doctors dislike funerals. Perhaps because it looks like there had been a defect of medical art. Besides, the deacon stood high in Mr. Punk's church, and it appeared a proper thing to ask him to help carry the pall. The funeral was the largest ever known in Farmerstown, so 'twas said, notwithstanding it was on a week day. The Rev. Mr. Whitehall preached from the text, "Be ye therefore ready also; for the son of man cometh at an hour



when ye think not." The Rev. Mr. Whitehall was a man of rotund form. His face was very smoothly shaven and his wide cheeks bulged abruptly in front of his ears. He pitched his voice high, as men sometimes do when fat encroaches on lung space. He said just what one would expect a minister of his creed to say under such circumstances, and all who heard it pronounced it a very improving discourse. I felt thankful that it was no more and took but an hour. The Reverend Mr. Westfield was in town, as it happened, a guest at Mr. Whitehall's, but although present he took no part in the funeral ceremonies. It fell to Mr. Punk to offer prayer. In this, regardless of time, he contrived to insert most of the remarks he would have been likely to make had he been called upon to preach the sermon.

The last look at the dead consumed what seemed an interminable while; for every man, woman and child needs must file in and around and out. But even that ended and they carried her into the churchyard. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, and the sexton stood ready with his spade, ere the minister could utter the last solemn words, six young women dressed in white, led by the comely Cobb girls, stepped forward with their hands full of flowers, and cast them in upon the coffin.

When we came away life seemed very empty to me. I went about my duties mechanically. I performed them faithfully, I trust, without serious error, for my thoughts were often away, living over again the days of my acquaintance with my fair patient.

There seemed to be no adequate reason for my loneliness, for the town was full of excitement, having been quite roused from its usual quiet ways. The murder was the great topic upon every tongue. All phases of it were discussed a thousand times over with as many variations.

I had several interviews with Sheriff Batterson in regard to the crime. He still expressed hope of being

able to apprehend the perpetrator. But as he showed me no ground upon which his hope was based I had small faith that it would be realized soon. I believed that the sheriff had done his best, but there seemed to be no guiding clue nor circumstance so far discovered, to help him. However, it did not seem possible that such strange occurrences as her coming to Farmertown and the crime which followed could remain forever without explanation.

Even independently of the legal authorities the people had been on the alert to uncover the mystery. Parties of young men had scoured the woods and byways for miles around. There were dire threats on every hand of summary proceedings if the guilty one was caught. Women were afraid to go out without escort in the evening or far from home at any time, and all were in a state of suspicion and alarm.

But the murder was not the only cause of unusual interest in our midst. A religious awakening had been begun among us, and what with Sabbath meetings and the week-day meetings and the eloquence of the preachers and the fervent zeal of the lay-religionists who were interested, and the opposition of those who disapproved of the movement, the agitation bid fair to disturb, in one way or another, the entire community.

I undertook to rally myself from my depression of spirits, and resolved upon more active attention to my practice and a closer application than ever to my studies. I would allow nothing to divert me from devoting my entire energy to medical science.

If I had chosen more prudent methods in my pursuit of knowledge the remainder of my narrative might have run a far quieter course. The old simile comparing life to a river, is as true as it is old. Mine of late has been like the Penobscot, running smoothly only long enough to come again to rapids or to falls.

I cannot say when first entered my mind the wish to obtain possession of the body of the murdered

woman; but once there the thought grew upon me. Not that I wished merely to make a more critical inspection, to determine if possible more accurately the manner of her death, but to make a careful dissection. I had been a somewhat diligent student of anatomy from my first entrance upon the threshold of professional studies. I had wrestled with descriptions and puzzled over plates until from sheer memory I had merged into some idea of the purpose and the plan in the structure of the animal body, and could appreciate the beautiful adaptation of mechanical and vital laws exhibited in the complex mechanism so "fearfully and wonderfully made." While a student of Dr. Ainstie's we had—well, no matter about that. I will merely remark that if people would overcome their prejudices against autopsies it would save physicians and their apprentices a great deal of unnecessary labor.

During my term at the medical college I had toiled assiduously in the dissecting room while the small supply of material lasted; and some of the idle hours of early practice I had changed to hours of industry in the dissection of such birds and reptiles and quadrupeds as could lawfully be procured for the purpose. My rural situation had greatly favored me in these pursuits. But limitation to the dissection of animals, however useful for comparative anatomy, can never elucidate human anatomy. The dissection of animals alone led the great Galen into dark errors, and after him the whole medical profession, from the third century till Mondino's time in the fourteenth century, when human dissections were to some extent resumed, though bodies must be stolen for the purpose.

But my opportunities for human dissection had been very limited. And I realized that only by dissections and demonstrations on the cadaver can a thorough and practical knowledge of anatomy be acquired; and upon anatomy depends physiology, and upon these pathology, and upon these again therapeutics, whether



chirurgical or medicinal, and all that render the science and the art of the practitioner of healing useful to mankind. Even at the college we had scarcely enough bodies to supply the needs of the teacher and students; and had we supplied ourselves more liberally from the burial grounds, we would have incurred not only the risk of exhuming cases of smallpox and yellow fever but, being apprehended, we would have been indictable under the laws for felony, if indeed a mob did not inflict a worse fate.

Since locating for practice in the country I had enjoyed no opportunity for dissecting a human body, although the wish had come to me time and time again to renew and pursue my studies in that branch of learning. But in the country as in the city, public opinion is so rabidly opposed to what seems to the unthinking, a desecration of the sanctity of death, that if a physician were to be detected in the nefarious occupation of dissecting a corpse, it would ruin his practice, and if he were to be caught in the horrible crime of the "resurrectionist" or "body snatcher," in some communities he can scarcely escape violence. I am well aware that in this particular matter I was no worse situated than other physicians of this country and the British islands; and that from time immemorial serious obstacles have been placed in the way of progress in this department of science. Travelers tell us that the religion of the Hindus forbade contact with the dead, and as their religious beliefs and their institutions of caste have probably existed for thousands of years, it is probable the same fear of touching the dead has always deterred them. The Egyptians have not scrupled to manipulate the bodies of the dead, but it has been with a view to their preservation rather than examination of their structure, for the preservation of the physical form was by them considered necessary to the welfare of the soul. We are informed by historians that the Alexandrians in the flourishing days of that great city, whose princes founded great libraries and affected to encourage

learning, made dissections not only of animals, but of human bodies, and more advanced anatomy than any of the ancients. We cannot approve their custom of dissecting live men, even criminals condemned; and yet they were but heathen, and their actions seem more excusable than the torturing of prisoners and heretics. Is it not strange that an enlightened religion, which taught the infinitely greater value of the soul above the body, should interdict the examination of the dead body, taking practically the same ground as those regarded as heathens—the Hindus who would be polluted by touching the dead or the Chinese who venerate the dead? How could men reason that the body must remain complete and placed in consecrated ground in order to rise at the resurrection, and yet desecrate it upon the rack, by starvation in dungeons, by the most barbarous tortures and burning at the stake!

All the world knows how Vesalius, who by his studies of anatomy accomplished more good for humanity than all the scholastics of his century, narrowly escaped the inquisition, and was driven on a pilgrimage from which he died.

Strange logic! Yet is it more strange than some in our own day? Public opinion and the laws demand that the physician shall understand his work or incur penalties, and yet if he makes use of the only means at hand whereby he may understand his work, he is guilty of felony and liable to punishment. Even in these days of boasted enlightenment, when in England and these States and Provinces it is no longer necessary to buy an indulgence from the Pope before dissecting a body once in a few years, the supply is altogether inadequate. Murderers when condemned to death are also condemned to dissection after. This provision, while it does not sufficiently supply the medical schools, serves to increase in the minds of the people the dread of dissection, for it is associated with the shame and disgrace of the murderer.

Inasmuch as dissection cannot be painful either to the physical or mental sensibilities of the dead, but only of their living friends or relatives, it would seem just that corpses unclaimed by friends for burial, particularly those who had been maintained at the public expense, either in hospitals, almshouses, or by contract with individuals, might be claimed by the faculty for dissection and demonstration of operations for the better instruction of students and apprentices in physic and surgery.

This plan would do away with the work of the body snatcher and the nefarious practices of villains, who, there can be no doubt, have sometimes committed murder for the purpose of selling the corpse. It would render unnecessary or inexcusable that precaution of building an iron cage anchored in stone masonry, over the grave, as Dr. Ainstie told me he had seen in Scotland; of burying persons in solid masonry, or in iron or lead coffins, or setting spring guns over their graves, or of maintaining a guard of friends of the deceased to watch over the grave. Nor would people think it necessary to refrain from burial of their dead until the body had become too putrid to be of use to the anatomist, as is now often done in some parts of this, as well as other countries.

In the case of Mrs. Gray, there were more inducements than could be presented by the ordinary subject—very many more points of interest than those possessed by many a cadaver. I saw in her case the opportunity to observe in the human subject the *corpus luteum*. And I was eager to attempt the experiments of Albinus upon the circulation of the placenta, as to whether the structure is indispensable; and I had once dissected an opossum, for some have foolishly claimed that in this animal and the wombat and the kangaroo the placenta and the funis do not exist, and are therefore not indispensable even in mammalia; and that fetuses have been carried to full term in utero, and have been born alive and vigorous without



either of these appendages. And I had read the researches of Spalanzani, and repeated some of them, which undo the theory of *generatio æquivoca*.

Then the fetus, as well as its relations to the material parts, could be studied—both most important and interesting subjects. The more I allowed my mind to dwell upon it, the more imperative became my wish to possess the body for dissection. When would such an opportunity come near me again? It was the chance of a lifetime.

I felt within me certain emotions of revulsion against the project. When I recalled the loveliness of the living woman, and her gentle ways; and seemed to hear again her tuneful voice, and remembered the beauty of her thoughts, and her trusting helplessness, I experienced a feeling I had never before known and could not then define. To touch her with dissecting knife and forceps might seem a profanation. And yet, why? The spirit had left the tenement of clay. The bright intelligence can no longer take a message from the outer world, nor manifest itself through the organism, however perfect it had been. Not so much as a smile or a blush or a heart-throb can ever again animate this statue which looks like marble, but will perish in a little time. These tissues, lately instinct with life and sensibility, are now unresponsive to the kindest or the roughest handling, and can know neither pain, nor fear nor shame. I should do the work with a reverent heart and gentle hands, for the sake of skill that may be added to my skill and further knowledge joined to what I know. The real arguments against it—the risk I should be running if detected, the material obstacles in the way of my plan—were far outweighed by the necessities for the pursuit of science. I determined to secure the body and dissect it.

This decision reached, I set about a plan to compass it. I would take Richard into my confidence and ask him to help me. I rode out to the farm to see him. He readily agreed to aid me in the project. We sat on a

bench in the dooryard with a pitcher of cyder between us, and were quietly discussing plans, when who should loom up upon the stile a few rods in front of us but the well-known form of Dr. Snodgrass. He stood on the top of the step for a moment, like a barnyard cock that has flown upon a garden fence, and hesitates whether to advance or retreat. He then descended on the hither side, and approached us in his obsequious yet persistent manner. His wide hatbrim rested low over his eyes—there was not much forehead for a hat to rest upon higher up—and he looked alternately through and over his spectacles as he brought us into focus.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen,” he said, offering his hand to each of us in turn, and then clasping his hands in front of him as was his wont, and speaking in the most apologetic and persuasive tones. “I hope I haven’t intertruded on any private business.”

“Oh, merely a friendly chat, Doctor Snodgrass,” said I.

“I’m glad to see you,” said Richard, “I’ll bring you a chair. Have a seat, and try some of our cyder. Mother’s quite proud of it. Hasn’t it kept well?”

“Fine, very fine,” declared the guest, after trying it, and eyeing it through and over his spectacles. “That’s well clarified, too. And that leetle snift o’ mustard does improve it, hey? O, I can tell! I’ve got the same receipt, amongst others,” and he smacked his lips and nodded his head knowingly and approvingly.

“This is the first opportunity we’ve had, Deacon Snodgrass,” said I, “to thank you for your services at the funeral. You certainly have a talent for being useful on such occasions.”

“Oh, ah! Do you think so, Dr. Brush?” said the Deacon, evidently pleased.

“I really do,” said I, “and I for one felt obliged to you. I would offer to do as much for you some day—”

“Never mind returning the complimence just yet

awhile," said he, laughing and waving me away with his hand.

"I don't believe I could do it, anyway," said I. The deacon was flattered.

"Now, speaking of the burial," said he, removing his hat and passing his hand over his pointed cranium, "that brings up the very subject I came out here to see you about, and I s'pose I may as well come to the pint. It seems to be understood that the folks here has this here burial and so on in charge?"

"Well, yes," assented Richard. "I may say so. Mother and I took hold of it, and Dr. Brush with us; since the lady was a stranger staying here, and had no relatives hereabout."

Mrs. Henry was then called out, and after friendly greetings, for the visitor was an old acquaintance, the deacon proceeded.

"Now, the pint is just here," said he, rubbing his hands together as if he had "the pint" between them, and speaking in the most conciliatory tones, "I didn't know—ah—but what you'd ah—like to get a tombstone—ah—put on the grave. You know occasionally—I—ah—attend to those matters. I order them from Abdiel Sweet at Bangor, and I don't believe you can do better anywhere else. Sweet gets up nice tasty stones, and cheap."

"I certainly think we ought to mark the grave," said I, looking at Mrs. Henry and Richard, "It is only proper to do so; and otherwise if her friends were to come, some time later, and want to move her remains, perhaps they wouldn't find them."

I was looking straight at Richard now, but he kept his countenance, though the absurdity of our situation in arranging to put a stone over the grave we were planning to empty, was not lost upon him. Mrs. Henry and Richard agreed that there ought to be a stone over the grave; and there ensued a long explanation from the deacon as to varieties, sizes and prices.

"People sometimes leaves it indiscriminately to



me," said the deacon with evident pride, "having had experience in selectin' stones and having 'em lettered. Now, of course, you will want a suitable superscription onto it, and that might alter the size and so on, according to what you might want on it. Now, I was thinking of something like this," and the deacon wrote with his finger on an imaginary tablet in front of him. "Name, so and so; born so and so; died so and so"; and then down below an appropriate verse say—ah—

'Sinner, wander where you will,  
The eye of God is on you still.'

Or else,

'Here lies the body of Mrs. Gray,  
Suddenly called from earth away;  
See that you all prepared be,  
You might be called as quick as she.'

"How would that suit you?" The deacon looked around, pretty well satisfied with himself. "That ud be complete, tasty and respectable, don't you think?"

"Either of those selections would certainly point a moral," said I, "but we don't know much about the lady and—"

"That's it! That's it!" interrupted the deacon, with enthusiasm. "That's what you want. Something that pints a moral. Somethin' edifyin', Scriptural, complete, philosophical and tasty like. As you say, we don't know much about her. I was thinking of that, too. Now, we might say something like this:

'Reader, ponder on this spot,  
Nor let its lesson be forgot,  
God knows all though men know not.'

"I saw something like that once, and it was quite admired; and here's one that's more scriptural:

'Reader, ponder while you're alone,  
The way of the transgressor's as hard  
As this stone.' "

The deacon seemed quite in his element in this business. I never saw him quite so enthusiastic. He was

ready with more suggestions, but I managed to interrupt him.

"I was about to remark, deacon," said I, "that it seems to me we are laboring under a considerable disadvantage. We don't know the lady's name exactly; nor do we know the date of her birth, nor much about her, you see; and it might be as well to wait a short time. Her relatives may make their appearance yet, and want something quite different."

The deacon's countenance fell. But as Mrs. Henry and Richard coincided with my opinion, it was decided to defer the matter for a time. "I don't think you could do better than to get one of the Sweet tombstones," he persisted. "He makes them very complete."

"Well, deacon," said I, "if we do conclude to get a stone, we will certainly avail ourself of your talents and experience."

With that assurance, and giving us a parting word in favor of Sweet, the deacon finally took his leave. His visit had occupied so much time that it was late before Richard and I had finished our conference, but the main features of our plan were decided upon.

## CHAPTER XII.

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RICHARD AND BRUSH PLAN A RESURRECTION—THE REVI-  
VAL; AND HONORA'S FOLLY.

**T**HERE was no room or building available for a dissecting room in or about the village, nor yet upon the Henry farm. To secrete the body anywhere near the habitations of man was out of the question, for we had no means at hand for its preservation for any length of time, and the stench which would arise from it in time would surely lead to its discovery if located where people would be passing. The open air or a rude cabin in some out-of-the-way corner of the country, seemed the only feasible plan. Richard knew a deep, rocky and almost inaccessible ravine a mile in the woods at the back of his farm, upon wild land belonging to the Province, and so situated as not likely to be visited even by hunters. The spot was secluded by dense trees and undergrowth, and to transport the body hither would be no light task; but on visiting the ravine we concluded it could be accomplished by means of a packhorse. Not every horse would quietly endure the proximity of a dead body, but old Bess, Richard's mare, had packed many a deer from the woods, and shoat to market, and Richard was quite sure she could be trusted. Once there, we would place it upon a board swung by four ropes beneath the trees, thus avoiding the depredations of prowling animals. Wrapped in cloths saturated with mercurial solution, and shaded with boughs, it would keep long enough for my purpose if I worked rapidly.

I was to take a vacation from the village, ostensibly for one of my fishing, bontanizing and hunting trips,



but really to pursue my dissection through the day, and secretly lodge at the Henry farm-house at night. I would have to risk being found by some straying hunter or Indian straggler, or surveyor, but I trusted that this might not occur.

I would have to change my outer garments on leaving my work, lest the odor betray me, as once happened to the illustrious Haller, compelling him to flee for his life. Once the integument was removed, the corpse could hardly be identified, at least by a layman, though a failure to identify would hardly better my predicament if discovered. It was agreed that if I or either of us were discovered, the other should, if possible, escape, and might be trusted to do everything possible in the interest of his friend.

These and a thousand other reflections and suggestions passed through my mind as I considered and planned the undertaking. One circumstance added much to the difficulties incident to our plan, namely, the evening meetings that were being held in the church in the shadow of which the murdered woman lay. Ordinarily the church-yard would have been perfectly silent and deserted after night-fall; but it was thought the Rev. Mr. Westfield would remain, as such an intense interest had been manifested, and keep up the meetings during another week, perhaps. It was said they had made a number of converts. To my knowledge they had produced a number of cases of hysteria.

I had passed through similar epidemics, and was familiar with the conditions. These cases of nervous excitement, when the symptoms remained within certain bounds, were quite manageable by the Rev. Mr. Westfield and his able co-laborers in our town, the Reverends Punk and Whitehall, and some of the women of the church who were quite active and earnest on such occasions. Admission to the organization, and participation in the devotional practices required of the converts, afforded sufficient vent for their over-wrought

sensibilities, and a few days, or at most a few weeks, usually found them in their natural state again.

Occasionally, however, the manifestations were so violent or so peculiar that I was called in, and brought the patient round again with a bleeding, a puke or a purge, a change of regimen, or a proper exhibition of *assafoetida*, as seemed necessary.

This reminds me of an interesting occurrence which took place about this time. On that Sabbath afternoon I had attended the church where the meetings were in progress. On Sabbath days the meetings were held in the morning, afternoon and evening. In fact, the people from the surrounding country who were interested stayed in the town during the whole day on Sunday, bringing provisions with them, and taking their noon meal in or near the church-yard. Some even stayed till after supper and attended the evening meetings, to which the greater part of the people in town who did not disapprove of meetings of this kind turned out in force. Many attended doubtless out of curiosity, and some were like Judge Cobb, himself a famous orator, who went because he "liked to hear a preacher preach who *could* preach." Well, on that particular Sunday afternoon great excitement had prevailed. Several persons under the moving eloquence of Mr. Westfield, or attracted by the appeals of Mr. Punk or Mr. Whitehall, who went about among the congregation exhorting, had gone forward; and others had risen in their pews and asked to be prayed for. It was said that this night was to be the last day of the meetings, and therefore the last opportunity to be saved. One young woman had walked, or rather danced, up the aisle, clapping her hands and crying "Halleluia; I'm saved! I'm saved!" While shouts and groans and pious exclamations were common in all parts of the house.

Suddenly I noticed that another young woman in one of the pews was attracting a great deal of attention from her companions. She was writhing in her

seat, and began gesticulating with her arms, and intensely gazing into the air. As she turned about partly toward me, I saw that it was Honora Magruder, the poor girl whom I had advised to get married. Her demonstrations continuing, Mr. Punk went and spoke to her, asking her about the state of her heart, whether she felt the burden of her sins, and the need of a Savior. To all of this she made no answer, although her lips moved as if trying to speak, and she clutched at invisible objects.

"See," said the Reverend Mr. Punk, "how the Spirit of the Lord strives within her. Pray for her, brethren." But some of the people, whispering loud enough to be heard, said she acted like a person bewitched. I noticed a scarlet redness of her cheeks and a wildness in her eyes. Making my way toward her, I pushed Mr. Punk by the arm and in a low voice told him I thought the young woman was sick, and would better be removed from the assemblage. Several of us assisted her into the nearest dwelling house. I drove back all the curious crowd but a few persons to control her, for her mania had now become so furious that at times it was hardly possible to restrain her. She struggled back and forth across the room, and there was great activity of the kidneys.

Jabez Holcomb was one of those few who had remained, and as usual expressed his opinion. "Hell's fire!" said he, "to hear him talk about the strivings of the Spirit of the Lord! Looks to me more like the strivings of old Harry!"

I thought to myself that more than likely young Harry was to blame, but I did not say so. I noticed that her pupils were widely dilated and her mouth dry. Her pulse was quick and hard. I requested that every one excepting the woman of the house leave the room for a few minutes. Then I asked Honora whether she had been taking medicine or drugs of some kind, but she paid no attention whatever to my questions. I then called in assistance, and administered about six



grains of the tartrate of antimony divided into three equal portions, and a portion given at short intervals. I was guided in this not by the principle that pukes are better than purges in diseases above the diaphragm, but because I suspected that the stomach contained a poison. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing copious emesis, during which she brought up a quantity of the unripe seeds of the *Datura stramonium* or Jamestown weed. These I could easily have recognized by their appearance, and nearly everyone could recognize them by the stinking odor which they diffused through the room, for the stink-weed or thornapple is only too plentiful and well known. As her delirium continued after several hours, and the skin was hot and red, with the pulse quick and tense, I bled her to fourteen ounces, and gave a dose of *oleum ricini*.

By this time Mrs. Magruder had been summoned to the scene. After a temporary burst of excitement she lent her efforts to relieve the patient, and urged me to do all in my power, no matter what it would cost, for, as the good woman said, "It's a pity to lose a sheep for a ha'p orth o' tar."

In a few days Honora entirely recovered; and although she could give no account of what occurred during her illness, she confessed to me that under the advice of a certain woman, who suspected her condition and had extorted her secret, she had taken the seeds—with what intention in mind I need not say. Who the ignorant and foolish woman was she did not tell, and I did not ask her. There are a great plenty of such in every community, freely advising the use of drugs of which they know nothing, in conditions of which their knowledge is worse than nothing, being absolutely erroneous. However, they go on advising, with reckless indifference to facts and results.

Well, the great exhorter decided to remain longer, and the evening meetings were continued another week. Much interest was still being manifested. A large number of persons had gone forward, and several more had professed. Others had been earnestly

labored with, and hopes were entertained for their salvation. The meetings sometimes kept in quite late—until ten o'clock or after— and as the moon was near full and would rise at half past nine, it was very unfortunate for our project of exhumation. More than likely, too, some of the young men would linger about the church steps after the congregation was dismissed, or after the moon rose, or we might be seen at work by some belated passer by. Our best plan appeared to be to do our work while the meeting was in session. Before the moon rose it would be intensely dark between the meeting-house and the wood surrounding the little graveyard.

I rode to Richard's at dusk, and stabled my horse there. We saddled old Bess, and tied upon her back a large sack. Richard wore his ploughman's suit, and I my leggings and a riding coat which were well mud-stained. He carried a spade and a coil of rope, and I a shovel and a crowbar, with one of the ends bent at a right angle. Richard led the mare, and we walked down Whittlesey's lane, which was less frequented than the main road, and yet brought us into the Big Swamp Road just at the forks near the meeting-house yard. Lights glimmered from the church windows. The meeting had begun. The people were singing. The windows were wide open, for the night was warm and still. I could distinguish the sonorous voice of the noted preacher leading the singers, marking time with a prompt and energetic swing which left parson Punk's nasal trombone somewhat in the rear at every turn of the tune. I could hear the voice of Sophia Pendleton, who sang counter, high above the indistinguishable chorus. The roadside in front of the meeting-house was lined with horses—tied to the fence or to trees—saddled horses, and a few with vehicles. We crossed the road to an opening in the thicket, and fastened old Bess a short distance from the fence at the side of the graveyard. The old stockade had been broken down in several places, and the gaps lazily filled with brush. One of these gaps we opened by removing the brush which obstructed it. Then we quietly stole into the graveyard.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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THE RESURRECTION—AN INTERRUPTION—SOPHIE PENDLETON'S WEDDING.

**I**T WAS very dark in the churchyard, save where the windows at the sides of the church gave forth a faint flickering glare from the candles within. At the rear of the church all was deep darkness. We set to work in silence, throwing the soft earth from the newly-made grave. I began the work, and shoveled quietly and quickly. The stamping and pawing of the horses made more noise than the thud of the spade or the scrape of the shovel. By this time parson Punk was preaching. His voice rose and fell with its familiar droning intonations. I hoped he would keep it up the usual length of time. Richard took the spade from my hands before I had time to feel in the least fatigued. As he threw the earth out with the spade I drew it back from the grave with the shovel. I kept a sharp lookout toward the church, lest somebody should chance to come out. Once or twice I glanced toward the rear of the churchyard, but all was as still as death. The sky was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the outline of the tree-tops in the wood. The work was growing more laborious, and I insisted on taking my turn at digging. We had at first thought to open the grave merely at the head end, and after cutting through the coffin lid to fasten a noose about the head and draw the body out of the coffin and upward. But considering further upon the size and shape of the body, we decided it would be better to uncover the whole upper surface of the coffin and remove the lid entire. It could then be replaced whole, and would prevent the earth from set-



ting into the coffin, and so depressing the mound. I stood in the open grave and delved deeper and deeper. I judged I was nearly deep enough, and struck the spade more carefully. Soon it came upon the withered flowers that had been cast upon the coffin, and my heart smote me. Then it touched the coffin with a hollow sound, and I proceeded to shovel the earth from the lid thereof.

When this was completed Richard swung himself down into the grave with his bent crowbar. He crowded the point down between the edge of the lid and the earth, and began cautiously to raise the handle of his lever. I climbed out in order to be off the lid and out of his way. I judged we had not been too long at work—a little more time was all we wanted. When once we had the lid raised we would soon be through with our task.

I looked around and listened. The darkness seemed to hang lower than ever. The parson was still droning away. If it had not been for the horses fighting the mosquitos it would have been as still as a grave—as still as a grave should be—too still entirely for our purpose. If only the nails do not squeak as Richard pries the lid. Richard paused to listen. Two of the horses of vicious temper, and impatient with the teasing of the insects, took to kicking and biting at each other, and one of them broke his fastening and went over to where Bess was tied, and we heard kicking and squealing in that quarter.

“You would better go and put a stop to that,” whispered Richard. “Bess’ll be hurt or maybe get loose.” I crawled across the open, stole into the thicket and secured the loose horse, and returned as far as the stockade. There I paused to listen and look before crossing to the grave. I heard a low, crunching sound. Richard was forcing the coffin lid. I peered through the stockade, watching for a chance to return to him. The stillness was awful. We waited for the horses to resume their stamping—when suddenly on that still

air there arose a shriek that would have curdled the blood in our veins, if such a thing were possible. It was a most unearthly scream, and it sent a chill through my whole frame. Before we could collect our thoughts the screech was repeated, and followed by cries of "Murder! Murder! Help! Murder!" The sounds came from the direction of the wood, back of the church-yard.

At the first scream Parson Punk's voice had ceased. At the second a confused hubbub arose in the church. The congregation was afoot. Lights were flaring. There were excited men with torches and lanterns coming out of the church, and the glare of the lights fell upon the open grave of the murdered woman. I expected Richard to rush out and escape, but he did not, and indeed could not, without being seen, and instantly the grave was surrounded by men and women, and there was the sound of angry voices and the shrill clatter of women's tongues, and the wails of the frightened children. Then there were cries of "Who is it?" "What is it?" and exclamations of amazement and shouts of "Grave robber!" "Body snatcher!" "Down with him!" "Seize him!" I stood ready to rush in, but then the crowd separated a little, and I saw the form of Judge Cobb facing Richard, and I breathed easier, for I knew the Judge would restrain any violence for the present.

The judge accosted Richard.

"What are you doing here, anyway?"

"Digging," said Richard, coolly.

"And who was it who cried for help?"

"I don't know," said Richard, "it sounded at the edge of the woods back there."

"There was two of them," said a bystander. "I saw another run in this direction, and here's two shovels."

"Saw your shadow, I guess," said Richard.

A sharp voiced woman said, "Lord save us! How the poor murdered creature cried out when the murderer came near her!" Another said, "See if her wounds are bleeding afresh!"

"We're losing time, men," said the Judge. "Some of you search the graveyard and the woods. Another murder may have been committed."

"What'll we do with this one?" said a bystander? "Kill him!" cried some, and "Jail him!" others. "String him up before he does any more mischief," said others, crowding about the culprit.

"Tut, tut!" said Judge Cobb, authoritatively. "Stand back! Are these Christian people I hear talking, and law-abiding citizens? Remember, this is a civilized community. You must go to jail, young man! We have laws to deal with these matters."

The ministers also joined the judge, and counselled the people to be calm. The judge led the way toward the jail, followed by Richard between two brawny townsmen, and a curious, excited throng of people.

Groups of the men remained, parleyed for a moment, and then began moving toward the wood and toward my hiding place.

"They are going to search the premises," said I to myself, "and I'd better be off. It can do no good for me to be caught." I hurried to where old Bess was tied and loosened her, and rode rapidly into the country East of town, toward Granther Crandall's.

I had planned to make this visit after we had secured and hidden the body, and now, being surprised in the act before it was completed, my first thought, or perhaps it was only an impulse, was to go on with this part of the plan. As I rode away from the scene of our adventure and fright, and left the voices of the searchers and their flickering torches far in the rear, my thoughts returned to the various steps of the occurrence, and I was struck with wonderment as to who could have occasioned the outcry which had alarmed us and the congregation. In my excitement at the appearance of the men from the church and the peril of my friend, I had for the moment forgotten the strangeness of the outcry that caused it all. Was another horrible murder committed? Good God!



What heartrending yells they were! Who or what could it have been? But I rode on and on till I covered the half mile and neared the Crandall house. I paused at a pool by the roadside, and washed my hands and face and made sure that my clothing was nothing awry. I compelled my nerves to composure, knocked and entered the house. The grandmother was sitting up to attend to the sick child. However, she was dozing in her chair. I examined the child, as it were by mere force of habit, and prepared the medicine. I remarked to the grandmother that it was now just nine o'clock, and she might have another dose in two hours. That would be eleven o'clock. I bade them good night, and came away, and my thoughts were soon busy with the exciting occurrences of the evening. What had they done with Richard? I felt from the actions of the crowd when I last saw it, and from the presence of Judge Cobb, that there would be no immediate violence offered him, but I ought not to be far away. He was in custody surely. What would be done with him? I feared my poor friend was in a sorry plight. What could I do to save him? It would not excuse him to have it known that I was the instigator and partner in the crime. There would be two of us instead of one, in trouble. Who was it gave that unearthly shriek? I spurred old Bess impatiently till I reached the Henry farm. I put her in the stable, rode my own horse swiftly to the village, went into the house as usual, primed my pistol afresh, and then sallied forth on the street to learn the news, and to be at hand if any violence were offered to Richard.

Had anyone seen me running away from the grave? Had Richard been obliged to divulge my identity. Had it been suspected that the most likely person to want a dead body was a doctor? It was only with an effort that I kept my composure and walked up the street, hoping yet dreading to meet someone who could give me news. The jail stood in an open space, a few hundred yards from the main street of the village. In the same building lived the sheriff and his family.

Upon the street a short distance away was an excited group of men talking loudly about the recent affair. I walked up to them, and inquired the cause of the excitement, and soon all were eagerly relating what they had seen and heard. I then perceived that I was not yet implicated. They said that Richard had been lodged in jail. The judge had held a conference with the sheriff, who then called out four of the most calm and reliable townsmen, who were sworn as deputies, and had armed themselves and were guarding the jail.

I was burning with impatience to do something for my friend, and yet knew not where to begin in order not to make matters worse. I passed a sleepless night, but in the morning I resolved to see Judge Cobb as a friend and make a clean breast of my whole connection with the affair, and entreat him to help us out of the trouble. I knew the judge as a physician in his younger days had risen above the popular prejudice against dissection, and trusted he would find a way to free the prisoner. I visited his house early, secured a private interview, and laid the whole matter before him so far as I knew the facts. He listened until I had finished, and then said, "But who killed Mrs. Gray?"

"That, sir," said I, "is a thing I do not know. But I know that it was neither Richard Henry nor myself. All we are guilty of is endeavoring to exhume the body for anatomical study."

"It is not in my power to liberate him," said the Judge, "however my own personal opinions or feelings might incline me to do so. The law must take its course, and justice must be satisfied. At any rate, in the present state of public excitement, it would not be well for him to be at liberty. He might be roughly handled. Nor would it do any good, as you propose, to appear as principal in the offense. For the present keep your own counsel, until matters take some definite form. Have you seen young Henry yet? No? There is no reason why you may not see him if the sheriff will admit you, unless it is the fear of exciting suspicion of complicity."

I returned to my lodging and found that a messenger had been there from the jail, summoning me to see the prisoner. I went at once. He greeted me quietly, and showed me a deep scratch on his forearm, which he said he had received as he was being escorted to the jail. He also complained of feeling ill, and had been unable to eat any breakfast. I dressed his wound with diachylon, and left some bark, with directions for the preparation of a decoction to be drank freely. The presence of the jailer prevented our having a single word in private. I only had the satisfaction of ministering to him, and also of perceiving that so far I myself was not suspected. The town was ripe with discussion, with rumors and speculation and excitement. It seemed that, when the searching parties found no one else in or about the churchyard to account for the outcries, the more superstitious believed that it was no sound of earth, but the spirit of the murdered woman crying out for justice on her murderer. Richard had offered no explanation of his object in digging into the grave, and his mere presence there in that strange act seemed to connect him with the greater crime of taking her life. At any rate, a searching party had gone to Richard's home, badly frightening Mrs. Henry, and searched the premises thoroughly. And they had not only searched, but I was astonished to hear they had found a long and blood-stained knife behind a timber in the stable, and a bag of English money under a loose puncheon in the floor of the Henry cottage, under Richard's bed.

When these objects were borne in triumph to the village excitement ran to fever heat. There was talk of bringing Mrs. Henry also, and putting her in jail. But the more sober-minded, among whom were some of her old friends, argued that she was a poor, helpless lame old woman, and it would be a shame to place her in jail without more reason for it. It was bad enough for her to have her son in jail. She would be spared for the time being, but not allowed to leave the neighborhood. A crowd began to gather around the



jail, and angry and ominous was the talk. Larger and larger grew the mob, and greater their threatening demonstrations. As soon as I heard of the finding of the purse and the knife I, like everybody else, went to see them, and seeing the crowd gathering at the jail, I hurried thither. The jail was a strong house, built of heavy logs hewn into square timbers, notched at the ends and dovetailed together. It was but one story high, and consisted of a larger room which was entered from the outside through a narrow doorway, closed by two heavy doors of wood. The inner door had a small grated opening in it, and both doors were securely locked. This larger room was lighted by a small window, which was strongly barred with iron. The room was furnished with a wooden table and a couple of stools. On one side, pegs driven into auger holes in the wall supported a shelf, which was empty. Adjoining this room, toward the end of the building, were two small rooms used as cells. Each communicated with the larger room by a heavy grated door of timber hung on strong iron hinges, and furnished with heavy iron hasp and padlock. Each cell had a small barred window, and was supplied with a rude bedstead, a straw pallet and a blanket. At the other end of the building, but having no communication with the prisoners' apartments, was the dwelling of Sheriff Batterson and his family. I saw the sheriff at the door of the jail. He was endeavoring to disperse the people. But they were in an ugly and excited state of temper, and replied angrily. Some near me were talking of the finding of the knife and the purse of money. The theory was that the murder was done for robbery. "How much money was in the purse," I inquired. "Five guineas," answered Bob Carter, "I saw it myself."

"And do you suppose," said I, "that he would kill a woman for five guineas, and then hide it under the floor. Why, the man would have to be stark mad to do a piece of work like that."

Just then Judge Cobb came up with three more

deputies, armed with muskets. The four before sworn were in the jail. The Judge stood upon a chair, and began speaking to the people. He was very deeply respected in the whole country, and all listened. He told them very plainly that any violence that might be done would be fully as criminal as the shocking crime that had lately been committed in their midst. That if they wished to secure order and safety in the community they must themselves keep the peace and conduct themselves as law-abiding citizens. He said that although there were some suspicious circumstances connecting the prisoner with the crime, he was yet by no means proven guilty. That the courts of the country were maintained for the purpose of inquiring into such cases in the most searching manner, and that they might rest assured that the present case would be tried most thoroughly, and strict justice carried out wherever it was due. He advised them all to go quietly home.

The men assembled were not all in hot blood, nor bent on summary justice. Some came merely out of curiosity, and there were among the crowd some clear-headed and upright townsmen who came rather to preserve order. These spoke approvingly to their neighbors of the Judge's words, as he proceeded, and calmness, moderation and reason being appealed to, not only in the words of the speaker, but in his very tone and manner, the assembly began to quietly disperse. There being no further demonstration of the kind that night, all but two of the deputies were allowed to go home, subject to be called if needed.

Next day I planned to see Richard alone if possible, and with that object I visited the jail just at dinner time, in hope that one of the guards would be at dinner. My plan was successful. One of the guards was taking dinner with Sheriff Batterson and his wife, while the other was in the "day room" as they called it at the jail. The sheriff admitted me, and returned to his dinner, and I proceeded to dress the wound. 1

asked the guard to bring me a basin of warm water; and when he was gone I at once asked some questions which I had ready on my tongue. "Why did you remain at the grave?"

Richard replied as promptly, "To secure your escape. A delay was necessary, or they might have caught us both. They would surely have identified me anyway, as I ran. I stayed to delay them that you might escape." I could only look my gratitude, and grasp his hand.

"Who hid the purse and knife?" said I.

"Probably Mrs. Gray herself hid the purse. Who hid the knife is a mystery to me," he answered.

The guard had returned, and there was no more time to talk. His wound was really of no moment, but I examined it deliberately and gravely, and dressed it with great care. It served as an excuse for me to visit the prisoner. He inquired after his mother, and asked to have John Ridley go over and do the chores for her, but never alluded to his arrest or imprisonment at all. Then he asked, in the most matter-of-fact way, whether the neighbors were all well, and whether I had seen Dorothy. At the mention of her name his voice trembled a little, but his voice was as calm as usual. I had not seen her, but expected to see her. I must talk with him about that, and about another matter. The day of the wedding of Hezekiah Bowen and Sophie Pendleton was near at hand, and here was the groomsman in jail. Hezekiah had asked me to take Richard's place at the wedding. He said Sophie had mentioned in turn several of the young men to act as groomsman, but Dorothy, who was to be bridesmaid, had objected to each in turn until my name had been proposed.

"Go by all means, Brush. Certainly you will go and take my place," said Richard. And so it was arranged.

The preparations for the wedding went forward to completion, and Farmerstown had a new subject of conversation. The invitations were given. The Pen-



dleton household was a hive of industry, excitement and anticipation. The linens and muslins and laces, the quilts and table cloths that had been prepared to furnish forth the bride, were something out of the common, for the Pendletons were thrifty people, and Sophie was the only daughter. The cooking and baking, the spreading of jellies, the whipping of creams and concocting of comfits, was something for masculine humanity to marvel at, but not to meddle with. But we had to hear about it. Good Mrs. Baxter was well conversant with the facts and conditions at every stage, and detailed all at length to "Erzy" and me. At that time I could have chronicled—but now the figures have slipped my memory—how many sheets and pillow cases, nay, even how many changes of raiment, and of what denominations and texture, the bride was to possess. With proper attention to matters of such importance, I could have numbered the pies and the tarts and the puddings, in all their varieties, that were prepared for the sacrifice. But at last all was ready, and the very hour arrived. An immense concourse of guests assembled, with more ribands, Sabbath frocks and week-day finery than Farmerstown had displayed in a long time. Amid an impressive silence, the couples stood in front of the Reverend Mr. Whitehall, and Hezekiah and Sophie were made man and wife. Later, the brideloaf and the gooseberry wine went round, and the tongues were set a-clacking. It was agreed that a sweeter little bride than Sophie had never been seen, and that Hezekiah had never looked better nor more complaisant in his life. In my judgment Dorothy was by far the handsomest of the young women present, both in face and form, and I had never seen her more animated. I could not mistake the glances and even remarks of admiration, as we stood up together; and during the evening there was much good natured banter, such as "Say, doctor, now would be a good time to speak to the parson," and, "You're a fine match. Why not have a double wedding?"

But Dorothy and I only laughed at them, and answered with jests.

Then came the feast, and, if there was a guest present whose appetite for both substantials and dainties was unsated, I heard no complaints of it; and, if any lacked for either flip, wine, cyder, punch or metheglin, it was a useless deprivation, for they flowed in plenty.

I was in no mood for festivities, but, not to be a sour-visaged guest upon such an occasion, essayed to be cheerful with the rest; though my thoughts would wander to the cedar grove upon the bluff, where I talked with that fair woman, to the murder, to the inquest, to the funeral, or to that exciting night in the graveyard, and to Richard, lonely in his prison cell.

At last the company began to depart—the old folks first, and then the younger, and I was glad when Dorothy, after a parting embrace with her friend Sophie, was ready to be escorted home.

The night was fine, with starlight, and we walked leisurely. Once away from the throng, Dorothy lost her gayety, and became pensive. As I had intended, I talked to her of Richard, endeavoring to bring her to reason upon the affair. She changed the subject of the conversation. But I persisted until she became angry and declared I would spoil the pleasure of the evening, and she would not be friends with me unless I desisted. Whereupon I agreed to desist if she would listen to me upon another occasion; and we parted good friends at her father's door.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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### THE PRISONER'S STRANGE CONDITION; AND DOROTHY'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR.

**S**OME three weeks had elapsed since Richard had been locked up charged with murder and grave robbery in the Farmerstown jail. The excitement in the town which accompanied the murder, the attempted resurrection and Richard's capture, had somewhat subsided. I had visited the prisoner as often as I dared and endeavored in every way I could devise to cheer his loneliness. We had talked over as best we could the chances of making a defense in his case, but there seemed no way that promised success. He said he had been up the river fishing at the time of the murder, had met no one, and could not prove his whereabouts at the time the murder was committed. The finding of the bloody knife and the money could not be satisfactorily accounted for, and his unfortunate detection in the grave robbing seemed to connect him with the worse crime.

He began to grow pale and seemed unusually thoughtful and occasionally moody. I sometimes found him seated with bowed head, brooding and absent-minded. Then again he would go to the other extreme—show a shallow jocular tendency in his manner and talk that was equally unlike his usual conduct. I began to fear that the strain of the accusation and imprisonment would prove too much for his health and felt exceedingly troubled for the effect that might be possible in one of his organization.

One day when I called to see him, first presenting myself at the sheriff's door in order to be admitted



to the prisoner, Mr. Batterson invited me in, and with an unusually serious look upon his face asked me to be seated. He inquired of me whether I had noticed anything peculiar in Richard's ways or state of mind of late. To this I replied that I thought he seemed very thoughtful and rather abstracted and that he did not look well, and I feared the confinement was affecting him badly.

"Well," said Mr. Batterson, "I don't know what to make of him, especially the past few days. 'Pears to me he acts a little different to his old ways. Once he refused to eat, and the next time he complained that he hadn't enough. And once he scarcely paid any attention to me when I went in; and the next time he wanted me to stay till he told me an amusing story, which turned out to be not very amusing after all, though he laughed at it as if it was. Once I peeped through the key-hole and seen him holding his head in his hands staring at the floor. Sometimes I've seen him whittling bits of wood with the table knife, making nothing but chips and shaking his head, and talking to himself. I just thought I'd best tell you how he's been."

He then admitted me to the prisoner, who greeted me as I entered. I noticed a gloomy look in his eyes, although he as usual inquired for his mother, and where I had been the past two days. When I inquired how he had been feeling, he complained that he felt very dull and had not slept well, and that his bed was not comfortable. Indeed his couch was not anything luxurious, and I promised to persuade Mr. Batterson to let me procure a more comfortable one for him. We proceeded to talk on various subjects, but he seemed to wander somewhat from the topic or to change it, frequently recurring to his own affairs and his bad feelings. I could not long hold his interest upon one thing, and at times he would relapse into moody silence. This state of mind alarmed me, and I resolved to see Judge Cobb concerning it. I did so,

and urged the advisability of procuring the release of the prisoner on bail, but the judge would not yield, saying that it would not be prudent for Richard to remain in the community, and certainly it would not do to let him leave it. He said that public opinion would not admit it, and on the whole he considered it best in the end for all concerned to retain the prisoner where he was; that his friends could be of more service to him there than if he was at a distance.

I procured a very comfortable bed and bed clothing, and the sheriff, who was far from being an ill-natured man, though very determined in the discharge of his duty, placed it on the old bedframe in the cell. After this for a few nights Richard said that he "slept somewhat better." Then he complained that it was as bad as ever, and he believed there were insects in the bed. As time passed he also grew more moody and changeable, sometimes talking altogether irrelevantly for a few minutes and then coming back to the point with more or less pertinence. When I sought to entertain him with news of occurrences in the town he paid no attention, or said soberly that it "mattered little" to him. One could easily see from day to day that his mental condition grew worse, and it was with profound sorrow that at last I was obliged to confess to myself that the sensitive, acute, and well-informed mind of my friend was evidently in some way affected. At times the suspicion crossed my mind that all his foolish or lunatic actions were done voluntarily for a purpose; but when I tried to surprise him into a betrayal to me of such a plan he quite evaded it without in the least changing his talk or actions.

He grew quite bad in the course of a few weeks. His moods alternated from a quiet, abstracted, gloomy, almost vacuous state, to periods of great excitement and activity, sometimes physical as well as mental, but all disordered. By times he was quite hilarious, then relapsing into gloom, sighing and moaning. Ere

this he had complained that the new bed was worse than the old one, but finally thought he could sleep if he had a shakedown of fir boughs or twigs such as he used when hunting or timbercutting in the woods. To humor him I had some brought, and I hoped there might be something refreshing and possibly somniferous in the wholesome balsamic odor of the boughs. Perhaps they would recall to his fancy the freedom and rude vigor of life in the forest, where the wind goes souging at will through the pines and even the lowly wild creatures rejoice in their life and liberty. Richard took the immense bundle of fir twigs, carried them into his cell and made of them a bed with a woodman's skill. He began at one end of the bed and laid them one by one, bottom upward, with the stem toward the floor in such a way that each succeeding layer covered the stubs of the preceding. He claimed he slept better that night and the succeeding, but soon said the twigs were full of insects (which was not the case) and he wanted a fresh bed. In this, with Mr. Batterson's consent, I humored him. It was a matter of small trouble or expense, as fir trees were plentiful enough in the woods near at hand, and a couple of village lads gladly brought a huge bundle for a few pennies.

One day as I entered on my usual visit, Richard had just finished his dinner. Mrs. Batterson supplied him liberally and it was very well cooked. Of these facts I had satisfied myself long since. The prisoner had eaten a fair portion of the food, but some was left upon the platter. He had turned the rude bench upon which he sat at table, so as to face away from the table, and with the knife which he had used in eating he was whittling the edge of the bench on which he sat. This we saw by looking through the grating of the jail door after opening the heavy outside door. The jailer customarily unlocked and opened the outside door, then looking through the grating told the prisoner to go into the cell. When he had done this the other door was opened, the jailer entered the sitting-room, or day-



room, as it was called, and locked the prisoner in the cell until he had brought in the meal or the bundle of bedding, or removed the remnants; after which the cell door was unlocked, and the jailer made his exit, locking the doors behind him, and the prisoner was at liberty to come out of the cell into the day-room. At night he was left locked in the cell.

This day, however, when Mr. Batterson called, not unkindly, through the grating to him to go into the cell, he paid no attention, but continued to whittle at the bench.

"Well," said I, "you seem to have an important job. What are you trying to whittle, Richard?" He did not raise his head, but worked away with the dull knife, making a notch in the edge of the bench, and began muttering to himself, "whittle—whittle—whittle—whittle—whittle—sey,—whittle—see?—whittle."

This was one of the times when, as I said, a suspicion crossed my mind that the prisoner was only feigning madness. The peculiar intonation and the accent as he pronounced the words and the fact that the words formed his sweetheart's surname, made me think there was some meaning which I should be able to catch. I watched him keenly as he then looked up, but his face was inscrutable. Mr. Batterson then again asked him to go into the cell, and for the first time he seemed to pay attention to our presence. He then arose in a mechanical way and went into his cell. Mr. Batterson locked him into the cell and proceeded to remove the dishes from the table. Richard and I talked through the bars of the cell door. When the sheriff went out with the dishes, I said hurriedly, "Richard, what *do* you mean by talking and acting so? What is your object in all this nonsense?" But he paid no attention to my words and went on telling me that the insects did not bite so much last night and he could have slept only they made so much noise—like crickets in the grass. He said he was obliged to get up several times in the night to chase them away with a brush.

Indeed, Mr. Batterson told me that he and his wife heard the prisoner several times in the night slashing about in the cell and crying "Sh-sh-sh! Sh-sh-sh!"

I turned away heartsick from the melancholy scene.

One result of the incidents of this day was that I went again to see Dorothy Whittlesey. I had visited her a number of times since the trouble between her and Richard and since the night of the wedding, and attempted to persuade her that she was in the wrong to be angry with him; but I went again.

"Dorothy," said I, "now that Richard is in danger and disgrace, it is downright cruel of you to keep up your anger against him. The lady on whose account you so strangely took umbrage against him is dead and gone. Richard is entirely innocent; but he is in prison under very guilty-looking circumstances, and it will be a hard struggle if he succeeds in clearing himself from the gallows. He is sick mentally if not physically, and I believe that most of his lamentable state of health is due to brooding over your quarrel with him."

"I will never forgive him!" said Dorothy, clenching her hands and drawing herself up rigidly. "He had no business to have that creature in the house and then nothing would have happened."

I related the incidents of the day, about his repeating her name amid sighs and groans, and related a number of touching allusions that Richard had made since his imprisonment.

One occurred not long after Richard was incarcerated and was in the midst of the bitterness and irksomeness and darkness of imprisonment before the strange change came over his mind, which, while pitiable in itself, really seemed to take away from himself the realization of his condition. During my morning walk I had occasion to pass near the river-side above the village and had observed some flowers of the *platauthera peramœna* or great purple orchis lifting their beautiful straight spikes of bloom among

the osiers and grasses of the shore. I had never seen them grow so large and handsome in Massachusetts. I plucked one and carried it along to the jail, at which I had intended to call on my way home. When I entered the jail I held it up for Richard's admiration, but he reached his hand for it, and his eyes moistened, and his voice trembled as he said quietly that they always reminded him of Dorothy. It was a trifling incident and unexpected to me, but in a man of Richard's deep and self-contained nature I thought it indicated a great deal.

This incident I related to Dorothy, thinking meanwhile, as she stood erect and beautiful with her head held disdainfully aloft and shaking her aureole of golden hair, that the comparison to the handsomest flower of all that region was only truthful. She flushed for a moment as I spoke, and her blue eyes softened.

Then she paled again and her eyes shone like steel points, as she declared, "I tell you I will never forgive him. And I will not go to see him! And I will not send him any word!"

I departed disheartened and wondering at the woman's whim, at her cruelty, and at her obduracy.

I visited Judge Cobb again and gave him an account of my patient's condition and asked him to call and examine into his state of mind. This he readily consented to do and went with me the next day.

When we entered the jail the prisoner was in his cell and did not come out when called. Mr. Batterson went within and looked about, only to see Richard concealed behind his bed blanket which he had hung up in a corner of the cell. When the jailer pulled aside the blanket and uncovered him, the prisoner broke into a fit of laughter loud and prolonged, as though this silly game of hide and seek were the best joke imaginable.

"That's the way he does every day," said the jailer; "that's one of his favorite antics. Sometimes he hides



under the bed for variety." Richard scarcely more than looked at the Judge, but seemed to recognize me in a certain degree, in the character of his physician. He began telling me again for the hundredth time about the insects in his bed which he thought were moose-flies. He pulled open his sleeve and shirt collar to show me where they had stung him, though, indeed, there was nothing to be seen but a pale skin. If he only could have a candle, he said, he would singe their wings. He wanted his bed changed that night, which the jailer promised to do if he would be good and quiet. At intervals during this dialogue he would pause and point to the corner where he had been hidden, and begin chuckling again.

I said, "See here, Richard, here's Judge Cobb come to see you." Richard looked up, but said nothing. "You know the Judge very well. He wants to have a talk with you."

Instantly the prisoner's manner changed. His face became sober even to solemnity. He shrunk back and said reproachfully, "Bye and bye, Judge, bye and bye; 'tisin't time yet, Judge."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and partly covered his face with his hands, gazing sadly at the floor. The Judge spoke to him in a friendly way, questioned him as to how he fared and how he felt, but he got no answer except, "Bye and bye, Judge, bye and bye; 'tisin't time yet, Judge. Bye and bye," uttered in the most plaintive and reproachful voice. The Judge asked whether he wouldn't like to have his mother come and see him, and whether he should not bring him some books from his library. But to everything there was but one reply and that was, "Bye and bye, Judge; bye and bye. 'Tisin't time yet. Bye and bye." Then the Judge felt his pulse and bade him show him his tongue, which the prisoner did. Suddenly the Judge changed his manner and appeared to be very angry and indignant. He declared he had seen enough of this nonsense and would have no more of it. He

shook the prisoner roughly by the shoulder and ordered him to come into the sitting-room. But Richard only trembled from head to foot and crouched closer down on the pallet and shrank back into the corner with staring eyes like a frightened animal. We came away without more ado. "Strange!" said the Judge when we were outside. "Very strange! I've seen madness, and I've seen make-believe madness and read of more, but I never knew of anything to equal this. Suppose you write to Dr. Rush at Philadelphia about the case. You know his reputation for skill in such cases, perhaps he can throw some light into this one. Write him a nice letter"—The Judge paused, nodded his head knowingly at me and continued—"write him a nice letter and ask his opinion." That seemed a good suggestion which should have occurred to me before, and I resolved to profit by it.

I walked home with the Judge. Our conversation for the most part related to the question of Richard's mental condition and its aspect in the eyes of the law.

"The question of the mental condition of a person accused of crime," said Judge Cobb, "is to be taken into consideration by the jury which is to decide upon the question of the crime alleged in the indictment.

"In the States and Provinces our laws are based largely upon English law; and in case no law has been enacted covering a certain point we usually refer to English law in our decisions. Now, I see that a recent act of Parliament makes it unlawful to put upon trial or convict a person of unsound mind."

"But who is a person of unsound mind and therefore not liable to trial or amenable to punishment?"

"The question of amenability to punishment," said he, "turns upon the point whether the individual is capable, or through imbecility, or through disease is incapable of knowing the criminality of an act. As to recent decisions in our own courts of Massachusetts and in other states—I must take time to look them up. Herein the lawyer has the advantage over the doctor."

"If he had not the advantage he would probably take one," said I. "But in what particular way do you mean?"

"Why, in that he can tell his client to wait until he has consulted his books before rendering an opinion. You know, if I, as a doctor, were to tell my patient that I must first consult the authorities before making my diagnosis or instituting my treatment, it would be at once inferred that I was not well posted in professional knowledge. The doctor must have his knowledge available for instant use at any time and place and upon any case or occasion."

"Yes," said I, "I have thought of that, and it has seemed to me that a great deal more is required of the medical than of the legal profession, not only in breadth and in variety of knowledge and in training of all senses as well as the judgment, but in this matter of keeping all the powers ready for instant action. Day or night—the doctor's faculties must be like soldiers sleeping on their arms ready to rush out upon the enemy without a moment's hesitation or preparation."

"And yet," says the Judge, "lawyers will say 'In medicine you have certain principles to guide you, while in law the general principles are so modified or overruled by precedents established by the rulings of the courts in cases which have been recorded, but which no man can hold continually in his memory.'"

It seemed strange that it had not occurred to me before to write to Dr. Rush, and, for that matter, to my preceptor, Dr. Ainstie, and get some advice on the case. That very evening I sat down to the task. It made quite an epistle necessary in order to give some account of the circumstances and then the history of the case with detailed symptoms. I reminded Dr. Rush of attending lectures under him a few years previously, though I doubted if he would remember me among so many students. I told him that I presumed it would be as useless to ask him to leave his numerous



engagements and make a visit to the frontier of Maine as to ask Pinel to leave the Bicetre and come at my request; but I trusted his kindness to consider my difficulties and anxieties and express an opinion on the case which I presented.

I was in the midst of a description of the symptoms when there came a step to my door, and when I looked up who should stand there but—Dorothy—Dorothy with her eyes red, and before I could find my voice she found hers, though it was half a sob, as she said, “I want to go and see Richard. Will you go with me?”

I do not remember what I answered, or whether I answered at all; for remembering her previous behavior, I was very much surprised. But I was very glad and very busy thinking and hoping what might be the result to my poor friend of an interview and, as I believed, a reconciliation with his sweetheart. Now if she would appear before him unexpectedly perhaps it would startle him out of his vagaries and perhaps win him back to himself. I was ready in a moment and we passed out by the rear gate of the garden, and took the by-way to the jail, not only because it was shorter and would save time and steps, but because I knew the young lady would rather, under the circumstances, avoid the main streets. By this short cut along a lane shaded by an overgrown hedge we might pass almost or quite unobserved. We turned from the lane, crossed the weedy common which was given over to the burdock and plantain, saving only this narrow crooked foot-path.

When we reached the jail Mr. Batterson (and Mrs. Batterson as well), were not a little surprised to see who was my companion. The fact that Richard’s betrothed had not visited him in prison had been remarked upon, both in words of commendation and of condemnation, according as the makers of the remarks viewed the question of the prisoner’s guilt or innocence and the mutual duty of betrothed lovers. But

after a little exhibition of surprise, the sheriff acceded to my request to allow an interview, brought out his keys, and proceeded to unlock the outside door. It seemed to me that he had never been so slow and deliberate in the operation, I was so impatient to learn the effects which might result from the step about to be taken. It seemed that while he turned the bolts in the outer door, swung it upon its hinges, selected another key, fitted it into the keyhole of the inner door and moved the heavy mechanism of that lock—as though there was time enough for me to revolve in my mind the whole history of the crime so far as it was known to me, and to introduce a hundred speculations as to the possibilities that might explain the parts that yet remained unknown. The thought that came uppermost at that moment with startling vividness was the question whether Dorothy herself had a guilty knowledge of that murder, and if she had, whether she would let her lover lie in prison or even go to the scaffold, or, worst of all, remain an alien to his senses. Or would she confess, or betray herself? These thoughts increased my impatience to witness the results of the meeting. After an interminable moment we stood in the day room of the jail with the doors locked behind us, and at last the cell door was unlocked and swung open. I felt that it would have been more delicate for me to withdraw, or at least to turn my face away. But the sheriff had chosen to remain; in truth, it was his duty to do so. Besides, Dorothy kept her hand upon my arm. We faced the open door of the cell, and I said, "Richard! Richard! Will you come out and see us? Here's somebody you know."

"Certainly! certainly!" he answered, turning slowly on his bed of twigs, rising and appearing in the cell door. At the apparition I felt Dorothy's hand tremble upon my arm. I realized how much his wild appearance must affect her, seeing it for the first time. His face looked thin and drawn, and his eyes gleamed with a strange fantastic light from the depths of the

caverns under the brows. The muscles about the mouth twitched convulsively, giving a most incongruous combination or alteration of the expressions of determination and of levity. His chin was smoothly shaven, for it was one of his whims which we had grown accustomed to gratify to allow him to be shaved every third day. But his hair he would wear long and kept it neatly braided in a queue. His frame looked slender and he leaned in a rickety, uncertain way against the door-frame. Dorothy gazed on him for a moment, and then advanced toward him, saying, "Oh, Richard, don't you know me?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Richard familiarly. "How do you do, mother, I haven't seen you for a long time. Aren't you going to kiss me? How's your lame leg these days? I'd ask you to stay till tomorrow, but the bed is full of insects." Dorothy burst into sobs and would have fallen but that I supported her, as she moaned, "O, Richard, Richard." But he was paying no further attention to her.

"Yes," said he, "the bed's full of insects, and you wouldn't like 'em. They're the No-see-'ems. You know. I believe they're the No-see-'ems same as live in the woods. They give me such a fever I can't sleep."

Thus he went on with his chattering. I saw that the interview was at an end. I led the weeping Dorothy away. On returning home I completed my letter to Dr. Rush, not neglecting to enclose a fee, and sent it by the next stage.



## CHAPTER XV.

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### TRACTORATION IS TRIED ON THE PRISONER.

**T**HE Reverend Mr. Whitehall visited the prisoner. He considered it his Christian duty to do so. He talked with the prisoner, or rather to him, on religious themes. Richard made few replies, and those not relevant to the subject. The minister prayed while the prisoner sat dejectedly and looked on, or talked about "the insects," and exhibited his other vagaries. The Reverend Mr. Whitehall felt it his duty to inquire after the prisoner's health, and he also felt constrained to advise Mr. Batterson to have Dr. Stikes come and see the prisoner. (Dr. Stikes was a member of Mr. Whitehall's congregation). And Mr. Whitehall had seen as well as heard of wonderful results from the Perkinistic treatment which Dr. Stikes was using. Inasmuch as other treatment had proved unavailing in Richards case, Mr. Whitehall thought the Metallic Practice ought to be tried; and there were other people who thought so too. Anyway, it wouldn't do any harm, even if it didn't do any good.

These remarks were communicated to me by Mr. Batterson at my next visit to the jail. "And I think, Doc," the sheriff said, good-naturedly, "if you've no objections it might be as well to let folks have their way as long as it wouldn't do any harm, even if it didn't do any good. Then they'd be satisfied."

I had no confidence in the method, nor did I like to countenance it, but I did not think it prudent, under the circumstances, to appear to monopolize the prisoner; so I told the sheriff that I had no objection, but that I expected to be present during the doctor's

visit. For this Mr. Batterson arranged. Mr. Whitehall desired to be a spectator; and on second thought I believed it would be prudent to have a fourth person, and I invited Judge Cobb. At the time appointed we four met in the jail. The prisoner was summoned.

"I should have thought, Dr. Stikes," said Judge Cobb, in his pleasant manner, "that you would have hesitated to lend your influence to such a new and untried method of treatment. Suppose, now, that the new operation should prove to be a delusion, then you might be sorry you endorsed it and staked your reputation on it. Don't you think so?"

"Well, now, Judge," said the doctor, "I don't know as I exactly endorse it."

"But you recommend it, and use it, and take pay for so doing," said the Judge.

"You must be aware, Judge," said Dr. Stikes, drawing up his full height, and glancing under his veiling eyelids at the Judge, "you must be aware that Perkinism has been quite extensively used by competent observers, and with results that in my estimation justify further trial. Else how are we to know its exact merits. All new remedies must be tested."

"That's good doctrine," said Mr. Whitehall, "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

"Ay, but the proving is not always an easy matter," said Judge Cobb. "You would be surprised, unless you have had experience in such matters, how widely even eye-witnesses will differ in describing a simple occurrence."

"The proof of the efficacy of Perkinism is beyond question, Judge Cobb," said the Rev. Mr. Whitehall. "I have looked into the matter myself, and feel well convinced, by what I have seen and what I have read—testimonies of the most respectable persons in this country and Europe—not only doctors, but lawyers, clergymen, generals, eminent literary characters, and even royalty itself—testifying the benefits and cures by Perkinian electricity."

"Here is an example of what Judge Cobb has been saying about the difference of witnesses," said I. "Now, I have seen something of Perkinism, and read a great deal more, and in not a single instance has the evidence been satisfactory to my mind as proving its efficacy. And speaking of royalty reminds me that it was the kings themselves who 'touched' for scrophula or kings evil, from Edward the Confessor's time to that of Queen Anne. And the kings and the nobility have been the best patrons of charlatans, time out of mind."

"As I was saying," remarked Judge Cobb, "it is astonishing how widely eye-witnesses will differ in their testimony upon a simple circumstance; while the phenomena of disease and its cure are probably the most complex with which the human mind has undertaken to cope."

"Surely now, Judge," said Mr. Whitehall, "this problem is not one requiring such great acumen and education in medical science. It is a matter for the ordinary senses, and we may certainly trust the evidence of intelligent persons of moral probity. Now I myself have seen with my own eyes, cures performed with this new form of galvinism."

"You mean that you saw what appeared to you to be cures, of that which you believed to be certain diseased conditions, seemingly affected in individual instances by the use of tractors, supposed by some to be similar in their operation to the metallic plates of Galvini," said Judge Cobb, smilingly.

"Oh, Judge, you are a hard judge," replied the minister, laughing.

"I do not speak as a judge, but as a physician," said Judge Cobb, "and now, speaking as one who has had experience in both the professions of medicine and law, I wish to state that the practice of law has no problem equal in complexity, requiring calculation with so many factors, as the problems which daily confront the physician. And I doubt whether the clergyman has to



grapple with any question approaching in difficulty those met by the doctor every day. And they are questions which cannot be intelligently answered by any one, no matter what his qualifications, who has not been especially trained to that kind of intellectual work."

"Was it not," said I, "an eminent theologian, Bishop Berkeley, who made himself ridiculous with his use of tarwater as a panacea for nearly all human ills?"

"Exactly so," replied Judge Cobb.

"However, gentlemen," observed Dr. Stikes, "Perkinism is not recommended indiscriminately as a panacea for all diseases; though there is one grand thing about it—if it doesn't do any good it doesn't do any harm. And now that the patient is ready, I am not sure there is anything in this case amenable to the operation. He has neither pain nor inflammation."

"But he has other morbid sensations," said I, "and sometimes great restlessness. They are said to be amenable, I believe."

"I would like to inquire, Dr. Stikes," said the Judge, "in what forms of disease you use or recommend Perkinism."

"Principally in pains, sir," said Dr. Stikes, "whether inflammatory, rheumatic or gouty; also in topical diseases, burns, sprains, erysipelas, ophthalmia, contusions, tumefaction, boils; and in some nervous diseases, headaches and numbness of the parts. In this case I believe you told me, Dr. Brush, there is a morbid sensation, as of insects stinging; also nervousness, and melancholy and other deranged mental functions?"

I assented.

"We might succeed in dispelling those sensations at least," resumed Dr. Stikes, "and they may cause a good deal of faulty reasoning. Let the patient lie on the table here. You have not been using salves or other external applications have you, Dr. Brush? Ex-

traneous matters upon the skin, particularly greasy or oily substances, interfere badly with the action of the tractors, sir."

I assured Dr. Stikes that I had used nothing of the kind, and indeed, when the patient was stripped, the skin was found to be perfectly clean.

With half closed optics Dr. Stikes eyed the patient. Then questioned:

"Have you any pain?"

"Sir," said Richard, staring blankly.

"I said have you any pain?" repeated Dr. Stikes.

"Whereabouts?" said Richard.

"Anywhere," said the doctor.

"It's not there," said the patient, with a sigh.

"Then you have no pain anywhere?" persisted Dr. Stikes.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Richard simply.

"But I am asking you," persevered the medical man, "whether you have any pain anywhere. What do you say to that?"

"I don't know," replied the patient.

"Let me try, doctor," said I. "Richard, how are the insects today?" Richard smiled faintly at sound of my voice.

"They're worse at night," said he, relapsing into gloom and shaking his head.

"But they are troubling you some today, are they?" He made no reply.

"I say are the insects troubling you today—right now?"

He roused himself as if with an effort, and answered—"About as usual."

"Now, Richard," said Dr. Stikes, "we are going to do something to get rid of those insects and make you feel better."

So saying the doctor took a tractor in each hand and drew the pointed ends gently over the patient's body steadily for some minutes. He then made other strokes with the instruments, beginning where the first strokes

left off, and continuing down the lower extremities he drew the points off at the end of the toes.

"It is important," remarked the doctor, "in such cases to draw the instruments *off* in such a way as not merely to draw the disease down and leave it at the end of the strokes." Then he stroked the arms to and off the finger ends in the same way. The patient lay quite passive.

"I forgot to inquire," said Dr. Stikes, glancing in my direction, "whether you have any evidence of a scrophulous or syphilitic taint in this case. Perkinism has been found to have very little effect in such cases."

I assured Dr. Stikes that I felt reasonably certain that neither of these cachexiæ were present. The operation had now occupied perhaps twenty-five minutes, though the monotonousness of it made it seem much longer.

"How do you feel now?" inquired Dr. Stikes of the patient. Richard made no response.

"He is asleep," said Reverend Whitehall, peering over. Then he shook the patient's head gently, and bade him "wake up."

"How do you feel now?" repeated Dr. Stikes loudly.

"Cooler," replied Richard.

"That's good sense," said I, amused, "he's been undressed half an hour."

"Do you feel the stinging of the insects now?" questioned Dr. Stikes.

Richard looked at his arms and legs, then at the questioner, and answered "No."

"It is very difficult," said Dr. Stikes, "in such cases, where there is no external evidence of the disease, to determine merely by the patient's statement whether there has been any change caused by the treatment."

"I quite agree with you as to that. It is very difficult," said Judge Cobb.

"If there was redness or swelling, we could see the



change," explained Dr. Stikes, putting away the little metal rods.

"Then you think the state of mind would not influence the effect of the tractors, but only render the patient's answers unreliable or uncertain. Is that it?" questioned Judge Cobb.

"Assuredly," replied the doctor. "The mind has nothing to do with the effects of Perkinism, for it acts upon infants and upon brutes just the same."

"Then you do not think that such effects as have been alleged were due to imagination?"

"Certainly not."

"To what do you attribute them?" I asked. "What is your theory of its action anyway, Dr. Stikes?"

"I have no theory, Dr. Brush," said he, "and I care for none. I am not a man for theories. I am a practical man. I leave theorizing to others. The discoverer, Dr. Perkins himself, offers no theory of its action."

"And yet the most famous physicians the world has known have held theories, as well as relied upon experience; for observation and reasoning go hand in hand," said the Judge.

"Well," said Dr. Stikes, we are content to let the merits of Perkinism rest upon facts alone—plain facts. Nothing is so elusive as theories."

"Excepting facts," added Judge Cobb.

"I see," said I, "that Dr. Abildgaard, of Copenhagen, has a very pretty theory about equalizing the electrical conditions of the parts treated. Others have other electrical theories; some explain their supposed action on the principle of mechanical stimulation, some call it galvinism; still others attribute it all to the imagination."

"To whose imagination, the patient's or the doctor's?" said Judge Cobb, smiling.

"Either or both," said I. "I have had some correspondence about it with Dr. Ainstie, my preceptor. You'll all be tired of hearing me quote Dr. Ainstie—

and *we* came to the conclusion that it's too soon to come to *any* conclusion yet, or to attempt any explanation of the action of the tractors. We have yet no data to reason upon—in truth no proof that the tractors have any action at all, to be explained. We must have observation before induction.

“Dear! dear! dear!” said Mr. Whiteall, “if all the world were as skeptical as the medical profession how many blessed truths would be unbelieved—religious truths—scientific truths—unaccepted or even scoffed at. Remember how Galileo was condemned, and remember how Copernicus was persecuted!”

“But remember whether it was the medical or the religious authorities who did it,” said I.

Judge Cobb smiled and nodded his head slowly.

“If all the world,” said he, “were and always had been as skeptical as the great body of the medical profession, the world would have been spared the absurdities of the weapon-ointment, the sympathetic powders, the celestial beds, the acroamatic belts, a host of balms of life, and other fantastic fooleries that have made mankind ridiculous, prolonged suffering, and delayed real progress. And it would have spared itself equal errors propagated in the name of religion, Mr. Whitehall.”

“Fie! fie! fie! Judge Cobb,” exclaimed Mr. Whitehall. “You are as skeptical in this as in everything else, to compare this discovery to those follies of a superstitious age and people.”

“The age has changed somewhat,” continued the Judge, contemplatively, “especially in the fashions. But human nature is pretty much the same. We shall have new fashions in delusions, charlantry, and even in religion now and again until the end of time; or at least till the Millenium, Mr. Whitehall.”

“Time will weigh Perkinism,” said Dr. Stikes, oracularly.

“Time and the doctors,” said I, laughing.

“And I trust will not find it wanting,” said he. “I

should like to give this patient another treatment tomorrow. Indeed, it would be better if he had two or three applications each day; and if it is continued long enough, we may hope to see a marked change."

"There can be no doubt of that," said I. "You are welcome to try as long and as often as you like, if neither the patient nor the sheriff object."

"Very good. I shall come tomorrow," said Dr. Stikes.

The results of Dr. Stikes' application of the tractors for many succeeding days resulted in nothing more definite than upon the occasion I have described.



## CHAPTER XVI.

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### THE RAISING AND THE ACCIDENT—JIM BARNES' PLANS TO LIBERATE RICHARD.

**M**ANY succeeding days brought neither any new development in regard to the murder, nor any change in Richard's condition, but it seemed that Farmerstown was not long to remain in a state of quiescence. The occurrences which I have been relating had not yet become stale topics of discussion to our people when we were visited with a misfortune which brought death to one person, injury to half a dozen more and inconsolable grief to loving hearts; while it harrowed the feelings of all who were unfortunate enough to either witness the accident or arrive upon the scene soon after.

Hezekiah Bowen and his young bride, Sophia Pendleton that was, had been making their home at Father Bowen's, until such time as a new house should be built for them. Mr. Bowen's mill had been completed and the men had busied themselves in preparing the timbers for Hezekiah's new house. It was to be two stories high, facing Main street, to stand but a few rods further down the street, between the Baxter homestead and Father Bowen's. It was to be one of the completest houses in town, it was said. At last the cellar was dug, the foundation was laid, every timber was squared to a nicety, every mortise and tenon cut and bored, and even the wooden pins for fastening the beams together were shaved and sharpened. One pin, the last pin, was made with especial care, for there was to be a raising, in which friends and neighbors would all lend a hand; and when the framework was all completely joined, the bride was to drive the last pin; and

then everybody present was to partake of hearty refreshments and indulge in a general merry-making.

Squire Ludlow was sorry he could not be present to superintend the raising, but imperative legal business detained him away. Richard Henry was not invited, as a few weeks before he would have been. But if he had been invited, "legal" reasons also would have caused him to respectfully decline.

So it fell to the senior Mr. Bowen to take the lead and direct the men in their work. The day was fine, the workmen hearty, and an admiring and interested group of men, women and children stood looking on and waiting for the final ceremony and the congratulations that were to follow. As the crowd was gathering I passed up the street on my way homeward and met Mr. Whittlesey, Ebenezer and Dorothy coming to the raising.

They greeted me cordially, and I turned and walked back with them to look on awhile at the scene of industry. Dorothy joined Sophia, and they, with Mother Bowen and others, were soon engaged in the final preparation of the refreshments. Mr. Whittlesey and Ebenezer took their places among the timbers. Mr. Bowen gave directions, and the process of erecting the frame went rapidly forward without hitch or hindrance. There were a dozen or more men aloft among the beams, and twice as many more beneath them when suddenly the shoring gave way, and with a terrible grinding and crashing the whole framework came thundering down. Cries of horror arose from the bystanders. It seemed miraculous that any of those engaged in the work escaped uninjured, yet a few were unscathed.

But some were wounded, and their shrieks and groans and cries for help roused us to action. Many were bruised, and several stunned by the fall either upon the ground and into the cellar, and some seriously injured. Dorothy ran forward to see where her brother fell sprawling upon the sod and raised him,

calling to me to see his arm, which hung helpless. At a glance I saw he could better wait than others, and I sprang forward with a handspike to where Hezekiah Bowen lay, with his chest crushed beneath a great beam, while blood trickled from his mouth and nose. As soon as possible we raised the beam, released him, and laid him dying upon the sward. Sophia crouched upon the ground beside him in a paroxysm of grief, lifting his head into her lap, and calling upon him with loving entreaties to speak to her. But he only gazed at her for a moment with glaring eyes, and expired without a word. Poor old Mr. Bowen although physically unharmed by the accident, seemed dazed by the occurrence. He stooped over the prostrate form of his son, gently shaking a hand or a foot of the dead, and with a strange, hollow voice calling him. "Hezekiah! Hezekiah! Hezekiah!" as if he thought the silent only slept. Sophia fell over upon the ground beside her dead husband, and Dorothy gathered her up in her arms without assistance, as one would a child, and carried her into the Bowen home.

We carried Ashabel Watkins insensible from the cellar with a great gash upon his skull, which I set Dorothy to bathe with cold water, and temporarily staunch with her neck-kerchief. This she did.

Bud Harkness had his arm broken, and with a pale face and set teeth he sat helplessly nursing it, until such time as it could receive attention.

Amid all this Jabez Holcomb sat upon the ground cursing like a pirate, as he looked ruefully at his peg leg, which was crushed to splinters, and he swore he'd be "eternally smoked for the devil's bacon" if he ever met such luck in his life. "That was the best leg a man ever had—never gave him a bit of trouble from the day he put it on," and he'd "had it ten years, and now it was smashed into kindling wood!"

I directed that some of the flip which the women had prepared be given to the injured who felt faint. I ran quickly over to Baxter's and returned immedi-



ately with lint and bandages, and such other articles as seemed necessary. Neighbor Carter was making loud lamentations over his knee which he declared was broken. Upon examination it appeared only badly contused and I applied a solution of sal ammoniac in vinegar and water. The same lotion was also applied to numerous other bruises where the skin was not broken. For some I directed the aqua Goulardi. I was glad to discover that Ebenezer's injury proved to be nothing more serious than a strain.

By this time Dr. Snodgrass appeared upon the scene. By what means he always seemed to receive information of any unusual gathering of people I never could discover; but there he was.

He viewed the wreck for a moment by the aid of his glasses, and then without them, and remarked, "You may depend upon it, that's some of the timber I saw Hezekiah cuttin' in the decrease of the moon; and I says to him, 'Hezekiah,' says I, 'ye'll never have good luck either raisin' or jinin' it.'" He approached Bud Harkness and offered to examine his arm.

"Never mind me, Doc," said Bud without offering to uncover the injured member. "Doc Brush is getting ready to fix it in a couple of minutes. He's jest *mixin' the ink* a purpose fer it over there now."

However, not wishing to appear greedy by attempting to attend all the patients myself, inasmuch as there was certainly need of help in the care of them, I asked Dr. Snodgrass to assist me in dressing Bud's injured extremity. On removing the bloody sleeve we found the arm broken, with the bone projecting through the integuments, while the forearm also was considerably bruised. Dr. Snodgrass seemed somewhat abashed at the severity of the injury, but in a moment more he suggested that I would probably have to take the arm off. Now, although I knew the great danger of a compound fracture, that the patient is likely to die, or escape only by amputation, I could not but hope that the young man might be one of those

fortunate cases to recover with good union; and I resolved to attempt it. Finding that I would not amputate, Dr. Snodgrass at once called for a saw and was for removing the projecting bone. I knew that was a plan usually followed by many, namely to place a piece of pasteboard or thin wood between the skin and the projecting fragment and saw off the latter. The wound could then be dressed with cerate spread upon lint, a few leeches applied near it, and after they had well blooded followed by lead water, or if inflammation should arise perhaps by cataplasms. But thanks to my preceptor I had been better instructed. I knew that if possible the fracture should be reduced without subjecting the parts to further traumatism which would be likely to excite inflammation, and that a compound fracture should be converted into a simple one as speedily as possible by bringing the margins of the wound together and retaining them by adhesive plaster or similar means of excluding the air. I requested Dr. Snodgrass to lay firm hold with both hands upon the upper end of the humerus while I seized the lower fragment, meantime keeping the forearm at right angles with the arm, and pulled downward. By this means the projecting fragment was drawn within the wound and by a careful manipulation near the broken ends I brought them in correct apposition. While I turned about for a moment to reach a piece of lint spread with balsam for the wound, Dr. Snodgrass improved the opportunity by thrusting his finger into the wound to feel about the bones. This angered and disgusted me. As is well known the air has a most mischievous influence upon all wounds and nothing could be more pernicious than to admit it to the broken ends of bones, even to the bone marrow and to the periosteum, unless indeed it be to still further irritate the lacerated structures by pushing among them with the finger or other foreign body. However, I held my tongue, and applied the lint and placed the arm upon splints from

shoulder to elbow and beyond, that nothing ordinary might displace it.

We next turned our attention to Ashabel, who had not yet recovered consciousness, and it was evident he suffered not merely a concussion but a compression of the brain, which led me to regret that I had caused the bleeding of his wound to be staunched. He lay snoring with a pulse slow and oppressed, and the pupils remained dilated even when exposed to strong light. I thought best to remove the lad to his father's home, and he was gently raised by willing hands and borne up the street, followed by a portion of the throng of people.

Thus ended in grief and suffering an occasion begun in hope and joy. But my labors were not yet ended. Ashabel remained in a state of stupor and I felt sure there was pressure upon the brain. The belief that his skull ought to be opened dawned upon me and forced itself upon me. I had never done that operation, and I had neither trepan nor trephine nor raspatory nor lenticular nor any other instrument suitable for the operation, nor had Dr. Snodgrass, for I inquired of him, nor had Dr. Stikes. To my knowledge, Judge Cobb had nothing left of a fine assortment of surgical instruments but a couple of lancets, a knife or two, an old catiline and a pair of turnkeys. How did I wish for Dr. Ainstie's trepan with the circular saw like the trephine, which he always insisted was a better instrument than the new trephine with the large crank-like handle. But Ashabel's stupor continued, and I examined his wound again more minutely. It was situated on the right parietal bone. Having laid the bone bare for as much as two inches, I perceived that a triangular piece of bone was broken and pressed inward. Seeing the desperate condition of the patient, courage came to me. Calling for a carpenter's chisel—a sharp one—I boldly chipped the solid edge of the skull so deeply that I could catch the depressed piece with the corner of the chisel blade, by means of which



I pried it up to the proper level. I then dressed the wound with a pledget of fine scraped lint dipped in an ointment of oil and wax, and over this a large pledget spread in the same way, retaining all in place by a linen night cap, tied on. Ashabel soon showed signs of improvement by moaning, opening his eyes, moving his limbs and afterward attempting to talk, though unintelligibly. His snoring left him and his pulse increased in frequency.

Arriving home tired enough after my exertions, to my surprise there sat the bulky form of Jim Barnes awaiting my return. His head was bowed in his hands and his face wore a most disconsolate look.

"How de do, Doc," he said, scarcely moving from his position.

"How de do, Jim, I'm glad to see you."

"I say, ain't it a shame, Doc?"

"Ain't what a shame?" said I.

"Why, that Richard's in jail. Can't you do something to git him out, Doc?"

"He'll get out in due time, Jim, legally, honorably, without breaking any laws or any locks, I hope."

"Now, I knowed you'd say that, Doc, and that's proper. But them sentiments don't bother me. The fust thing to do is to git out right off and git some fresh air, and then see about the 'legally' afterwards. Now you can 'tend to the 'legally' part, Doc, and let me 'tend to the gitting out part. Why, I never knowed a consarned thing about it till I come to town." He studied a while.

"I say, Doc."

"Yes, Jim."

"You don't suppose Richard 'll have any fancy objections to walk out if he gets a chance, do you?"

"I don't know, Jim."

"It wouldn't hurt nobody. Sheriff Batterson is a good feller, and he's sworn to do his duty an' all that. An' me and him is old friends and I wouldn't want to make him no trouble. But if he was to wake up in the

night and find his winders and doors all shet and blocked up with planks so's he couldn't get out, and a band of redskins around the place, he'd know enough to stay in out of the night air, wouldn't he?"

"I presume so, Jim."

"And they couldn't nobody blame him if the prisoner got away neither, could they, when he couldn't help it?"

"No."

"An' if a earthquake was to shake the jail open Richard could walk out as easy as Shedrack, Ramshak and the other feller broke out of the lion's den, couldn't he?"

"Very likely," said I, smiling.

"An' without breaking no locks neither as you sez." Jim went on meditatively, "If three spars was set up over the corner o' that jail, and a tackle and fall rigged with a sling around the end of the logs, so's to hoist the upper part of the corner, and a boomhead or a couple of yoke of steers was to walk away with the fall, that corner o' the jail would open up, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, I think it would," said I.

"That's what *I* thought," said Jim. "So you can't see no plan for letting Richard out before the court sets. That's what I want to know."

"That's the only law-abiding plan," I answered. "I shall employ counsel for him, Jim—the best legal talent obtainable. And Richard has many good friends; and nearly everybody used to think well of him. I have good hopes of getting him out of this trouble; and without violating law and order either. If the real criminal cannot be found in the meantime, or Richard can't prove an alibi—there's his mental condition. He appears to be out of his mind, and if he is so he can't be convicted. It will be so much better in every way if he can be cleared legally. Then his name is cleared and he can live here at home. But, between you and me, Jim, if he is not cleared—you

may be sure I don't intend he shall suffer any penalty if *I* can prevent it."

"Now look here, Doc, you're talkin' like a gentleman and a lawyer; but listen here now," said Jim. "You say in the meantime if the real criminal can't be found. Now what's the use of Richard being found? An' if he can't be found, he won't have to prove an alibi. No matter where he was when the thing happened, the time to be somewheres else is after the thing happens. That's the kind of 'alibi' for Jim Barnes. And when it comes to choosin' between being crazy or bein' hung ye may hang me every term o' court. That's all right, Doc, that's all right from your pint o' view. 'Law and order,' says you. 'Life and liberty,' says I. Goodby, Doc. Sorry I can't stay longer and visit with you, but I've got to go up the river and see the boys about this. We can't allow Richard to stay cooped up like that, and the boys won't stand it. I ain't no prophet, and ye needn't to tell nobody what I say; but it's my opinion there's a goin' to be a earthquake, a Injun raid in this here town."

Saying which he raised his huge height and sauntered out of the room and up the street, casting occasional sidelong glances toward the common where the jail stood.

When I visited Ashabel again that evening he could swallow, and I gave him a bolus of five grains of calomel with fifteen of conserve of roses, and next morning a bowl of senna tea. The patient did well until the third day, when he complained of more headache, and vomited twice and his pulse went above a hundred, full and hard. I repeated the laxative and applied nine leeches upon his temple which discharged freely. This relieved him somewhat; but as upon the next day his pulse remained full and hard and he was taken with chilliness and a shivering succeeded by great heat and restlessness, I drew twelve ounces of blood and ordered a few ounces of diaphoretic mixture to be



taken every hour till he should perspire freely. These means together with the bolus at night procured him some rest. Meantime the wound took on a better appearance with fine healthy pus. As his pulse still continued rather hard, I found it expedient in two days more to take twelve ounces of blood, and repeat the laxative. After this his pulse was more natural than it had been at any time since the accident and he complained less of headache. In two days later the pulse again rose and he complained of pain in the wound. I drew twelve ounces of blood, this time from the jugular vein, and the skin being dry and hot I gave four grains of Dover's powder with the diaphoretic mixture every hour for a few times, when he sweated profusely, and found the greatest relief from all the symptoms.

## CHAPTER XVII.

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### A DINNER AT JUDGE COBB'S.

**A**FTER my recent labors and perplexities, it was a grateful relief to receive a kind invitation from Judge and Mrs. Cobb to spend a short season with entertaining company at their hospitable board. Nothing was farther from my thoughts at the time than the idea that I was destined on that occasion to make further acquaintance with one who afterward was to occupy so large a place in this narration. I had seen little of Mr. Jamison since the day when Judge Cobb introduced us, although we had bowed and saluted each other in passing once or twice at the tavern. I understood he had been absent from town a good part of the time visiting settlements in other parts of the Province, but returning at intervals to Farmerstown. I accepted the invitation to dinner.

The occasion of a visit from his old friend General Knox, who came over from Thomastown on the St. George, ostensibly to see his lands in this vicinity, but quite as much, I suspect, for the purpose of visiting his long-time friend and companion in arms, was sufficient excuse for Judge Cobb to indulge his convivial spirit. The Judge never appeared more completely in his element than when surrounded by a sprightly company, enjoying not only the pleasures of the table, but the discourse of those present. He was very fond of conversation and himself an adept in the art. I have watched and admired him more than once, entertaining a company without ever appearing to do so. Each guest found a convenient opportunity to say his sayings and tell his stories, while the judge himself,

varying from the seriousness of a philosopher to the gaiety of a schoolboy, adroitly stirred the congenial emotions and elicited the colloquial talent of everyone present.

Upon this occasion it is not to be supposed that I was the only one invited to meet the General and ex-Secretary of War. I had found the guests, excepting the two foreigners who came later, all assembled upon my arrival at the spacious old house. 'Squire Ludlow was there. The genial 'Squire had ever more time on his hands than business to fill it. Whatever he did, he did deliberately and thoroughly, fixing his attention upon one thing at a time, so he said, and usually executing the business in hand to the satisfaction of himself and everyone concerned. The judge's dinner was the main event of the day and the 'Squire gave himself up to it, and thoroughly employed and enjoyed every minute of the time and every incident of the occasion. Mr. Whitehall was there. He had come early. It was said he could scent a good dinner at long range, and really considered (and who shall deny him) that dining out was not only one of the perquisites and privileges but one of the duties of his calling, and was fraught with opportunities for Christian influence and godly conversation which he had no right to neglect. I never heard that he had ever been accused of neglecting this particular line of duty.

There was also present Mr. Pritchett, our most extensive merchant, lumber dealer and mill owner. A little later arrived a Mr. Baring, and after him Mr. Jamison.

Mr. Baring, I afterward learned, was a stranger in town. On coming to Farmerstown he had presented letters of introduction to Judge Cobb from an English family of some consequence, of which he was a younger son, and the representative in a commercial way of their interests in this country.

Then there were Mesdames Ludlow and Whitehall, wives, respectively, of the justice and the parson; and



Mrs. Mary Ann Pritchett Robbins, widowed sister of and housekeeper for Mr. Pritchett, who had also lost his conjugal mate.

Besides these the table was graced by the presence of the amiable spouse and the comely daughters of our host.

General Knox, the guest of honor, was above the middle stature and of full habit and looked to be fifty years of age. He had a large, heavy face, small bright gray eyes, and a low forehead from which his hair was brushed straight up, powdered and gathered into a queue behind. He had a strong ringing voice and spoke with the impressiveness of one accustomed to command, and yet without a trace of arrogance. I had met him on a former occasion at Judge Cobb's and he recognized me at once, calling me by name. His manner was most urbane, yet without familiarity. Whether it was the stoop in his shoulders, or certain periods of silence during which he seemed absorbed in thought, which gave one the impression of the student I cannot say, but he so impressed me. Of his military genius and courage all the world knows. I could not think it strange that he was regarded as such a prime favorite with Washington as sometimes to have been spoken of by others as the "beloved disciple."

Looking at Knox and Cobb I indulged in a mental speculation as to how much of the commander's success is due to his ability to estimate the qualities of men and gather about him those whose suggestions, whose councils, whose fidelity have more to do with that success than the subordinates get credit for.

Mr. Baring appeared to me to illustrate in himself the saying "an old head upon young shoulders." I think he pleased all the company with what appeared a youthful frankness and ingenuousness, yet discovering the keenness of more matured years.

Mr. Jamison was a person likely to attract attention, with his commanding height and strong jaws.

He was dressed in a dark velvet suit with a red waistcoat trimmed with gold lace, and was fashionably ruffled and perfumed. I greeted him frankly, expecting from his great affability at the time of my first meeting him that I would receive a cordial response. But to my surprise he returned my greeting with barely civil indifference. I observed that he saluted the other members of the company in the same moody manner, and with few words, and lapsed into silence. This was in such marked contrast with his former high spirits and loquacity as to contrast strangely. At the first opportunity I endeavored to engage him in conversation by inquiring how he was progressing with the plans of which he had spoken.

"I have thought very little about them of late," said he, with a sigh, "having been occupied with weightier affairs."

"It seemed to me this was quite a heavy enterprise," I persisted, "and excited my curiosity to know more about it."

"Plans are only plans after all," said he gloomily, "and the best of them are apt to go awry."

He appeared almost morose and a little ill at ease with our companionship, yet he certainly was not bashful. At times he roused himself from his low spirit and seemed desirous of pleasing, and yet with that he impressed me unfavorably. He lacked the easy breeding of Mr. Baring, and his light blue eyes were restless. After a little time I was softened by his melancholy air of abstraction; and then my unfavorable impression wore away to a degree, for, however prudent it may be, it seems rude to harbor a feeling of aversion when the object of it is making evident efforts to be agreeable.

We occupied the porch, the weather being pleasant, while the table was in progress of preparation within. Such savory odors were wafted to us from time to time as set our appetites, or at least mine, upon keenest edge. I noticed that no one lingered when Mrs.

Cobb announced that dinner was ready, and then with an easy grace that could only come of familiarity with good society and much practice in hospitality she indicated to each guest which seat to occupy. The hungry parson said a short but fervent grace and the distribution of the viands begun with swift despatch. Judge Cobb's dexterity at carving led General Knox to remark upon it, saying that General Washington had once pronounced Colonel Cobb "the most skillful carver of meats and extractor of corks in all his official household." This sally led 'Squire Ludlow to inquire of the judge whether it was his training as a surgeon or as a soldier that had given him such skill. But the judge replied good humoredly that any one who had practiced as much as he ought with a knife and fork three times a day from infancy to middle age ought to be able to do quite as well as he. "You should see some of our Indians carve," said he. "They don't need any knife or fork at all; and that reminds me that we intended to have two chiefs here today. I wanted the Indians to see some real Englishmen. I mean," he added smilingly, "I wanted the gentlemen from abroad to see some real Americans; but they were gone up the river fishing—so I am told, and we are deprived."

"For which I am really sorry," said Mr. Baring. "I should have liked very much to meet them. There is nothing equal to the making of personal acquaintance with people in order to understand them; and misunderstandings lead to great errors. Staying at home, I would never have come to understand the Americans. Not with the information that is yet to be had in England. I now believe that, in common with most of my countrymen, I have always misunderstood the Americans and their country."

"Now, how do you account for that, Mr. Baring?" inquired the judge.

"The accounts that were sent home were misleading," replied Mr. Baring. "Too many of them were



furnished by ministerially appointed provincial governors and others whose interest led them to falsely represent the character of the people and the resources of the country. Even in the short time I have been here in this country I have learned that my former conceptions were entirely erroneous. For instance, I never expected to see in a new settlement like this the intelligence and the enterprise which are displayed here in your town."

"My dear Mr. Baring," exclaimed Judge Cobb, "why are you surprised to find people of superior intelligence and energy in a frontier town like Farmertown? Have you not observed that the average of intelligence and enterprise in New England is far above that found in Old England? In the oldest settled portions of Hampshire you will be more likely to find ignorance and boorishness than in the newest settlement on the frontier of the Province of Maine. It is the wideawake and vigorous who strike out into new paths, and dare new dangers, and make new discoveries, leaving the dull and indolent to drone along in the old ways at home. The pioneer may not always be polished with the civilization of the past—he is not so much given to looking backward—but he is always alive to the advantages of the present, and often has a keen eye on the prospects of the future. I have always thought Great Britain miscalculated entirely the character and resources of this nation."

"I want to express to you," said Mr. Baring, speaking deliberately, "my belief that if the English had rightly estimated the Americans they would never have gone to war with them."

"Do you mean to say," inquired Mr. Jamison somewhat loftily, "that England would not have dared attempt to subdue a rebellious province; and that she would not have succeeded in doing so but for the interference of the French?"

"I mean," said Mr. Baring with that manner of dispassionate fairness which characterized the man,

"I mean that with an accurate knowledge of the people of her colonies, and the possibilities of this country, England would have seen that it was to her advantage to make certain concessions, and enter into commercial treaties of mutual advantage, rather than undertake military measures here."

"She might have held the colonies easily but for the French," persisted Mr. Jamison.

"I will tell you what the mother country might easily have done," said Judge Cobb. "She might so have furnished us with her manufactures in exchange for our products, that we would have remained for many years longer in ignorance of our power and our resources, and contented with our lot. How much longer we would have remained so is hard to say, for it is to be remembered among other factors, that we are composed of a mixture of nationalities not yet as thoroughly amalgamated as we will be and should be. What is your opinion, Mr. Whitehall?"

"No doubt you are right, Judge, no doubt," said Mr. Whitehall. "It would be interesting to know just how much England counted upon the tory element and its attachment to the mother country."

"But," said the judge, "England ought to have known that sentiment will seldom stand the commercial test; certainly not where there is also a principle involved. Eh, 'Squire Ludlow."

The 'Squire was deeply engaged upon his dinner.

"What's that, judge? Pardon me. This turkey leg is too good to miss for the matter of a few colonies; but I was listening. It was what you said about amalgamation that sent me off. It reminded me of an occurrence that took place yesterday." The 'Squire busied himself in his deliberate fashion with the contents of his plate.

"What was it took place yesterday?" said Mrs. Cobb, "I want to know."

Everybody looked at the 'Squire, whose wrinkled face and merry eyes were provokingly sphynx-like.

"Merely this," said he clearing his throat with a drink of cyder, "that I filled one of Dr. Brush's prescriptions."

I stared at him. The 'Squire was fond of having a little joke in his own way, but I could not see what he was driving at.

"Dr. Brush," said he, "didn't you prescribe marriage for a young woman in this town some weeks ago?"

After thinking a moment I assented.

"Well, she decided to take the medicine, and I performed the ceremony yesterday."

"Who was it? Do tell us," came from all the feminine portion of the company.

The 'Squire munched a morsel calmly. No importunities could hurry him.

"It was Honora Magruder and Harry Holcomb."

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed.

"But Josiah," said Mrs. Ludlow to her spouse. "what put that into your head just now? You are the queerest man. You say you never do but one thing at a time and do that well, but the fact is you're always thinking about something else."

"I'll tell you," said the 'Squire reflectively. "You see the judge was talking about amalgamation of nationalities and so forth. Now Honora is an Irish girl and young Holcomb American born. So I think, my dear, the association of the ideas was quite natural."

"But what a strange prescription," said Mrs. Ludlow, who though a good natured soul, as it may be perceived, was not very quick of apprehension. "Doctor, do you often prescribe matrimony?"

At her first utterance I became so frightened lest she ask my reasons for the advice in this case that I scarcely recovered myself in time to answer the easier question.

"Only occasionally," said I. "It's a pretty severe remedy, I believe."



"I suppose that's why you don't take your own advice and get married, eh Doc?" said Mr. Pritchett, laughing at his own thrust.

"Well, you know doctors don't take all the treatment they give to other people," I said.

At this Judge Cobb smiled and the matter-of-fact Mrs. Ludlow said. "No, of course not. That would be awful." Still the judge smiled and I knew he had something on his mind.

"A little occurrence came to my knowledge the other day that amused me," said he. "It seems there is a poor old widow living on a three-acre lot next to a well-to-do farmer who is noted for his parsimony. The widow was sickly, as much for want of good nourishment, I guess, as with any disease, and a doctor was accustomed to visit her when necessary, though he got nothing for his services. One day as the doctor left the house of the widow whom we will call Mrs. B, a messenger summoned him to the bedside of the farmer, whom we will call Old Grimes.

" 'Well, Doc,' said Grimes, 'as you was just passing by I thought I'd have you step in and do something for me. I ain't feeling just right.'

"The doctor examined him and found an incarcerated hernia, a rather serious state of affairs.

" 'How long has this been out?' said the doctor.

" 'Well it come out yesterday,' said Grimes, 'but it didn't hurt so much at first and I thought may be it would scatter again or wouldn't amount to nothing.'

" 'Why didn't you send for me sooner? This is no trifling matter,' said the doctor.

" 'Well, you see, Doc, I did not want to bring you all this way unless I was obleeged to. But I thought as you made a visit out this way, and was passing by I'd just ask what you thought about it, and maybe get a little medicine if 'tw'ant too expensive.'

" 'It is fortunate that I did pass this way,' said the doctor. 'For there is no time to lose if you expect to live.'

“‘It ain’t dangerous is it, Doc?’ said the old man, getting frightened, for he’s as great a coward as he is a niggard.

“‘Of course it is dangerous. This must be reduced and at once or your hours are numbered.’

“‘Don’t let me die! Oh, Doc, don’t let me die,’ groaned the old man, ‘and I will pay you for the visit just as if you’d a come out a-purpose to see me.’

“‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do,’ said the doctor. ‘I’ll do my best to save you on these conditions, namely: if I fail, and you die, you have only to pay me for my visit. But if I save you and you get well you must give me that pied cow of yours. Will you agree to that?’

“‘Oh! Doc, that’s an awful price!’ moaned Old Grimes.

“‘No,’ said the doctor, ‘it’s only a fair charge for the service I shall perform, whether you live or not. But if you die I’m letting you off easy. Of course it certainly would be cheaper for you to die on those terms. However, I can make it cheaper yet by going off now and not doing anything at all, if you prefer.’

“‘Oh, no, Doc! Don’t leave me in that way. You’re awful particular about small matters,’ whimpered the patient peevishly. ‘Give me time to think, can’t you?’

“‘But there’s no time to lose,’ said the doctor. ‘Will you give me the pied cow?’

“‘That’s the best cow I’ve got,’ said Grimes.

“‘I know it. That’s why I want her. I just need a cow like that,’ said the doctor.

“‘There’s Pied’s heifer is most as good as she is,’ pleaded Grimes.

“‘Wouldn’t do for me,’ said the doctor shaking his head.

“‘I say, Doc, couldn’t you just do the operation partly, say half way, for a calf, and then wait awhile and see if the rest wouldn’t get well itself?’

“‘The doctor was moving toward the door—and did not seem to hear this liberal proposition.

“ ‘Well, Mr. Grimes, if you think more of your pied cow than you do of your life I must be going.

“ ‘Don’t go, Doc,’ begged the old skinflint. ‘You’re the hard-heartedest man I ever seen. Can’t you give a man a chance to make up his mind?’

“ ‘I’m afraid the cow would get too old to be of much value by the time you get it made up, at this rate of progress,’ says the doctor with his hand on the latch. Pain doubled the old man up.

“ ‘Call him back! Call him back!’ bawls Old Grimes, thinking the doctor had gone. ‘I can’t stand this! Help me, Doc, and the cow’s yourn!’

“Then the doctor went to work, sat the old man up and bled him *ad deliquium animi*, that is, to syncope, laid him head downward and reduced the hernia; and to make a long story no longer, the old man got well, and the doctor got the cow. Then the doctor opened a gap in the fence and drove the cow through it into the widow’s lot and made the old lady a present of her.”

The judge’s story was true; and as he ended I felt my face flushing painfully. But he had no mercy, and looking straight at me with a merry twinkle, he feigned an innocent air and said, “Why Brush, what are *you* blushing for? I’m sure it’s no disgrace to—to—be a good judge of cows.”

When they had done laughing at my confusion, while Mrs. Cobb, I thought, looked at me approvingly, and the old ’Squire patted me on the shoulder, General Knox cleared his throat and said, “The judge is right. It’s no disgrace for a man to be a good judge of livestock and of human nature; and to pity distress and protect the weak against the strong. I’ve a mind to tell you a little story that is not new in the army but may be to some of you.”

“Go on, General,” cried we all.

“During Lord Cornwallis’ invasion of Virginia,” said General Knox, “among the plunder that he appropriated was a splendid horse belonging to a poor



settler way up in the back country. The animal was a perfect beauty named 'Black-and-all-black,' for he was as black as jet, symmetrical in every point, spirited and sagacious. When Cornwallis surrendered, certain French officers among our allies, without any particular right or ceremony, obtained possession of the horse, of which they were very proud. Now General Washington had an aide whom we will call Colonel Blank, who was not only a very efficient officer but a very popular one, and known to be an excellent horseman. So the Frenchmen invited him to inspect their acquisition and pass judgment upon his points, which Colonel Blank did to their delectation. Bye and bye the poor Virginia settler came to camp to claim his horse; but his entreaties were in vain. The French officers had decided to take him back to France with them. In great distress the man sought to obtain an interview with General Washington, who avoided it. Then he poured his sorrow into the ear of the General's aide, telling his love for the horse which he had reared himself, and of his poverty that prevented him from offering any ransom; and besought the Colonel's help to secure an interview with the General commanding. Now Colonel Blank perceived why it was that Washington avoided the man; namely, it was a delicate matter for him to interfere in such an affair with the French officers and their perquisites. Yet the settler's distress must be relieved somehow, and the wrong righted. So the aide had a secret interview with the settler and proposed another way. He described accurately the locality where the horse was kept, and ingeniously contrived a plan by which during the next dark night the Virginian stole his own horse and escaped unseen. Oh, what a parleyvousing and a hurry-scurrying and a cursing and a damning there was in the French camp next morning when the horse was missing! The theft was blamed to some runaway British soldiers who had been seen in the neighborhood, and nobody seemed to suspect the truth. But one day a month afterward,

when the General and his staff were alone at table, suddenly Washington, smiling in his cool fashion said, 'Colonel' Blank, can you inform me where "Black-and-all-black" is stabled?' "

As he finished his story General Knox looked straight at Judge Cobb, whose face was a study. "Why, Cobb, what are *you* disturbed about?" said he. "I'm sure it's no disgrace to—to—be a good judge of horses."

With all this talking and much more which I have not set down we had yet made good headway upon Mrs. Cobb's fine dinner. Soup and fish, fowl and venison followed each other in tempting succession, with white and Indian bread and butter, potatoes and vegetables, milk and cheeses, fruits and berries, pies delicious; choice of cyder, coffee, metheglin, punch or flip, rarely found in such perfection as they came upon the judge's table.

The conversation drifted to lands and the question of titles to Indian lands, the succession of titles, and finally to the English laws of primogeniture. Long afterward I remembered and understood what I could not account for at the time, that Mr. Baring warmly supported primogeniture, while Mr. Jamison, taking a more active part in the conversation, was really bitter against it, though he offered no good arguments for his position. This subject led to a discussion of class distinctions in society; and I was at first a little surprised to hear Judge Cobb, good Whig as I knew him to be, and staunch supporter of the constitution, take the ground that although in the eyes of the law all men are and of right ought to be free and equal, still there are and for the good of society must be distinctions made in regard to positions held by individuals, if not in regard to the individuals themselves. In illustration of his views Judge Cobb presumed that it must be admitted by all that in any army there should be discipline—a regard for and prompt obedience to properly appointed officers. That the officers must

bear themselves with authority and command the respect of the privates; and yet he said that the idea of the blessing of equality had been carried to such an extreme that he had seen officers of the army affecting humility and even lowering themselves to familiarity with the men. This he considered utterly incompatible with good military discipline. "Why," said the Judge, "there was Colonel Putnam held that fallacy. He was the nephew of Major General Putnam, and was chief engineer of the army. He used to clean his own boots and mend his own uniform. One day a friend met him carrying home a piece of meat. 'What,' says the friend, 'carrying home your rations yourself, Colonel?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I do it to set the officers a good example.' But he was not commissioned to be an errand boy nor an orderly. He should have been better employed. General Washington could groom his own horse as well as any man who ever did it for him, but that was not work for the commanding general and he never did it."

"Of a truth," said General Knox, "the notions of equality can be carried to as absurd extremes as those of aristocracy. Some of our people have become so rabid upon that subject that they froth at the mouth upon the mere mention of the slightest mark or appellation further than a family or a Christian name to distinguish one person from another. Mr. Jefferson himself objects even to the harmless prefix Mr. because it is a title. I wonder if he would object to having 'president' in front of his name? I'll wager he'd be inwardly pleased to be called 'The Author of the Declaration.' The republicans are for having all mankind cast in the same mould, dressed in the same clothes, fed the same food—repressing all individuality, bringing every aspirant down to the same dead level of democracy. Look at the way they have treated as innocent, useful and patriotic an institution as our 'Society of the Cincinnati.' "

"I never heard of it," said Mr. Jamison.



"Well, that is not a disappointment, for it was not fame we sought," said General Knox. "'The Cincinnati' were officers of the army of independence, who, at the close of the war, organized a society based upon friendship, benevolence, brotherly kindness and patriotism. I could tell you a good deal about the organization and its lofty objects."

"So you could, General Knox," interrupted Judge Cobb.

"One of which was," continued Knox, winding and unwinding a handkerchief about his crippled hand, though without ever exposing the hand, as his unconscious habit was, "in the words of our constitution, to use our 'collective influence in support of that government and in confirmation of that union, the establishment of which has engaged so considerable a portion of our lives.' And I could show its necessity, for some of our members had sacrificed in the war everything they possessed, and really required assistance. Certainly there was, and in the very nature of things must be, a limit to the membership of the organization; and certainly we had a badge, and we elected officers and held ceremonious meetings, as it seems to me was perfectly appropriate and consistent with those great principles of liberty we had sought to establish; but what do you think some of those stupid levellers of mankind imagined they could see in our designs and tendencies? Mind you, our detractors were those who for the most part had been taking good care of themselves at home while the fighting was going on. They said for example, 'that the object of the Cincinnati was to seize and hold exclusive right to offices, honors and authorities, civil and military,' or words to that effect. They said that 'we sought here in this free republic to establish an hereditary aristocracy while the remainder of the people would be a lot of mere plebeians, degraded in our patrician eyes, and odious to our proud nostrils.' According to them we were a 'band of conspirators playing into the hands of

the federalists,' who sought with Washington as a leader to establish a monarchy!"

"Come, my dear General," said Judge Cobb, "we will have the punch brought out on the porch, and smoke the pipe of peace there. It was hard for you to see your pet project so bitterly maligned, and I think we all feel as badly as you do about it, though few of us take it with your invincible cheerfulness."

We repaired to the spacious porch and made ourselves comfortable upon the settees and easy chairs which there abounded.

"The worst of it is," said Judge Cobb, resuming the conversation, "that the very ones who accused the Cincinnati of political designs before we ourselves had conceived any idea of making our society a political power for selfish purposes, have made their opposition to the organization or rather to a distorted image of the organization, a means to secure popular applause, and gain votes for themselves. Never mind. Posterity will do us justice. If it does not, posterity will show base ingratitude, poor judgment, and worse taste. Ha! ha! ha! Eh, gentlemen? Here's to Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus."

"And all his emulators," added Mr. Baring, as we raised our glasses.

"Mark my words," said Judge Cobb, "the time will come when not only one but many societies will exist in this nation vying with each other in displaying their patriotism, philanthropy, and zeal for the cause of liberty."

"That is, if the nation exists," remarked Mr. Jamison, who was getting a little flushed with the strength of the various beverages, although not improved in his humor.

"The nation's pretty healthy at present," drawled 'Squire Ludlow, himself feeling comfortable.

"But this government is a mere experiment," Jamison went on, "nobody knows whether it'll prove permanent; and it takes military genius to enable a

nation to sustain itself among the powers of the earth in these days. The Americans are not a military people. From what has been acknowledged earlier in this conversation that would be evident, even if there were no other evidences."

"Are you judging from the results of the Indian wars or the war with Great Britain," I could not refrain from saying, a little warmly.

Judge Cobb interposed, while he smiled blandly. "Let us not deceive ourselves," said he. "We are fond of thinking that every American is a soldier and a hero. Many affect to believe for instance, that in '76 not a man in the country but that rushed forward with his weapon and sought a chance to fight, if need be die, for freedom. But I recollect some very slow and tiresome recruiting duty; and of hearing complaints from others to the same tune. Eh, General Knox?"

"Yes, indeed," said Knox. "It was fifing and drumming from town to country and from country to town again. Arguing and persuading, offering bounties besides, trying to get enough recruits to fill up the ranks, while competent officers were harder yet to find. Still I trust that in case of war we should be able to take care of ourselves."

"For the present let us rejoice in the blessings of peace," said Judge Cobb. "Let me fill your glasses, gentlemen. What say you to a game of cards?"

"Good!" spoke Mr. Jamison. "With a little money on the table to make it interesting."

"As to that I have nothing to risk," said the judge, glancing toward Jamison narrowly for an instant, "for my sole chattels," laughed he, "are a rusty sword and an old pair of saddlebags. And—bless my soul! I beg your pardon, Mr. Whitehall. I had quite forgotten one of the party was a minister, or I wouldn't have mentioned cards. Your good-fellowship threw me off my guard. Here's to good-fellowship the world around!"



So the question of cards was dropped, and we fell to examining the natural curiosities and specimens of agricultural products of the Province with which the house abounded; until, as the day waned, we took leave of each other and our jovial host, his distinguished friend, and his charming family, and came away.

Mr. Baring continued on his journey on the following day; and it was not many days thereafter that Jabez Holcomb volunteered the information that "Lord Jamison," as he called him, had also taken his departure from our town. I had no thought of ever seeing him again, although I had some curiosity about the man. When next I called to pay my respects at the Cobb mansion, in the course of a conversation upon the foreign guests at the dinner, I remarked upon my surprise at finding such a change in Mr. Jamison's manner and mood.

"I was rather taken aback myself at first," said Judge Cobb. "But I have lived long enough to get used to all kinds of people. The country is full of strange characters. I think perhaps the times produce them, or the conditions attract them. We have lately experienced terrible revolutions and political strife, changed social relations and financial upheavals. It is not strange that a craze for colonization and for speculation has swept over us like an epidemic, just as epidemics of exploration or conquest or religious zeal have fevered the world in times past; and one grows accustomed to hearing new schemes, practicable or visionary, with religious or with military or other features according to the turn of mind of their projectors—schemes for reforming society or rapidly acquiring wealth, for re-discovering Eden or realizing the Millennum; schemes for developing the new country in a day, or what not else; schemes by honest philanthropists and by self-seeking adventurers, by broad-minded statesmen, or by illogical dreamers and lunatics at large. Amidst and underneath **them** all,

there is a steady healthy growth of civilization. These things correct themselves in time, and the right prevails, which is the main thing after all, whether those who help or hinder it are blessed or damned according to their deserts or not. As to Mr. Jamison, I made no conclusion either with regard to himself or his projects. I showed him some lands, which he would not decide to buy until he looked further and considered, etc., etc. If he returns and makes serious propositions I shall study the man and the plan and see what is in them."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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DR. BRUSH RECEIVED A LETTER FROM DR. AINSTIE AND  
ALSO ONE FROM DR. RUSH.

**I** STILL remained in a sorrowful, yet ill-defined state of feeling, further depressed and baffled by the mystery of it all and weighed down with anxiety for Richard.

Several weeks had elapsed since I had despatched my letter to Dr. Rush and I looked for a reply at every arrival of the post-rider to our town. I hoped much from the astuteness of the noted physician.

I was not surprised at receiving no answer from Dr. Ainstie, for I well knew that amiable gentleman's forgetfulness as well as his many occupations. Some day he would suddenly recollect my letter to him, and that it yet remained unanswered, and in atonement for his long delay he would write to me one of those news-containing, thought-suggesting, heart-uplifting epistles which I always highly prized. In his last letter he had overflowed with the subject of Dr. Jenner's discovery of the prevention of small-pox by innoculating with the cow-pox instead of with the variolous poison. He had inquired whether I had seen the volume of the Philosophical Society containing the Rev. Dr. Priestley's paper on the phlogistication of atmospherical air, in which process the writer claims there is not merely absorption of the oxygenous portion of it, but that the phlogisticating material emits something which he calls phlogiston or the principle of inflammability; and that the basis of phlogisticated air or azote is not a simple substance as the anthi-phlogistions would have us believe, but is composed of phlogiston and dephlogisticated air.' And he ques-



tioned me as to whether I still persevered in making observation and keeping record upon the state of the weather, prevailing winds, amount of rainfall, et cetera, in connection with the prevailing diseases. And thus he had led me into feeling more cheerful under my present perplexities, by looking out and around upon greater problems that are interesting our profession and mankind generally.

Richard's condition remained much the same as I have described it. It varied somewhat at times, but not for the better. I endeavored, to the best of my knowledge, to maintain his general health, and to employ his thoughts and raise his spirits, by every means at my command; and in these efforts I flatter myself I was not altogether unsuccessful. If he failed to visibly improve in his mental state, he certainly grew no worse, and the bodily functions were carried on pretty satisfactorily, as a rule.

At last my patience was rewarded, and I received the long-expected letter from Dr. Rush. As the opinion of so eminent a physician in a case of this kind may possess more than a passing interest, I will here transcribe his letter, which was dated at Philadelphia and read as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"Your very interesting letter was received some days since. It was not necessary for you to relate that incident which I clearly remember, to remind me of your identity. I recollect you very well for your zeal and success in the prosecution of your studies at the college.

"I have taken a little time to deliberate upon the case you describe, and to find opportunity, and will now endeavor to reply to your questions and to express some opinions and advice which occur to me in connection therewith.

"It seems that your friend is afflicted with at least a partial derangement of his understanding which affects also several of the other faculties of his mind.

By this I would not wish to be understood as believing that madness is an ideal disease seated primarily in the mind. I claim that neither the mind nor yet the liver, the spleen, the intestines nor the nerves can be the primary seat of the intellectual derangement. I believe that madness is caused by arterial disease and is seated primarily in the blood vessels of the brain.

“In the case under consideration it would be advisable to test in systematic order the various faculties of the mind; viz.: understanding, memory, imagination, the passions, faith, will, the moral faculty, conscience, and the sense of deity; to study the conversation and conduct of the patient with a view to discover which of the faculties is the seat of derangement.

“Also examine minutely into the condition of all of the organs of the body and ascertain the state of the secretions and excretions. Look for evidences of fever, for all the symptoms of fever, except a hot dry skin, occur in acute madness. Especially observe the pulse, whether it is frequent, full or tense, or morbidly slow, or natural. The pulse is almost invariably abnormally frequent in patients with intellectual derangement. Also note the appearance of the blood, which are the same as those seen in certain fevers, namely: inflammatory buff, yellow, serum and lotura carniūm.

“Judging from the account you have given of your patient he appears to be afflicted with that form of partial derangement known as Hypochondriasis, but which would better be named Tristimania. The majority of the symptoms you have mentioned, or rather his state of mind, characterize that disease. The occasional periods of mirthfulness or high spirit which alternate with the usual state of distress and cheerlessness are not unknown in this form of derangement.

“However, certain of his actions indicate that there is diseased perception, which belongs rather to mania or tonic madness, as, for instance, his ideas of the presence of insects, and mistaking persons. If these are caused by disease in the external senses, as in the

skin or in the eye, merely morbid sensations, they are of far less import than if they emanate from a disease in the brain.

“But, starting with erroneous perceptions he draws just conclusions. Thus, if the bed were full of insects a new one should be provided. Or, if his mother were present it would be proper for him to inquire after her infirmities and provide for her comfort. Tristimania sometimes results in general madness.

“I would be gratified to have you make further observations upon all the bodily functions. These observations should be followed from day to day. The symptoms may discover remissions, thus distinguishing madness from febrile delirium, in which intermissions would be more likely to occur. Also do not scruple to mention any immoral habits which the patient may have acquired.

“Considering now the probable causes of derangement, I have no evidence of the presence of any such as act directly upon the brain; local malconformations or læsions, tumors, abscesses, et cetera; nor of those which act upon the brain in common with the body, such as fevers, gout, dropsy, consumption; nor yet of those which act sympathetically.

“But your history discovers several of the causes which we know are capable of producing intellectual derangement by acting upon the body through the medium of the mind; and these, as is most frequently the case, are such as act primarily upon the heart.

“The young man has suffered from estrangement from the object of his love. He has lost his liberty. He may suffer from fears of his trial and its result. He doubtless feels the obloquy of his position before the community as a grave-robber and suspected murderer; and if guilty, which you feel sure he is not, he may be tortured with remorse or into terror at the wrath of an offended Deity. Any of these causes singly have induced madness. Hypochondriasis, which as I have said appears to be the form afflicting your friend, may even make its appearance without apparent cause.



“You will perhaps be more anxious to find a successful plan of treatment. It is with considerable confidence that I recommend to you the following course, which has often proven efficacious in similar circumstances.

“Attention should first be given to the bodily functions, and of these the most important is the pulse. If you find the pulse tense or full, or if it be depressed, lacking either tension or fullness, you will let blood, drawing a larger quantity than you would with the same state of the pulse in any other organic disease. After bleeding if there be any indications of obstruction of the abdominal viscera or torpor of the intestinal canal an active purge as calomel, jalap or aloes is most beneficial. Further benefits may be obtained in dislodging the obstructions from the viscera and exciting action in the alimentary canal by the use of emetics, thus also removing morbid excitement from the brain. If necessary you can next produce a salivation, which not only aids in relieving visceral obstructions, but conveys morbid action away from the brain through the mouth. Mercury stimulates every part of the body to action, rendering the vessels pervious to their natural juices, and in mania sore mouth also benefits the patient by changing the cause of his complaint. For the latter reason a blister, an issue or a moxa, might benefit your patient. The stimulus of the real pain upon the skin might remove those imaginary sensations attributed to insects. It is probable that your patient, being accustomed to an active life, is a hearty eater and has not reduced his diet to conform with his present inactivity. I would therefore say yet in addition to the remedies mentioned he might be restricted to a diet of vegetables of the less nutritious varieties, to be partaken of in limited quantities. Only simple drinks should be allowed.

“A sufficient use of these means will, I judge, reduce the activity of the blood vessels to a par of debility with the nervous system; and along with other

improvements in the state of the system you will observe that those periods of excitement or high spirits which are equally morbid with the state of depression, have vanished. You will then prescribe a more stimulating diet of animal food and nutritious vegetables, with old madeira or sherry wine or porter.

“At the same time a series of warm baths and sweating may be advised, followed by cold baths with frictions of the entire body and limbs.

“Among medicines, iron is most useful administered with ginger and bitters. It may be necessary to employ magnesia and other alkaline salts if the stomach is inclined to morbid acidity. The depression of tristimania is often greatly relieved by the exhilarating effects of assafœtida. A more powerful remedy than this is opium, at once calmative and cordial, and prompt in its action.

“You should advise some form of bodily exercise to take the place of the labor to which the young man was accustomed. Under the circumstances this will have to be done without the use of such tools or appliances as might serve for self-injury or escape.

“There are other remedies which act differently but with great benefit, affecting the body indirectly through the mind. You should by all means ascertain if possible the cause of the derangement, in order to apply the appropriate treatment in addition to that already described. If the cause be disappointed love you might consider the advisability of finding *binam amica* in a new mistress, whose charms would cure the wound made by the first. Or try the plan of exposing all the faults of the one estranged glaringly and continuously before him. Or excite another passion, for instance, ambition.

“If the person is pining from the loss of liberty which cannot at present be restored to him, you will have to divert his emotions into other channels, perhaps by music, or by supplying him with caged birds or small animals and potted plants, for which he may

care. In any case it is necessary that his mind be constantly and agreeably employed according to his tastes and talents, either into some useful employment or at times with games and amusements.

“If you find the mind has yielded to the weight of infamy, you will prevent the intrusion of the public and shield the patient from observation and remark. You will take pains to relate to him all the appreciative actions or words showing the esteem of those who remain his friends, and excite the latter to further proofs of their friendship. Also excite counter passions in the patient, taking care that they do not go so far as to lead to malice or revenge.

“If he suffers most from fear either of his trial or punishment, or death, or what may follow after death; or if in case of guilt he be filled with remorse, I would recommend the reading of the Bible or works founded upon it, and conversation with a sensible minister, constant employment and amusement, as before mentioned; or the reading of novels; also music, and opium.

“I have thus briefly indicated certain outlines which your knowledge of medicine and of human nature must elaborate. The case is one of great interest, involving questions not only of disease of the mind but of its relation to the law; in other words, medical jurisprudence. I sincerely hope that this young man and all others suffering from alienation of mind may be delivered out of the hand of the law, to receive the compassionate ministrations of medicine. The place for such is not the prison but the hospital.

“I shall be pleased to hear from you again at your convenience and to see you in the class room at the college. Why not attend another course and win a diploma?

“Wishing you success, both in study and in practice, I remain,

Very truly yours,

“Benjamin Rush, M. D.



"To Dr. Jonathan Brush,

"Farmerstown, Province of Maine."

I showed Dr. Rush's letter to Judge Cobb. After reading it carefully he said: "Well, that is just about what I would have expected from Dr. Rush, knowing as I do pretty well his views on pathology and his favorite line of practice. As you know, I was never quite so much in favor of depleting measures. At least I would not carry them to the degree which Dr. Rush advises. With that exception it seems to me his remarks are admirable and judicious. He certainly reasons well upon the facts you laid before him. It is very evident this is not the first case of the kind he has considered. He has thought a great deal upon such subjects." He handed back the letter.

"I shall study it carefully," said I, "and employ its suggestions of treatment as far as the condition of the patient seems to warrant. I shall watch him more closely though, and report to Dr. Rush again as he requests."

"Yes, I would do so," said the judge. "He may be able to help you. But it's so much better to *see* a patient, you know. Well, don't worry too much about Richard. We'll try and get him out of the scrape somehow. It's too bad! A fine industrious fellow!"

I took leave of the judge and, as I walked slowly homeward, fell to wondering what had become of Jim Barnes and his threatened earthquake. That Jim would make an attempt to liberate the prisoner was extremely probable. He was not given to idle threats. One morning the sheriff found upon his doorstep a roll of birch bark tied with a piece of rope made of cedar bark. The birch bark was ornamented with a rude drawing of a hand grasping a scalping knife. The sheriff showed it to me when I called to see Richard. "Indians, I guess," said I, looking at the articles.

"I guess *not*," said Sheriff Batterson, "but it's all one to me. It's plain enough what it means, and I shall be ready."

The sheriff said nothing to Mrs. Batterson about the matter; but he persuaded her to take their children and go on a long-talked-of visit to her mother. Then he hired a man to cook; and as it turned out, the man had a brother who had no stopping place and was allowed to sleep in the sheriff's apartments at night. I observed these arrangements being made and saw what it meant, but said nothing. One day as I passed the door I saw the sheriff's "cook" and the cook's "brother" carefully cleaning the sheriff's guns, while the sheriff's great savage watch dog lay watching them.

"Well," said I to myself, "if Jim carries the prisoner away it will certainly save me a great deal of trouble; but I fear the town will be roused before he succeeds and there'll be worse trouble than ever here."

And yet I could not help wishing that Jim would do as he threatened. It wore terribly upon me to think of Richard confined there, remembering as I did that it was all on account of his friendship for me that he was there, and it would be a breach of trust for me to aid him to break jail, and that if he escaped in that way he would be an exile from his home. I was baffled at his mental state and knew not what might develop in his condition. Exactly what course to pursue when his case came into court could not yet be decided. As yet there had been nothing further discovered about the murder that would tend to clear him. And although there was nothing against him but mere circumstances, I looked forward toward the trial with great apprehension.

Jim's "earthquake" would be a relief. I grew to really wish for its advent, and between worrying and wishing, I found myself upon the alert every dark night.

## CHAPTER XIX.

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SIMPLE JERRY AND BRUSH WITNESS A RACE—BRUSH IS  
LOSING POPULARITY IN FARMERSTOWN.

**A**FFAIRS were still in this uncomfortable and anxious state, with Richard in jail, and myself in a quandary and very miserable, when something happened.

One day I was riding home from Pike's Corners by the pleasant Upper Road, as it is called, shaded as it is by the woods on the right and fringed by blackberry bushes growing in the fence corners on the left. The Upper-road as it passes the Wilson farm quite overlooks the Lower-road, only a single field, at that time in oat stubble, intervening. I had overtaken Simple Jerry and his herd, and as this point was nearly two miles from town, and a little farther than they were accustomed to wander, I had warned him that the sun was getting low, to which he only laughed and said, "We come home bimeby." Jerry always talked of himself and his cattle as "we," saying "We don't like this grass," or "We don't like to get wet."

Suddenly Jerry's quick ear caught an unusual sound, and on looking as he did, down across the stubble field, I beheld an unusual sight. It was that of a man running along the road, while less than a quarter of a mile in his rear came a straggling party of horsemen at a gallop, shouting with excitement, followed by men in several wagons lashing their teams to keep up with the riders. Evidently the man on foot was being pursued, and a turn in the road having given his pursuers a sight of their prey, the excitement ensued which attracted us. As they came nearly oppo-













site to us the pursuers with their horses and wagons were so close upon the fugitive that he forsook the road, leapt the fence toward us, and ran diagonally across the stubble field. As he cleared the fence what was my astonishment to see that he was Richard Henry. And then I recognized Sheriff Batterson in the wagon with one of his deputies. The horsemen and others were evidently a hastily gathered posse. The prisoner had broken jail, and here was a race for freedom. As Richard jumped the fence the sheriff stopped his team, while he sprang out, releasing that huge savage deer-hound of his, which he immediately set upon the fleeing man. The deputies and some of the horsemen had guns, and as the great hound bounded over the fence with an impatient bark, my heart sank within me for the fate of my dear friend. Yet what could I do to help him? He came running with speed and ease, and I remember that even in that moment of intense anxiety I wondered that a man confined for weeks could show such power and suppleness of limb and such good wind. But the great hound is nearly upon him and the guns are cracking, while little puffs of dust show where the bullets or the shot strike the dry earth of the field. Thank God! He is not hit yet. Just then a rabbit sprang up in the fugitive's path and fled on before. Richard looked back and called to the hound, who obediently bounded ahead in pursuit of the rabbit. Again a couple of guns cracked, but Richard gave no heed apparently to men or guns. He was watching the dog, who had caught the rabbit, but released it, dead, at a word of command. Richard patted the canine upon the head, picked up the rabbit and continued his flight at a rapid trot, which indeed he had scarcely slackened.

Man and dog were on the best of terms, the beast leaping and frolicking. They approached the fence which divided the field from the upper road, and crossed it quickly. At this instant Richard caught sight of me. I was hurriedly leading my horse toward him. I ran to him, urging him to take my horse. But

he only waved me back, saying, "No, no, Brush," plunged into the woods at the far side of the road, the great hound frolicking behind, and was gone. At that instant Simple Jerry came running down the road bawling "Richard, Richard," and chased them into the woods; but came back crying "All gone, all gone," and, being in a great state of excitement after what he had witnessed, he fell to hallooing, laughing, and screaming, with a score of pitiaibly uncouth actions and grimaces, while his wild cries were echoed and re-echoed from the woods. Meantime the pursuers had given up the chase, few of them crossing the first fence. They seemed to see that their game was too fleet for them; and (as I afterwards learned) they had caught an indistinct glimpse of figures moving on the road above (which figures were those of Jerry and the cattle and myself), and half suspected some ambush or uncanny surprise prepared for them.

I rode on into the town, which I found again in a state of great agitation. When it was discovered that the prisoner had escaped from the jail, the sheriff had at once raised an alarm, and, hastily gathering a posse, had put the hound in leash on the trail, and rushed away, followed by an excited mob of half of the men and boys in town, including farmers who had come to trade and whose horses stood saddled in the street.

The people were now returning from the chase, bringing all kinds of accounts of the escape. One story, which particularly caught my attention, was that a party of Indians had been seen hiding along the Upper Road; that the prisoner had run directly among them, and that he and the Indians had escaped into the woods with howls of defiance and derision. Some of the foremost of the pursuers were the last to return, and two of these had recognized me upon the Upper Road. At last I succeeded in getting an account of the affair from the sheriff himself. "Why," said Sheriff Batterson, "I don't know how it happened any more than anybody else. I carried in his supper my-



self and then locked him into the cell while I brought an armful of boughs for his bed. You know how particular he was to have them changed. I threw the boughs on the floor and unlocked the cell door and came out, and was eating my supper when I thought it was queer I hadn't heard Richard come out of the cell to eat his'n—we could generally hear plain enough through the p'tition—though sometimes he would get sullen and refuse a meal. So I went in agen to look what was the matter, but he wasn't in the day-room, and when I looked into the cell I couldn't see him. Still I didn't think much about that, for you know he often fooled that way, hidin' in the corners and all that, and I expected any minute to hear him burst into a laugh or some nonsense; so I says out loud, 'Come on, Richard; none o' yer tricks,' and begun kicking at the bunk and shovin' my foot under to see if he was there. And then I felt up in the corner and all round, and bye and bye it struck me that he wa'n't there at all. Ye see he acted up that way every day an' every day for so long that I got used to it. Well, when I found out he was gone you know what happened after that."

But this did not explain how Richard cleared the jail; and now that the first flush of astonishment at his escape was a little overpast, I felt a strong curiosity to learn the manner in which it had been accomplished. A similar curiosity seized upon many persons in the crowd, so that a large gathering would have accompanied the sheriff to and into the jail; but he exercised his authority by driving back all excepting a few, who were permitted to enter the building. Talking with the sheriff, I entered beside him, followed by several others, among whom I remember seeing Jabez Holcomb, somewhat under the influence of liquor, and Dr. Snodgrass; though how the latter had heard the news at his home at the edge of the town and spirited himself down to the jail so quickly was strange to me. But he always was peering about un-

expectedly. And there were two of the select-men and one of Batterson's deputies.

"I always know'd Richard would get away," suddenly blurted out Holcomb as we stood in the "day-room" of the jail.

Sheriff Batterson looked at him quickly and suspiciously, saying, "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh," said Holcomb, "I don't mean that I knowed *how* he was going to get out. Ye needn't be takin' my measure for no bracelets, Mr. Sheriff. But you know that Richard was that eternal sharp. I says to myself, says I, 'That lad'll never stay in jail any longer than just till he gets a good ready, and then, by the Holy Pirate, he'll go out.' Why, you could head that chap up in a cask and give him a jackknife and he'd make it into two casks and give you back one, and"—

"Oh, you're talking stuff," said Batterson. "You've been sitting too near a cask yourself and got its breath."

"I'm just as sober as you are," said Holcomb, bristling. "I ain't been drunk since election day, when I voted for you for sheriff, and if I hadn't been drunk then I wouldn't 'a' done it. Now, lemme tell you what Richard can do. He can tell you how tall a tree is by measurin' its shadder on the ground. I seen him do it. He just steps off the shadder of the tree, looks at his own shadder, works his eyebrows like this a couple of times, and tells you within a foot how tall the tree is. You can't keep a feller like that any place he don't want to stay."

"Now, my friends," said I, "let us look about and see if we can discover how the escape was effected." So upon my questioning the sheriff, he detailed minutely all the occurrences of the afternoon, while we all looked at the latches and locks of the doors and the bars of the windows, and tried the puncheons of the floor to see if any were loose, and pounded upon the logs of the wall and scrutinized them closely to see if they were solid and immovable. To the floor of the

cell we gave great attention, and the slabs which formed the ceiling were duly inspected, but no one claimed to discover any clue to the mystery. I did see something which satisfied me as leading to a solution of the problem, but I thought prudent to keep it to myself for the time. I hardly thought it possible that Richard would be retaken and confined there again, but I did think it would do no harm to let the people puzzle for a while over the escape of my ingenious friend. But there was another reason for my silence. I did not want to be the person to make the discovery, lest it might be said that I knew of it before.

Finally we all shook our heads and gave up the problem and agreed to come again by daylight, for it was now quite dark and our examination had been made by candle light.

"By all that's thick and thin!" said Holcomb, staring unsteadily at the narrow crack beneath the door, "*my* opinion is that he jest *leaked* out."

Coming out of the jail we found that the people had dispersed to their homes, and for the first time I realized that I was hungry, having had no supper.

So I hastened home, with what rejoicing at heart over the escape of my friend I cannot describe.

At the supper table I needs must relate the incidents of the afternoon to my good landlady and her spouse, who plied me with many questions and encouraged me with many exclamations of wonder as I proceeded; but at last, escaping to my own quarters, I passed the rest of the evening in smothering my satisfaction, pacing the floor, gesticulating with my arms and chuckling to myself, or pausing to study out the steps of the prisoner's successful maneuvers. That which I had observed upon our examination of the jail was simply this: After the cell door had been opened and shut by us, the upper hinge appeared a trifle loosened away from the casement. Leaning against this with my shoulder, as it were to rest me, the hinge was readily pushed back to its place. Reasoning from this, to-



gether with Sheriff Batterson's account of the occurrences of the afternoon, I formed a conclusion as to the manner in which Richard's escape was effected, and I afterward found this to be the true solution.

It appears Richard had worked loose the large wrought-nails which held the hinges of the cell door to the casement, and had substituted for them wooden pins, the heads of which he had whittled into an exact imitation of the iron nail-heads, and then blackened with candle snuff and grease to the right color. The pins supported the hinges perfectly, but were so smoothly fitted into their holes and greased that by pressing upon the inside of the door the hinges could be pushed away from the casement, and when the heavy hasp was held by the lock, the cell door, by a little support, would swing upon the hasp as upon a hinge. All this Richard had prepared at leisure, taking many an hour, and doubtless he had frequently come out of his cell after being locked therein. But he had watched, with all the patience of an angler, for an opportunity to pass the outer door. He had seen the opportunity in the custom of the jailer of leaving that door open while he brought in the prisoner's meals or bundle of boughs. He had chosen his time on this particular evening. After the jailer entered with his supper, which he placed upon the table, locked the prisoner in the cell, and went out after the boughs, leaving the outer door open behind him, Richard had pushed open the cell door, emerged from the cell, instantly replaced the hinges, and glided behind the outer door. There he stood until the jailer entered and stepped across the room with his huge bundle of boughs before him. As the jailer's back was toward him, the prisoner quietly slipped out through the door, passed round behind the jail, and coolly walked away down the unfrequented lane towards the outskirts of town. The wily trickster! How I rejoiced at his shrewdness! But how could he run and jump when discovered and pursued! That was remarkable in a man who had been confined

for months. Ah, but that secret was explained by his jumpings and prancings and cavortings in the jail. To what other end were these designed but to preserve his strength and suppleness and power of heart and lungs! And I wondered whether his lunacy was not altogether a feigning and pretense. A lack of reason might serve as a reason for his daily gymnastic antics without exciting suspicion of their purpose, and it is plain that sulking in his cell and his childish game of hide-and-seek put the sheriff off his guard for several minutes, during which the prisoner was making good use of his legs toward the free forest. I presume that if he did not succeed in escaping before he came to trial, and the worst came to the worst, he intended to make some other use of his pretended mental unsoundness; but now I did not believe he would need anything but his own keen wits and ready skill exercised in a natural way. To many persons it would be little better than death to be chased into a wild forest at approach of night, but to this woodsman and hunter, once he was away from the vicinity of the town he would feel quite at his ease. I doubted not that he had flint and steel in his pocket, or would rub two sticks to make a fire, and have broiled rabbit for supper. A snare that he would make of a bent sapling and a withe would bring him another for breakfast; or he could visit some settler's garden or cornfield, or, indeed, his hens' nests. Wild berries were plentiful and fish easily caught. In times past I had seen Richard knock a quail out of a covey with a well-directed stone. He would not starve. He knew the country perfectly for many miles around and could readily make his way to some hunter's or lumberman's camp. In fact, I did not know but that Jim or some of his many friends in the woods were waiting for him with gun and fishing tackle and perhaps with a birch bark canoe; and they would defy the hardiest dogs and men who might dare attempt to follow them. Ah, Dick, my dear fellow! If people had seen a few

undignified capers that I cut that night in the privacy of my own rooms they might have supposed that you had left your mania to me!

Next day as I went up through the village I observed here and there among the people certain looks and glances directed toward me of which I suspected the meaning, though I gave no outward sign of even observing anything unusual.

I soon encountered the inevitable Mrs. Plunkett.

"Why, Doctor Brush!" said that amiable lady. "Here you are a-walkin' around lookin' as cool as a cucumber an' as modest as an angel when you're the talk of the town. You an' that young Henry. Of course I don't believe everything I hear. An' I don't say nothing; that's the best way, not to say nothing. An' I always thought lots of ye. An' some folks says they don't blame you much after all, bein' as you an' him was such friends; but the most o' people is scandalized at such goin's on."

"What *are* you talking about?" said I, thinking it prudent to learn the trend of public opinion.

"O, it ain't *me* that's talking about it at all. But they do say that—now you won't be mad at me, will you, fer just telling what folks is sayin'?—they do say that you helped him to get out,—you and the Indians—and to git away, you see, being a great friend I was trying not to—I 'didn't want his trial to come off, you see—because—O, now you are mad at me."

"Was I looking mad?" said I. "That's strange. I was trying not to—I didn't want his trial to come off, because'—"

"Well, don't be mad at *me*, anyhow. It wasn't *me* said it. I never say nothing. That's my rule, not to say nothing—but they said you was afraid if they was a trial other things would come out about that woman, whoever she was.—Now you *are* mad."

"It is surprising," said I, "that I should fail to seem pleased to hear of the interest my fellow-citizens are taking in me. Good morning to you."



"But you never *did* tell who she was, Dr. Brush!" said she in a tone that had something of arraignment in it, while her eyes gleamed yellow and her dewlap shook with the snapping of her jaws. I turned back to answer.

"I never tell what I don't know," said I, "and that might be a better rule for you than 'never to say nothing.'"

"Some folks says you don't tell what you *do* know, or some of these mysterious deaths and things would be explained," remarked the amiable dame.

"Who says that?" I demanded.

"Well, not me. You needn't get so savage. I never say nothing—that's the best way, not—"

"Yes, I know that's your invariable custom," said I. "But—unless you want to appear in court and give your authority, you'd better not be repeating so much of what other folks say." I walked on.

Before the day was over I observed plenty of indications that I was being discussed in a way not very flattering to me, to say the least.

And one thing I heard, that while it was not directed against me personally, filled me with disgust as effectually as the utterances of slander. My landlady, Mrs. Baxter, was as free from gossip as any woman with the use of two ears and a tongue is apt to remain in a village. That was one reason I found it convenient to lodge at the Baxter homestead. She sometimes brought news home, but she seldom, to my knowledge, had carried away any information concerning me or the patients who came to see me. She had met Mrs. Holcomb in the store, and they had spoken of Richard's escape, and Mrs. Holcomb said it was "wonderful what a strengthening effect tractoration must have had, or a man penned up in the house so long could never run and jump like that. Of course tractoration had nothing to do with his breaking jail; but it was wonderful how it had strengthened him." I thought the source of that idea was neither "far afield nor

hard to find," as Mrs. Magruder would have said; for Dr. Stikes was still visiting the tavern to Perkinize Amanda. I always knew he was shrewd, as well as envious of the patronage I had won in Farmerstown. I had no doubt that while he was making remarks in favor of Perkinism and Dr. Stikes, he also threw out a few sly hints derogatory to Dr. Brush.

I did not know how far people would go in their suspicions of me, nor how openly they would express them in my hearing; but from day to day I felt more distinctly the current of public opinion turning against me, and the evidence of my waning popularity becoming more offensive; and when this had proceeded until as I walked abroad in the evenings at dusk the urchins hidden behind the fence at the street corners shouted: "Body snatcher! Body snatcher!" and other imps echoed: "Jail breaker! Jail breaker!" I felt that my surroundings were, to say the least, growing uncongenial.

## CHAPTER XX.

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A BIRTH AT THE ORDINARY—HOLCOMB DISCOURSES ON  
JAMISON—BRUSH EXPERIMENTS WITH A VESICATORY  
—HE DECIDES TO LEAVE TOWN.

**A**S TIME wore on I found myself very much depressed in spirits. I could not banish from my mind the remembrance of Mrs. Gray; and then followed all the troublesome events down to the time when I felt myself under suspicion of I knew not how many crimes, and coldly received in many quarters wherein I had been previously welcomed. To be sure, I still had many good friends. For instance, Judge Cobb and his family never exhibited the slightest change in their friendship. But such people do not make up the majority of any community. I missed Richard's companionship; and grieved to think of his absence from his home, where he was so much needed, and from Dorothy, who was to have been his bride ere this. I quietly arranged to have the crop on the Henry farm cared for, but that was not the same as having Richard at home instead of wandering an outlaw, no one knew where.

Bye and bye I was forced to acknowledge to myself that I had become very discontented and restless. I still attended to my practice, although calls seemed to be less frequent than formerly, and still decreasing in frequency. This falling off in patronage became so evident as to be noticed by others as well as myself. One evening at tea Mr. Baxter remarked: "It appears like it's getting very healthy this month, eh, doctor?"

"There doesn't seem to be as much sickness as usual," said I.



"You ain't had old Blade saddled for two days now, have ye?" he went on.

"I have been walking more than riding of late," said I; "but it will not hurt old Blade to fatten up a little."

"Don't you lament about it, anyway," said Mrs. Baxter, consolingly. "Just fatten yourself up a little too. You'll be busy enough after awhile again. Ain't we seen the time you'd have been glad enough for an hour's rest?"

"But how do you account for it anyhow, doctor?" said Mr. Baxter, bluntly.

"Why, Ezry Baxter!" exclaimed his wife reprovingly.

"I don't mind answering the question between ourselves," said I. "I think that recent events and the advantage that has been taken of them by a few who didn't like me, have made me somewhat unpopular of late. Besides I think that the Rev. Mr. Whitehall is encroaching a little on the medical line. I understand that he has become the possessor of a pair of tractors with which, so he says, he 'goes about doing good.'"

"Yes, he's got 'em and no mistake," said Mrs. Baxter, "and goes wherever he hears that anybody is complaining and wants to cure them or sell them a pair to cure themselves with."

"Has he got everybody saved now, and nothing more to do in the speritual line?" inquired Mr. Baxter dryly.

"Why, Ezry! How you talk," said his wife.

"Well it seems to me," said I rather testily, "that the spiritual needs of this community might have afforded ample field for the exercise of the most philanthropic spirit in the duties properly belonging to the high calling which he professed."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Mr. Baxter. "Now don't you leave off doctoring and go to preaching."

"No danger, I assure you," I responded. "But

there is no doubt that the Rev. Mr. Whitehall is spending the most of his time nowadays in spreading the gospel according to Saint Perkins."

"I guess you're right about that, doctor," said Mrs. Baxter, "and no mistake. I've heard him at it myself. Down at the store day before yesterday there he was a-talking to Mr. Pritchett and some more. 'That's one of the beauties of Perkinism,' he was sayin', 'it is so simple it can be used by anyone, even a layman; or patients can be taught to use the tractors upon each other, and it's perfectly harmless,' says he, 'if it don't do any good, it won't do any harm,' says he, 'in any case or condition. No community should be without several sets of tractors. In fact they ought to be in every house,' says he. 'You ought to have a pair for family use, Mr. Pritchett.' 'I ain't got much of a family,' says Mr. Pritchett, tryin' to edge away. 'Only me and my sister, and we're as healthy as two pine knots.'

"'That's something to thank the Lord for,' says Mr. Whitehall, 'an' show your thankfulness by bein' good to your neighbors that ain't blessed with health and worldly goods, says he; 'now considering their efficiency in so many diseases, and their lasting qualities, they're dirt cheap at twenty-five dollars, Mr. Pritchett, and what's that but a trifle to a man in your position, Mr. Pritchett,' says he, and that's the way he went on."

"I presume, however," said I, "that Mr. Whitehall received his set as a present from the manufacturers or at a large discount from the regular price. I understand that it is their custom, owing, no doubt, to the well known missionary spirit of the clergy, in consideration of the good they will bring the community, not to mention the manufacturer."

But there was one kind of pains I never knew of Mr. Whitehall's attacking with the tractors. Not but what they were considered amenable to a degree at least, and no doubt he would have been on hand if

allowed. But when Mrs. Darnall in the pursuit of her vocation, got into difficulties, it was Dr. Brush the women called for—and would have, and even more frequently than Dr. Stikes. Mrs. Darnall prided herself on being able to get along at a birth without a doctor in any ordinary case; and in her opinion it was hardly decent to have a man-doctor anyway. But exigencies did appear that overcame even her prejudice and obstinacy. Thus it came about that I was summoned to the tavern to the aid of Honora Magruder Holcomb. Mother Holcomb was in the room. Mother Magruder likewise had been notified and was present with her motherly counsel. Mrs. Plunkett was there and several more of the neighbors. As I entered the sickroom, Mrs. Darnall was explaining to the women how extraordinary it was that it became necessary for her to call a doctor. Then the women regaled the patient and each other with graphic accounts of their own experiences, as well as all the dangerous cases of the kind of which they had ever heard, together with numerous broad jokes more or less relevant to the subject; and yet nobody's sense of modesty seemed seriously disturbed by all this indelicacy, as far as I could observe.

But levity was put aside by the patient's serious condition, the particulars of which I shall not detail. It would have been better if a physician had been sooner at hand. Suffice it to say that my forceps did their work beautifully and left not a scratch nor scar.

When the boy bawled lustily, Mrs. Plunkett, who had no children, remarked, "There! You hear that, Nora! That's the kind of noise you'll have at your house from now on."

"Niver you moind, my girl," answered Mother Magruder, "Ef ye havn't any to cry fer ye, ye havn't any to laugh fer ye."

That reminded me of the time when Mrs. Harris' baby toddled to the river bank and fell over, and was carried to death in the rapids, and the heartbroken



mother wailed that she "could never hear the little fellow laugh any more;" it was Mrs. Magruder who sought to comfort her by saying, "Never moind, me dear, ef ye havn't any to laugh fer ye, ye havn't any to cry fer ye, naythor."

By this time Jabez Holcomb with a steaming bowl of punch appeared, stamping about on a new wooden leg, and "feeling almighty young for a grandfather," as he declared. It was evident that he had been steaming his face over a punch bowl for some time previously. When everybody had drunk in honor of the boy, and again of the mother, and again of the father, and again of the grandparents, the neighbor women took their departure, after promising to come in on the morrow or any time they were sent for and do anything more that was needed; though in what particular way they had been useful thus far was not apparent to me. Jabez was in fine spirits, and completely ignored his wife's advice that he "go off to bed and be quiet." He suddenly bethought him that the doctor's health had not been drunk, and was for calling back all the women to perform that neglected ceremony. He protested again and again that the omission was unintentional, and declared his opinion that my health should have been drunk first of all, as there wouldn't have been any birth at all if it hadn't been for me, whom he solemnly pronounced, "By the Eternal Jehosaphat, the — — — best doctor on either side of the Atlantic."

"You know I always liked you, Doc," he continued, growing almost affectionate in his manner and tone as he became more intoxicated, "and if I always had my way, there wouldn't never another — — — doctor excepting you ever cross my threshold. None of yer old death'shead pow-wow-chiefs for me!" He drew down his face with mock solemnity and passed his hands slowly through the air in an unmistakable imitation of Dr. Stikes using the tractors.

"Go to bed, Jabez," said his wife, "and be quiet."

"Go to bed yourself and be quiet, if you want somebody to go to bed and be quiet," retorted Jabez. "I like a little excitement myself, and we ain't had nothing to stir us up since my Lord Jamison was here. I say, Doc, that was a blade. I'm a mind to tell you about Jamison."

"We might go to the barroom and talk," I suggested. "Nora may get a headache."

"That's so, Doc. Come in here 'and be quiet,' as the old woman says."

We seated ourselves at a small table in the barroom. Holcomb placed the punch bowl between us, which reminded him that we had not yet drunk my health. This led to profuse apologies; and nothing would do but the omitted ceremony be performed at once, Jabez himself undertaking to personify each of the absent women in turn and treating himself to her portion of the punch. I knew that there would be no rest for my patient until Jabez went off to bed, and so resolved to remain a little longer. Once I complained of being sleepy and suggested that I must go, as it was bedtime.

"Now don't *you* begin that, Doc. Ain't it enough that I've got the old woman tellin' me to 'go to bed and be quiet?' You set right where you are. I'm going to tell you about Jamison. It's agen my principle to talk about people that comes here to my tavern; but you're like one of the family, Doc, and you know when to keep your mouth shut. There's some peculiar things about that man Jamison. When he first come here he was nothing uncommon till he got into that land business. Then he got more and more excited about it every day and talked to me here every night about people flocking in and building houses and factories and roads, and the Lord knows what; and about the money he had coming to him from the old country, and how much money he was going to make and distribute around. But all that time he drank nothing—no more than you do. Say, Doc, you

ain't drinking your liquor. Lemme fill up your glass. There now. Drink that now 'an' be quiet.' All at once my lord took to drinkin', and I couldn't fill him up. He'd swaller enough for two men and then go off trampin' through the woods for hours and maybe days, and come back here for more liquor. He never got stupid with drink. He could cheat at cards just as well drunk as sober. But he got wild like. One night he got up and went through the house, tryin' every door, beginning at Mirandy's, and had the women frightened till its a wonder they didn't raise the town. But I made them keep mum; and I got after him and he ran right in here and grabbed up a chair and swung it around his head and smashed a table to pieces with it, and then fell over on the floor in a swoond or a fit like, an' there he laid and snored an' snored. After a while he come to and he was as sober as a judge, and never said a word about what he'd done. Nor I didn't; nor talk any more about his great plans. He behaved very humble to the women, and went to visit Judge Cobb."

"Where is he now?" I inquired.

"Lord knows, maybe, I don't. You don't expect me to look after people after they leave my roof, do you? It's as much as I can do to watch them while they're here. Got to go now, Doc? You ought to keep a tavern. Then you'd learn how to stay up nights. Good night, Doc."

"Good night, Holcomb."

"Hold on, Doc, I want to tell you something."

"Well, what is it?" He followed me to the door.

"Lemme whisper to you, Doc, so's you won't ferget it—You go home now, an' 'go to bed and be quiet.' Ho-ho-ho. Ha-ha-ha."

I turned over in my mind more than once Holcomb's account of Mr. Jamison. It corresponded with my own observations upon that gentleman and his different moods. As Holcomb had said there appeared to be some peculiar things about the man. I wondered



whether he had abandoned his great project; or had gone away temporarily on business connected with it, and if so when he would return to Farmerstown. He interested me as a new character and a somewhat strange one. Little did I at that time suspect how much he was yet to occupy my thoughts or in what undreamed of ways we were to be associated. But of all that in due time.

Notwithstanding occasional interesting incidents, life became extremely dull to me. I endeavored to pursue a course of reading. I made several additions to my botanical collection, but all these things seemed to interest me very little.

I gave good attention to such patients as were under my care. Ashabel Watkins had recovered, although he was still weak. Bud Harkness with his arm had given me great anxiety. At one time the inflammation had run so high that gangrene threatened, and I hourly expected to be compelled to amputate the dis-tempered limb.

Now I had for a long time been pursuing a series of experiments to ascertain the value as a vesicatory of a species of Meloid beetle, known in some parts of the country as a variety of potato bug. It was known among the farmers that the accidental crushing of one of these bugs upon the skin would produce a blister, and it had occurred to me that the indigenous species might be equally useful for medical purposes as the imported cantharides. The insect is smaller than the famous Spanish fly, which, with the exception of its color, it much resembles. The head is of light red color, and the black antennae have the third joint longer than the second. The elytra are black, and as is common to the Meloe, do not entirely cover the sides. They have pale yellow margins and a stripe of the same adorns the middle of each of the wing cases. The tarsi are five-jointed. The mouth has mandibular processes and palpi. I collected a number of them, which was an easy task, as they abounded plentifully

upon the potato plants as well as some other vegetables and weeds. I dried and powdered the insects and made a plaster with the powder, and in many trials I found them to possess all the qualities of the *Cantharis Vesicatorius*, and to be even more certain in operation. I also experimented to determine whether these peculiar properties pertained to any particular part of the fly, and found that all parts of the insect were similarly endowed, as a plaster made from the elytra gave the same effect as one made from the legs, and so on with other parts of the creature. As to the effects produced in cases of disease, they were the same as have made the Spanish fly so useful to physician and patient. I could give in detail numerous cases showing their effects.

Being at the same time in attendance upon Bud's case, which was in the serious state I have described, it occurred to me to try whether this beetle would produce a blister upon the almost gangrenous part, as it did upon sound integuments. What was my gratification to find that the application of the vesicatory not only relieved the congestion, but improved the circulation to a great degree, and from that on the case progressed more favorably. I considered this very remarkable and could find no account in such books as were at my command of cantharides being used in gangrene.

At my leisure I completed and recorded my experiments with the beetle, which I trust may be of use to practitioners residing in this country, as a matter of convenience and likewise economy. The imported flies retail at ten to sixteen dollars the pound while the native cost nothing but the small trouble of gathering and drying them. Besides I think we ought to study and utilize the products of our own country. I wrote to my good preceptor, Dr. Ainstie, an account of my studies with the beetle, for I knew it would please and interest him.

Still I found the place dull, and I was more and

more annoyed by the altered manner of my fellow-townsmen toward me. I had been wont to take an interest, as I think every citizen should, in the political occurrences and opinions of the day, which were frequently discussed by groups, or, as the presidential election approached, by larger gatherings of men at the store or tavern. Here the federalists on the one hand and the anti-federalists, or as they are latterly become, the republicans (by some called democrats) upon the other hand, held wordy arguments, and the Constitution, neutrality or a French alliance, alien and sedition laws and state rights were handled with all the zeal and noise, if not with the learning, of a senate or house of representatives. The names of Washington and Adams, Hamilton, Marshall and Jay, and of Jefferson and Burr were used with a license becoming men born free and equal. At such informal debates, I had sometimes been a casual listener and not infrequently called upon for an expression of opinion or a decision in the dispute. But now, if I chanced to approach such a group of amateur statesmen and patriots, my presence was apt to be little regarded; and I acknowledged myself growing more and more apathetic. So the summer wore on. I do not remember just when the thought came to me of leaving Farmerstown, at least for a winter, and taking another course of lectures at a medical college, nor whether the suggestion in Dr. Rush's letter set me to thinking about it, but when I once entertained the idea it seemed to grow in favor and to have many arguments to show its advantages. I need not enumerate them. I had always intended to take another course and secure the M. D., and when could I expect a more favorable time? I could now afford it. My practice at Farmerstown had done that much for me. But my prospects there at present were under a cloud. That might be only temporary. Absence for a time in a laudable cause might have its advantages. It seemed like defeat to leave the field to my rivals. What a change in my prospects had come about



through the affair of Mrs. Gray! A change equally great had taken place within me; what it was I could not define. I thought it all over carefully, not even failing to question the prudence of hazarding my health in one of the great cities; for it was reported that intermittents of irregular type and even cases of yellow fever had occurred in both New York and Philadelphia. But what right has a doctor to fear any disease? I took time to consider the plan in all its bearings and consulted a few friends.

No matter now for the *pros* and *cons*. I finally decided to leave.

## CHAPTER XXI.

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DR. BRUSH TAKES LEAVE OF FARMERSTOWN, AND THEN  
VISITS AT HIS HOME, AND ALSO AT DR. AINSTIE'S  
RESIDENCE.

**M**Y DECISION to leave Farmerstown marked the closing of one volume of my history and the opening of another equally uninteresting in some portions, but in others filled with greater events than any I had yet passed through. I proceeded promptly to wind up my affairs there. It was not without many regrets and some misgivings that I took this step, but having once decided upon it I lost no time. I have made it one of the rules of my life to "Never lose time between planning and acting. Having once fairly decided to do a thing—do it." I had written to the folks at home and to my preceptor, Dr. Ainstie, of my intentions. In his reply Dr. Ainstie discussed my situation, taking a view somewhat less gloomy than my own, but in the end bidding me rely upon mine own judgment. He then inquired whether I had repeated Signor Volta's beautiful demonstration of the galvanic influence, which I might easily do with pieces of zinc and silver and iron or other metal and simple materials, in a way he described. Also he informed me that he had just heard that a man in Claverack, New York, had made castor oil from the seeds by expression and that it was quite as good as that imported from the West Indies; which was another evidence of the many resources of our country. Thus did that worthy physician ever interest himself and seek to engage my attention upon every improvement that was going forward.

In closing his letter Dr. Ainstie wrote, "If you do make a journey to Philadelphia, I have a traveling companion for you. Now do not allow your imagination too much liberty in portraying the wit and beauty of that companion. Of course, you shall be free to refuse the charge if you like; but it will be time enough to discuss that question when you come to Hanley.

"With sentiments of friendship and much regard,  
I remain,

Cordially yours,

"ANDREW AINSTIE."

I shall not deny that I could not refrain from indulging in some little speculation upon this paragraph in the letter from my genial preceptor. But although my guesses ranged from the Widow Barlow, who made annual visits to her grandchildren in the southern part of Massachusetts, to pretty Harriette Marlowe, who, sister Martha had written me, had been talking of going to Boston to school, I had no way of knowing which, if any, of my surmises were correct.

In arranging my affairs and taking leave of my friends and patrons at Farmerstown I never once intimated that my absence might be longer than until the following spring, lest it might fall out that I would be very glad to return to my old haunts and resume practice in the village and adjacent country.

When I went to say goodbye to Mrs. Henry, that poor good woman made me feel very sorry indeed that I was leaving. She had received no news from Richard yet, and I knew missed him sorely. She was very lonely and would be even more so when I was gone from the town, she said. The Whittleseys were very good to her. Either Dorothy or one of the boys came in to see her nearly every day.

I encouraged her the best I could, explaining further the arrangements I had made to have her farm-work done, assuring her that Richard would make his way in the world anywhere, and would surely come back or send for her when it was safe for him to do so.



I went to the Whittleseys to bid them farewell, and asked Dorothy to walk with me down to the churchyard to see if Sweet had set up the tombstone I had ordered for Mrs. Gray. She consented. We took the route that Richard and I had traversed on that memorable night, and we talked of him, and of the woman who lies in the churchyard. Dorothy was in a softened mood. I had ere now quite dismissed from my mind any dark suspicion connecting her with the tragedy. That mystery yet remained as deep as ever. I believed—I was determined, that I would sometime solve it. My failure thus far had not in the least weakened but only strengthened my determination, for since boyhood I have made this one of my guiding maxims: "It is the man of fixed purpose and persistent will who wins." Dorothy had seemed more thoughtful and mature for some weeks past. Her sorrow and her thoughtfulness had lent refinement to her beauty. I admired her always for her simple frankness, and of late for many cardinal virtues in their natural growth; but I scarcely knew till now how strong was the honest friendship that had grown between us. We had a long talk.

We found that Mr. Sweet or his agent Dr. Snodgrass had erected a stone according to agreement. It was a modest headstone of pure white marble and bore upon one side the inscription (which, however, was not selected by Mr. Sweet or his agent):

"Shall not God search this out?

For he knoweth the secrets of the heart."

Ps. XLIV, 21.

Upon the other side we read:

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,  
for thereby some have entertained angels  
unawares."

Heb. XII, 2.

Dorothy said she would plant myrtle on the grave, and she promised to write to me, and if there was any news of Richard to write at once. But if not, she

would write anyway. And there we clasped each other's hands and said goodbye.

I went home to continue my arrangements for leaving.

My piece of land I retained as an investment. My few pieces of furniture I left in care of the Baxters. With "Blade," my horse, I was loath to part, and not finding a ready buyer at prices to suit me neither for the horse nor for a yoke of steers, and a few head of cows and calves which I possessed, I determined to transport them all to my father's farm. Having made arrangements with Captain Griggs of the schooner "Adventurer," at Bangor, I have the livestock, my baggage and myself carried to Boston whence I drove the stock through the country to Hanley, and so on home. On leaving Boston I passed in sight of Dr. Harrington's Inoculation Hospital, which reminded me of my experience there and furnished food for thought during many a mile of my journey. I arrived safe at home and found as I expected a warm welcome, and spent several days in visiting, and rambling over the old farm. One day I needs must spend at sister Martha's house. It stood on the Jasper farm two miles distant across and adown the intervale but in plain sight of our dooryard and Martha's Rainbow and the evergreen bower where her lover had come a-courting. Liberty Jasper, now Martha's husband, was and is an honest, manly strapping fellow, one of the best farmers in the neighborhood and captain of the Finley's Corners militia. They had an extra attraction at the house—a little baby daughter. This, of course, was the most marvellous infant in the world; and really I had to admit that it was uncommonly pretty, and clever for its age. Then Martha had her house to show me; and she rustled about it with the prettiest airs of matronly pride, and a grace of movement that few women can equal. It delighted my heart to see the dear girl so happily situated. They chaffed me about my increasing age and good looks as sister said, and wondered I wasn't married already.

I denied any probability of such an event within my present knowledge—and fell to thinking of her we had called Mrs. Gray.

“Never you mind!” said Martha, shaking her curls ominously at me. “You’re very hard to please. But if you ever *do* fall in love it’ll be a desperate case. That’s generally the way.”

I rode over to Hanley one morning to visit Dr. Ainstie. He greeted me cordially, calling me “My dear boy.” Miss Mattie was scarcely one whit less cordial than the doctor. For an instant I thought she was going to kiss me, and believe yet it was in her heart to do so; but she did not. She held my hand until she had backed me into one of the easiest of easy chairs. Then she got Dr. Ainstie’s slippers, dropped them at his feet where he sat, and left us, looking back from the door with the greatest satisfaction as we settled down comfortably to talk. Our correspondence had by no means left us devoid of matter for conversation, but only maintained our friendship and furnished an hundred subjects which needed further discussion. I must tell him about my practice in Farmerstown, an account of which led me into many digressions. Of course the tragic story of Mrs. Gray was retold. Dr. Ainstie was deeply interested. He asked many questions upon all points relating to Mrs. Gray’s identity. He interrogated me shrewdly upon her personal appearance, manners and language and I described her minutely. Well I could, for every look and tone were deeply impressed upon my memory and had been my daily companions. As I finished the description Dr. Ainstie was very grave and for a long time silently absorbed in thought. But when I asked him if he had an opinion upon the mystery he had none to offer. He rallied from his moodiness at length; fumbled in his pocket for the never failing calumus and at my description of the “resurrection” scene he quite recovered his spirits, called me an “incorrigible,” wondered if he couldn’t get a reward for delivering me to jus-



tice, and laughed merrily. Upon this I threatened to tell what I knew of the fate of the mortal remains of ——— but he held up a warning finger as the footsteps of the housemaid approached.

Then we went out to dinner. Dr. Ainstie had to drive during a part of the afternoon, for patients must not be neglected; but he returned early to tea, after which we settled to our talk again.

We discussed my plans and prospects, after reviewing the circumstances which led up to my present situation. Dr. Ainstie did not believe that it was necessary for me to leave Farmerstown; though he admitted that if I intended to leave either temporarily or permanently the present was a good time to do so.

"You could have lived down your temporary unpopularity," said he. "In almost any community a physician can live down any evil report that does not affect his reputation for professional skill. For instance, there are always enough people who don't care whether a doctor drinks liquor—trusting to luck to find him just drunk enough and not too drunk to attend to business. Some even think their doctor possessed of superhuman skill at just the proper stage of intoxication. Fewer people than our good moralists would like to believe, would be deterred from visiting a doctor with a reputation for libertinism. The men would not care for themselves, the children would know nothing of it, modest and virtuous women might remain away or visit him trusting to their own virtue; but a larger number of the silly and venturesome members of their sex would go to see him out of curiosity. So with other faults and vices. A physician is not deterred from vice for business reasons; and the community gives him no encouragement to virtue in the way of patronage; as I was saying, they would by and by have forgotten your suspected complicity in grave robbing and jail breaking."

"But, doctor, I intended taking another course of lectures some time, you know, and getting a diploma."

"Yes, of course," said he. "That's a good thing to do—to attend lectures. The diploma is not of so much consequence."

"I thought I would ask your opinion in regard to a choice of schools," said I.

"Well, you remember we went all over the ground when you started your first course," said he, "and the situation has not greatly changed. Of course if the question 'where is the best place to go to study medicine' were put to a vote of the whole profession, the majority would undoubtedly cast for the city of Paris. If the question were left to me individually (or perhaps to the profession of the United States) you know I would say Edinburgh is the great center of medical education. For you, both these are perhaps out of the question, for sensible practical reasons. You may dream of Edinburgh or Paris or London for a future trip some time. But the fact that a medical education in this country will cost you one-third less than in Edinburgh for instance, not counting the expenses of going across the ocean, is a good argument. Besides there is undoubtedly an advantage in studying diseases in the country where you expect to treat them and under teachers who are familiar with their characteristics from practice here. Now in this country we have Philadelphia—the University has been in operation since—well, that's slipped my memory just now—except when interrupted by the war and the yellow fever epidemic in '93. The New York school was fully organized as Kings College in '68. They changed the name to Columbia College in '87 and have done fair work since '92. Among them all they have ground out about 200 doctors since '69. You see I have kept posted pretty well on the medical schools though not connected with any of them. That has not been for want of opportunities. Dr. Bard insisted on my joining them in Columbia when they made him dean in '91. But I told him I could have all the fights and fusses I wanted without a chair in a medical faculty. They

are all jealous of one another in New York, and it has hurt their schools. By the way, Bard retired last year. Then the Harvard School has been in operation since '82 or '83. It has some good teachers. There are Warren and Waterhouse, for instance. I had a letter from Waterhouse the other day. He's very much taken with this new plan of modifying small-pox—the Jennerian method—the inoculation of the vaccine-pock. He has sent me some of the matter. I will share with you. That reminds me—I have Jenner's new book here. You can read it if you want to. I don't feel as enthusiastic about it as friend Waterhouse does. Perhaps I will when I see how it operates. But inoculation has always done very well for me. I have never had serious results, which I attribute to thorough preparation of the patient with mercury and to good management with cooling regimen. But I shall try the kine pock. It will be an interesting experiment." Then he went off into a discussion of theories in medicine that had failed to stand the tests of time and practice. The "Archeus" of Van Helmont, Stahl's "Vires naturae medica-trices" and Hoffman's "Spasm." He would admit that Jenner had made a logical argument, apparently founded on observations, but experience would demonstrate its practicability and its reliability.

"What about the Dartmouth school? So you have heard of that up there in the backwoods. Well, it started up only last year. Dr. Nathan Smith is at the bottom of it. He's at the top of it, too, for the matter of that, and likewise at the middle of it, for Dr. Smith constitutes the entire list of professors, lecturers and demonstrators in the medical school of Dartmouth College. Now that is a poor way to do. I consider that no improvement over the apprenticeship plan under favorable conditions. I believe I can take an apprentice and do better for him than Dr. Smith can do for a class; for I can give him more instruction at the bedside. No, sir; there are no clinical opportunities in Dartmouth School—over here at



Hanover, any more than there are at Cambridge—not one whit. It requires a big city to afford material for medical teaching. So I conclude as I did before that you'd best go to Philadelphia. 'You had come to that conclusion yourself?' That's good! Decide what you are going to do, then ask advice. If it suits take it. If not, reject. Yes," continued he, "As you say, there is some advantage in having known the teachers before. Though there is also an advantage in learning the opinions of a different set of teachers. You'll have at least two at Philadelphia whom you did not have in your first course. Dr. James came into the faculty two years ago and Barton only last year. Shippen you had, and Physick and Wistar and Rush."

Then I spoke to Dr. Ainstie of my plan to try city practice. I intended immediately on going to Philadelphia to set up for practice and if I succeeded fairly well I might remain there.

"If you happen to get yellow fever you might remain there in retirement until the resurrection," said Dr. Ainstie. "So you want to practice in a city! That's where I differ from you, my young friend, and that's where I differ from Mitchill. He would have it, whether or no, that I should come to New York and help him run the Repository, and take a place in the faculty of physick at Columbia. He and Waterhouse had me all snugly seated, in their minds, and finely furnished forth with titles and honors galore if I would only come in with them, and we nearly quarreled when I declined. Mitchill and I have been friends since we were students at Edinburgh in '84. He wrote me a whole lot of rubbish about hiding my light under a bushel out here in the country and more to that tune. But I assured him that he was mistaken. I told him that I was Physician Extraordinary to Squire Tomkins, Highest Medical Authority Extant to Thomas Potter and Zebedee Stokes, Arbiter of Life and Health to little Margery Wilson, Purveyor

of Chestnuts to all the boys in school, and Lord High Master of the Hoe and Rake on Ainstie's farm, and New York had nothing more attractive for me. I promised when he started the Repository in 1797 to write occasionally for it, and so I have, as you know. Though I dislike writing, except letter writing. I like to experiment a little, and amuse myself watching results, and studying new projects; but I dislike to have to stop and tell about them in formal style on paper. Then Mitchill praised my letters and renewed his efforts to drag me to New York—for he is persistence itself. But I told him he'd spoil me altogether, even as a correspondent; for if I gave up my garden and farm and left the bugs and the fertilizers and the chickens and the bees I'd have nothing to write about."

"But, Dr. Ainstie," said I, "in the city I expect to derive considerable benefits from association with other medical men, and from attending lectures and demonstrations even after I graduate if I am fortunate enough to do so; and from the library of the College of Physicians, which has several hundred volumes."

"Well," said Dr. Ainstie, "there is some sense in your views. One does gain ideas and sharpen his wits by contact with others in the profession; though often his time is wasted in listening to vapid or vain-glorious spouting, and he would do better pursuing some solid author. Of course it is expensive to have the authors at your own hand. One can squander a quantity of money on books. But it is a great satisfaction to have them when you want them, and as long as you want them, to lay down and take up again with no one to interfere. As to clinics and demonstrations—there you see somebody else do things—which, while it is useful, is not after all as some imagine, the same as doing them yourself. If you like city life, with its nerve-racking noise and confusion, its stomach-turning dirt and smoke, and its heart-bursting social ex-

tremes, by all means live there. The city affords many opportunities, and you are young and ambitious, and have a great deal of energy and more brains than the average ploughman. The country also affords many opportunities for distinction through experiments and discoveries if one cares to make them. Do you not know that much of the very best work of the profession, original, practical, literary, scientific, has been done by rural practitioners? But I am not ambitious and not proud of my small abilities and attainments. I love to relieve my patients, and then, after a cold ride, to get back home to the comfort of the fireside, with a cup of hot tea and a good book. I care not whom they call Professor, or Doctor of Laws; I would rather be 'our doctor' to such as little Margery than 'Mein Herr Professor' among a throng of envious, bickering slaves of ambition. No, no, I love the quiet of the country, with my plants and animals and books; with patients and neighbors whom I know, and with familiar rural scenes. It is well that not all of us have the same tastes, or like Cowley,

“ ‘I should have then this only fear,  
Lest men when they my pleasure see,  
Should hither throng to live like me,  
And so make a city here.’ ”



## CHAPTER XXII.

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DR. BRUSH MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MR. DENNIS M'GINNIS, AND STARTS ON HIS ROAD TO PHILADELPHIA TO ATTEND MEDICAL COLLEGE.

**D**R. AINSTIE would likely have continued, for this was a favorite theme with him, but the sound of approaching footsteps caused him to pause, and a resounding thwack upon the knocker caused him to cry, "Come in!" The door opened and there appeared a strongly built man in the garb of a farmer dressed for Sunday. He held a carpetbag in one hand and a walking stick in the other. His face was square, with prominent malar bones. His hair and his bushy brows were iron gray, and beneath the latter twinkled a pair of keen gray eyes.

"Ah! Dennis! Come in, come in," said Dr. Ainstie. I'm glad to see you. You're in good time"—and he rose and greeted with pleasant cordiality the newcomer, who was equally pleased.

"Dr. Brush," said Dr. Ainstie, "this is the traveling companion of whom I wrote. Let me present Mr. Dennis McGinnis." Dennis eyed me up and down for an instant, then turning to Dr. Ainstie he commented—"Clane-limbed as a racer wid an eye like a shtallion." Then he bowed toward me, with, "Beggin' yer pardon, Sorr," and we were all seated. Mr. McGinnis seemed a little wary at first toward me as a stranger, but that very soon wore off, and he joined in our conversation and proved himself a shrewd and entertaining talker upon subjects of the farm and the season and the projected visit to Philadelphia. It appeared that he had, or supposed it probable that he

had, a brother whom he wished to visit living near the city of Philadelphia.

Dennis had emigrated from Ballydoch, Ireland, when an orphan at the tender age of ten years, with his brother Martin, who was two years older. Their parents had died of small-pox during an epidemic of that dreadful disease. The two lads had come to New York and there parted; Martin finding employment with a planter from Virginia who took him southward, while Dennis after working a short time in New York with a teamster who overworked and underfed him, had run away with his bundle of clothes tied up in a kerchief. He wandered up into New England and after many vicissitudes grew to manhood in an Irish settlement, became a stock farmer, and settled about fifteen miles from Hanley. He married and prospered and a family grew up around him. He often told them of his early life and lamented the loss of his brother from whom he had parted forty-five years since.

It happened in the fall of 1798 that a drover who was buying hogs in the vicinity of Hanley chanced to stay overnight at McGinnis' farmhouse, and related that he had once before when buying for the Philadelphia market lodged at the house of a man named Martin McGinnis farming near that city. He recollected the name for he had dealt with him. Some of the young people of Dennis' family took it into their heads to write to Martin McGinnis to find out his identity, and there was great excitement in the household when after due time an answer came which assured them that Martin McGinnis came to this country in 1753 or thereabouts, with his brother Dennis, and that Martin was now a man of family living on his own farm near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

More correspondence followed and Dennis grew enthusiastic over the prospect of joining his long-lost brother, whom he resolved to visit. So important a matter was brought to the attention of Dr. Ainstie,

who had long known McGinnis and his worthy family, and it came about that Dennis' projected visit was timed to suit my convenience in order that he might have a traveling companion known or at least known about by the family.

From my pleasant day of visiting my old preceptor, I returned to my father's and made my final preparations. Dan insisted on taking us bag-and-baggage with the team and wagon as far as Boston. Thus it was arranged, and as it was planned so it was executed; for after fond goodbyes to the loved ones at home, we set out bright and early one sharp morning in September, took Dennis on board as we passed Hanley and drove to Boston. A merry day we had, notwithstanding the length of the road, for Dan was a lively lad with a nimble tongue and Dennis in spite of his fifty-five years was no mummer. As for myself, freed for the time from professional cares, and enlivened by my cheerful companions and the glorious autumn scenery, I felt like a boy again. I realized then how grave and sedate I had become since the days when Dan and I had gone that road before; and how often, since the tragic occurrences of the past spring and summer I had found myself in melancholy moods. Dan's mirth was always infectious; and we told stories, commented on the country and the people, laughed, and even sang as we wound around the hills, delved into the valleys, clattered over the bridges or sped along the level road. What a merciful provision it is that we cannot foresee the perils and the trials that the future holds in store for us!

Before leaving Farmerstown I had entertained some idea of making a very leisurely journey towards Philadelphia, stopping on the way at any place that struck my fancy or at least spending a day or two at Boston and New York. But once fairly started upon the journey I became more intent upon its completion. Besides, the fact that I had accepted a companion for the journey scarcely left me free to choose



to tarry along the way without his concurrence. As we entered the city I proposed to Dennis that we remain in Boston for a day or two and enjoy the sights of that city. He met the proposal with such a rueful and disappointed expression of countenance that I saw at once there would be opposition to the plan.

He bade me remember that "it do be expinsive livin' at taverns in thim big cities."

Then I told him it would be no expense to him as I proposed to stand treat to him and Dan.

"Indade an' ye will not," said Dennis. "Ain't I got plenty of money to pay fer me own jaunting ef I want to. Ye should recollect that me friends 'll be watchin' and waitin' fer me in Philadelphia, onaisy to know what's kapin' me on the road."

I knew very well that Dennis had not mentioned the true reason of his opposition to stopping on the road, and not intending to coerce the old gentleman's resolution, but only to compel him to divulge the true reason, I persisted. "But you know your son wrote them that they need not expect you till they received word from me in Philadelphia of our arrival there." "Doother Brush!" said Dennis. "Supposin' all yer blood relations—ivery mother's son and daughter av thim exeiptin' yersilf an' yer brother Dan was dead and buried, and youse two got losted apart fer forty-five years in a strange counthry. An' supposin' yes was on the road goin' to see yer brother agin what ye thought was dead, would you be wantin' to go dilly dallyin' and circumlocutin' and sky-larkin' around all the towns ye come to on the way? I wants to run and I wants to fly till I sees me pore little brother agin. Ye shud have some considheration fer me feelin's."

"Certainly I will, Mr. McGinnis," said I. "We will make all possible speed. You see I was under the impression that having stood the separation for forty-five years you could easily stand it a day or two longer."

“Well, then, I can *not*,” said Dennis, and each day of our whole journey he was full of reminiscences of his childhood, relating more than once the few incidents which he could remember of life in the old country, particularly the sad parting of the two boys at New York, and the joy he anticipated in the prospective reunion.

I felt a little disappointed in not stopping at Boston. In truth, I would have enjoyed a short study of the arts and sciences and the manufactured products of this thriving city which can boast of a population of twenty-five thousand souls. At this town are made great quantities of salt, of paper and paper hangings, and of nails. Here also are prepared a large amount of hemp in which work and the making of it into cordage, many women, boys and girls, the families of seafaring men, are employed. Of the latter there are quite many here, as also of shipbuilders. I had also thought of visiting the Humane Society whose object it is to prevent drowning and to teach the methods of resuscitating from apparent death by drowning. I have heard that they have rendered important service. There is a medical society in Boston, too, which keeps up a correspondence with all the country round, concerning prevailing diseases and their treatment, together with other subjects of interest to the profession; and holds meetings for the discussion of the same. Dr. Ainstie was repeatedly asked to take part, and on several occasions he did compose communications to this body. I confess, too, that I was greatly pleased with the appearance of the ladies of Boston who appeared charmingly neat in their calicoes and chintzes; and as we passed along the streets we several times heard the sprightly music of the fortepiano and the harpsichord in some of the fine residences. These sights and sounds of refinement and elegance had an entrancing influence upon the senses of the poor doctor from the country, which those accustomed to such surroundings cannot comprehend. But not to the enjoyment of these delights alone would I have

yielded. I had heard of the almshouses in Boston, wherein are maintained more than one hundred and fifty poor persons, among whom are likely to be found most interesting cases of diseases and deformities, to see and examine which would give me the most lively, valuable and instructive entertainment. As much for Dan as for myself I would have enjoyed revisiting Bunker Hill, for I had once during my boyhood been there with my father and our neighbor, Benjamin Towson, the latter of whom had participated in the battle. They described and discussed the battle and showed me where Warren fell.

Many and many a time have I heard Mr. Towson and my father fighting the battle over again at our fireside, with a group of listeners and a pitcher of good cyder. I remember how Towson used to laugh and say with his deliberate drawl, "Some of us had a long run from home to get to that hill. We wa'n't in no hurry to run home again. Ha! ha! ha! I s'pose them British thought because we had clodhopper clothes on and didn't know much about training we couldn't fight soldiers. Ha! ha! ha! When they trained them British soldiers they forgot one triflin' matter, and that was to teach 'em how to shoot. Ha! ha! ha! They sent more bullets over our heads than all the flocks of blackbirds that ever flew over Massachusetts. But our men kept crackin' away and every time a rifle cracked some Britisher got hurt. Ha! ha! ha! I clipped the third button on three of them redcoats myself, as slick as I ever brought down a red squirrel. Ha! ha! ha!"

We put up that night at the Homestead inn, where we had a good supper although it was late when we arrived, and were made very comfortable for the night. Next morning we were called early to the stage which set out at four o'clock. Before this hour we had breakfasted and Dennis and I had said goodbye to Dan, who was to start on his return home immediately after our departure on the stage. It was nearly broad daylight when we passed Cambridge, in view of the spac-



ious grounds and numerous buildings of the oldest university in America. I have been told that the course of study here is modeled after that at Oxford, and there is a library of more than thirteen thousand volumes. I think it is an error to say that there is no royal road to learning. It seems to me, as it must seem to every man who has climbed some way up the rugged hill of knowledge unaided and in paths chosen by himself—it seems to me that the course of study and the time allotted in our institutions of learning is a royal road made broad and straight by experienced scholars, and fortune's mighty power. Up this well beaten track, rising and progressing in easy gradations, the student is led by skillful guides, who save his time and strength. Meanwhile the self-taught student scrambles up some stony byway, struggles through thorns and thickets, blunders upon blind trails which lead to nowhere and must be retraced, stumbles into pitfalls of error; and if at last he reaches any considerable elevation, it has been done at an immense expenditure of vital force. Thus I pondered as the stage rolled on past Cambridge, while I mentally bemoaned, as I had done a thousand times before, the fate that deprived me of the advantages of a college education.

Dennis rallied me repeatedly on my moodiness, which he attributed first to short sleep and afterward to parting with Dan; but with all my philosophy and his good natured taunts, I had not recovered my spirits when we arrived at Weston, where a number of passengers breakfasted. The journey resumed, I aroused myself to observe the well-cultivated country and admire the adroitness of the driver, who handled his reins and his whip with great skill. Indeed nearly all the drivers upon this stage line were quite well trained in their art and for the most part treated the horses well and mercifully, to the satisfaction of a majority of the travelers. The travelers, too, claimed my attention, for as is usual upon the stage line they presented a considerable variety. Men of all trades

and professions patronize the stages. Women and children, too, for the stage line has been found a great convenience and promoter of social and commercial intercourse. A few continued with us for a long journey, while others took passage only for a few miles, or to the next town, or some other stopping place. One may often acquire interesting information by observation of and conversation with his fellow travelers, and of this I have always availed myself as far as seems consistent with good manners. In this way one makes many pleasant even though transient acquaintances.

We dined that day at Worcester, which is forty-eight miles from Boston, and that night we slept at Spencer in good clean husk beds, having neat and comfortable coverings such as a weary traveler remembers with pleasure. But I must not weary the reader with all my fatiguing observations and the details of our travel. We dined the second day at Springfield, where the armory upon the hill still stands, the property of the State of Massachusetts, despite the efforts of the rebel Shays. We slept at Hartford next; but this rapid journeying by stage allows but few hours for repose. Before daylight we had left Hartford with the horses' heads toward West and South, continuing on our way.

The poet has declared that "coming events cast their shadow before," and many tales are told of our prophetic intuitions; yet how seldom do we hear the footfall of approaching fate. I will not deny that sometimes the human mind in active operation, springing nimbly forward from point to point too fine for conscious recognition, with steps too quick to be remembered, may arrive at a conclusion, the logical path to which cannot be retraced, so that we say that we are unaccountably impressed with a belief, or were forewarned, or felt an intuition, of the future. Yet, certain it is that on the morning of this particular day of which I write I never dreamed nor divined, nor in any way experienced the slightest warning, that I was about to encounter for the first time persons with whom I should be associated in the most intensely interesting and important events that have yet come into my life.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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MONSIEUR LA PETRIE—TWO LADIES TAKE THE STAGE.

**H**AVING arrived at Wethersfield, whose substantial houses line up for a long distance beside the road and are surrounded by immense fields of onions, the stage drew up at the inn, to discharge and perchance to receive passengers. My attention was attracted to a well-attired gentleman of foreign appearance who was in the act of settling his account with the landlord. He appeared perhaps forty years of age, of courteous manner and well modulated voice. By his appearance, and also by his accent, I perceived that he was a Frenchman, but his peculiar pronunciation of the English and his frequent and expressive gestures during conversation I cannot hope to imitate in my description.

"Only fourteen pence," he was saying, "for such lodging and breakfast. It is not enough! It is not enough!"

"Oh," said the landlord good naturedly, "if you're satisfied I am. Glad to see you when you come our way again, Mounseer Petery."

Our driver announced that the stage was ready to start; whereupon the French gentleman bade the landlord adieu and, mounting the vehicle with a polite "By your leave, sir," he took the seat beside Dennis, and just in front of the one which I occupied. As he bestowed a small portmanteau beneath the seat I saw that it bore the inscription "M. A. LaPetrie, Paris, France."

"I am astonished, I am delighted," said Monsieur, speaking to Dennis, "with the American inns. They



are far superior to what one finds in France or in all Europe."

Dennis replied that he thought them expensive.

"Not so," said Monsieur. "Not only they are cheap. That would satisfy only a miser. But one finds such neatness, and comfort. Such civility without servility. The country inns of France are vile. The beds are anything but clean and they have what you call bugs, bugs. The fare is but stingy and ill served. Everything is at high price. Landlord and servants are cringing, grinning, but watching to rob you. They pay you attention when you have much equipage. Otherwise not! Oh, I have suffered! I know them!"

Monsieur spoke volubly and sometimes partly in French, which I cannot repeat, for I do not know the language. He scarcely paused for comment from his listener.

"It delights me when I see the independence of the free Americans. What think you? I am three weeks in America, and I have not paid out one sou in gratuities—not one. Not that I am a miser. It is not that. I have offered a gratuity but the man said, 'My employer pays me. I am no beggar.' So I find every one is respecting himself. It is because they are free-men. It is the boon of liberty!" As Monsieur pronounced "liberty" he cast his eyes reverently heavenward, and then was silent for several moments and appeared lost in thought.

Dennis was silent and watchful. As was his wont on first meeting a stranger, with half furtive glances from under his bushy brows, he took the Frenchman's measure. This resulted apparently to the Irishman's satisfaction, for when Monsieur began talking again, remarking with pleasure the cultivated fields by the roadside, the plumpness and number of the cattle, horses, hogs, and even poultry, the commodious farm buildings, well kept fences, and generally prosperous condition of the country, Dennis replied readily, and the two were soon in animated conversation, notwithstanding some difficulties with each other's English.

The Frenchman appeared an alert observer and an adept at conducting the conversation which he led at will. He asked numerous questions concerning climate, soil and crops, the character of the people and their manner of living, the profits of farming and the prices of land, both wild and cultivated, the opportunities of the poor to acquire a home and maintain themselves in comfort; to all which Dennis gave intelligent answers, and explaining how "us Americans does things." Led along by the interest and kindly manner of his hearer, Dennis gave some account of his own life—how he started as a penniless and friendless orphan, and his present comfortable state, the result of his own industry and management, "And the blessing of liberty!" Monsieur added fervently, glancing heavenward.

During the few minutes when the stage stopped, while the horses drank from a water trough at the roadside, Monsieur drew writing tablets from his pocket and wrote rapidly thereupon. The journey and the conversation resumed, Dennis grew quite at his ease and in the course of the talk about the raising of livestock he became reminiscent. I was amused to hear him relate an experience which he once had with a "left-handed cow."

At this expression Monsieur looked somewhat puzzled and inquired what manner of animal it might be. Dennis explained:

"Why, sorr, the roight side to milk a cow on do be the roight side."

"Oui, oui," assented the Frenchman.

"An' if ye go fer to milk a cow on the lift side ye might get lifted."

Monsieur assented politely but doubtfully.

"Now this cow I'm telling ye of wasn't broke roight. The roight side was the wrong side, and the lift side was the roight side! (Monsieur was plainly puzzled), an' whin I got on her roight side fer to milk her she gives me a punch wid her feet that sent me a

flyin' wid the milk shtool and the milk a flyin' all over me, and thots a kind of milk punches I don't loike."

Dennis laughed at his own joke and the Frenchman laughed a little, too, though I doubt if he knew exactly at what.

Then he fell to questioning Dennis about the laws concerning the killing of sheep by dogs, and they talked of the tax on the dog and the second dog, and diseases afflicting domestic animals in this country. Monsieur inquired of the kine pox and the hands of the milkers, upon which Dennis turned to me, saying that Dr. Brush could tell more upon that point. At this Monsieur addressed himself to me, of which I was glad, for I estimated him to be a man of parts, of education and experience, from whom I might gain a great amount of information. This opinion proved to be well founded. We became acquainted and I found him a most interesting and instructive companion. From hearing opinions expressed by my father, Judge Cobb and others concerning the patriotic and chivalrous gentlemen of France who had fought with us in the Revolution, I had formed a high opinion of their zeal in the cause of freedom, their generosity, talents, energy and nobility of character. Their surgeons had freely imparted knowledge to those of less opportunity, and without vain show of superiority gave our surgeons the benefit of their skill and experience and the use of their books. Thus they did much to advance our profession during the time of the war. True, we are reminded that our enemy the English was their ancient enemy, and also that in helping us they may have planned thus to secure allies in their own inevitable struggle. But that does not change the fact that they stood our friends when we most needed friends, and thereby, it seems to me, cemented a friendship which should last during the lifetime of the two nations. I say this, although I am not a republican or democrat and would not vote to embarrass our young nation with foreign alliances, particularly when



their own affairs were in such unstable condition. And while I firmly believe in a republican form of government and have a warm regard for the French people, I think our leaders were right in proclaiming strict neutrality and avoiding foreign entanglements. With France invaded by a foreign foe or united against a foreign tyrant, the case might have been different. But with France divided against herself—has the event proved that the people were ready or able to govern themselves? Or was the terrible reign of Marat, Robespierre *et al*, wiser, more just, more elevating to the people than that of their royal predecessors? And now, under Bonaparte, what evidence have we that militarism and conquest will better ameliorate their state than illuminatism and the demolition of kings and nobles? So I still stand with the federalists and support Mr. Adams and I think Mr. Jefferson and his followers in the wrong in this instance.

Something of this I said to Monsieur La Petrie. He seemed interested, and, although he expressed himself guardedly, he continued the conversation, which passed to other topics. I soon learned to my delight that Monsieur La Petrie was a surgeon by profession, although of late he had given much attention to questions of politics and social economy. His present tour he was making for the purpose of informing himself concerning our country and our people. I was forced to admit his capacity for acquiring knowledge.

I was the more appreciative of the good company of M. La Petrie from the fact that the other half of the seat that I occupied was taken by a Dutchman of ponderous breadth. It might be nearer the truth to say that he occupied two-thirds of the seat. He passed the time in smoking a long pipe, which he removed from his mouth only long enough to replenish its bowl with tobacco, or when compelled to do so by the roughness of the road shaking the stage. Then he would emit a groan or grunt. Otherwise, unsolicited, nothing

else but smoke came from his lips. He winked—at long intervals—winked, smoked and occasionally grunted, but gave no other symptoms of animation. At length we came to the top of the great hill which overlooks the beautiful Connecticut valley wherein is spread out the fine town of Middleton.

M. La Petrie was delighted, as who would not be by the prospect viewed from the hill-top. Well-cultivated farms closely adjoining show that the valley is quite thickly populated, with peace and plenty smiling on every hand. I have been told by those who have traveled extensively that this valley is one of the finest sights in the country.

A rain storm was approaching, its dark clouds already overhung the farther side of the valley. Anon the lightning leaped from sky to earth with a sound as of a giant triumphing in undisputed might. Viewing the grand spectacle, I thought of how often in all the ages of the earth men have gazed upon this stupendous phenomenon, or hid themselves in terror, before our Doctor Franklin made a toy of it and turned aside its dangers—even as one might with a plaything divert the murderous purpose of a crazy giant.

By the time we reached Middleton the rain was upon us, but we were thoroughly protected by the leather curtains of the stage which were fastened down upon all sides.

We journeyed on, and when we left Middleton it was still raining. The heavy clouds had dimmed the light of day, and within the stage it was almost dark.

I do not know whether it was the darkness, the steady patter of the raindrops on the top of the stage, or the short hours of sleep which I had been having for several nights, but certain it is that I dropped asleep. On waking I found that the rain had stopped falling and that the stage was at standstill. Next I became aware that we were taking more passengers. They were two ladies who were getting into the rear seat of the stage. I sleepily turned my head for a glimpse of

the newcomers. As I did so the lady on the farther side had loosened her wraps and I caught her profile against the gray sky.

If I had seen a ghost I would not have been more startled. It was Mrs. Gray! Or was I dreaming? No, I was wide awake by this time. I saw that she was not Mrs. Gray—but so very like her! It was some minutes before I could quite gain my composure. The Dutchman still held his pipe, but I was pleased to note that he was dozing and had allowed it to go out. Monsieur La Petrie was for talking again, but I could scarcely hold my attention upon what he said. What a flood of emotions rushed over me, with the memory of the fair stranger who had so mysteriously entered into my life and so tragically made her exit. What those emotions were I could not attempt to define. Admiration? Friendship? Love? A chivalrous tenderness only? Grief? Yes, grief, surely. Life had never seemed the same since she had come and gone; and it never could.

I stole another glance at the young lady. She certainly was very like Mrs. Gray. The same cast of features. The same luminous eyes. She was slighter than the woman I had known, younger and even more beautiful. Her color was fresher—exquisite. I feared to be rude but could scarcely forbear turning to look full at her. I saw that Monsieur looked past me toward her as he talked. He was talking of the passion for traveling which seems to possess the Americans and which apparently leads them to improve facilities for traveling. He reflected upon the convenience of this well-managed stage line, which, of course, is apparent to all. He thought it preferable to traveling post, not only for convenience, but because it favored ideas of equality. The magistrate and the laborer, the merchant and the farmer, the legislator and the mechanic, riding together on terms of equality could interchange ideas to mutual advantage and become interested in the welfare of other classes of people than



their own. On this advantage of the stage coach and its peculiar fitness under our constitution I had never thought; but I could find no words to discuss it: for I was so intensely conscious of the proximity of the ladies in the next seat, and was speculating on the probability of my discovering through them the identity and previous history of Mrs. Gray. I conjured my brain for some plan by which I might make their acquaintance. But every plan required some kind of an opportunity which did not present itself. I made up my mind to watch for some occasion which might allow me to address the ladies without a display of ill manners. Perhaps a man of more experience might have compassed it, but it was beyond me. I was in dread as we approached each village or farmhouse that the lady passengers would then terminate their journey. Others joined and left us, but these remained. They conversed with each other occasionally in quiet tones but made no offer to join the conversation of the gentlemen, nor we theirs.

Under the busy feet of the horses mile after mile rolled away behind us, and at last, tired and hungry and late at night, we drew up at the Fairfield stage tavern.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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THEY CONTINUE THE STAGE RIDE TO NEW YORK.

**I** WAS pleased to see that the ladies also prepared to take lodging at the tavern, and I thought I heard the elder of them speak to the landlord about the time the stage would leave in the morning. The males, M. La Petrie, Mr. McGinnis, Mein Herr of the Pipe and myself, found ourselves disposed in a single upper chamber containing three beds. I wondered whether Monsieur's republicanism would be proof against such trials. Dennis slyly suggested that "ef the large gentleman could get along with two beds there'd be wan lift for the rest of us." As for myself I thought that to have a private room for each traveler would better suit my own tastes, without infringing seriously those great principles of equality and fraternity. However, it is a good rule in traveling to take the best one can get without grumbling. We were fortunate to have good company.

Monsieur was pleased. Nothing seemed to dampen his enthusiastic admiration for our country and our ways. He criticized only enough to make it evident that his praise was sincere and founded on his best judgment. I was pleased to hear him talk, for it was no inconsequential chatter. That night, although it was late, he worked at his note book, writing and talking at once or alternately, scarcely pausing even when he snuffed his candle or mended his pen. I experienced a new and curious feeling in the presence of one who was probably writing a book, for it seemed that he would measure and test me as he did every person and thing else with a view of making me into material for

his book. But his conversation was varied. He talked of the customs of travel in Europe. That no lady, particularly no young girl, could travel alone without escort, while here he had seen them riding, driving, walking, unattended on the public highways without fear and really without danger. They were treated with the greatest respect by every man they met, each man apparently feeling himself responsible for their comfort and safety.

Of course, I had read of such things in other countries, and incivility is not unknown in this. But I could not comprehend how anyone calling himself a man could frighten or disturb any child or woman.

Monsieur was especially impressed by the comeliness of the women of Connecticut. Although I did not say so, I was willing to concede that I had that day seen the fairest of women. As to the safety of the roads and the general good order and obedience to the laws throughout the country, that was undoubted. However, I had known of the atrocious murder of a defenceless woman, and that very day we had heard of the stage being robbed in New Jersey; but these were unusual affairs, which I suppose is remarkable, considering the newness of the government and the sparseness of the population in certain districts. Thus we conversed while Monsieur wrote. I attempted to draw out his opinion of the recent affairs between the Directory and Napoleon, but he evaded me easily—speaking only of matters of fact, and expressing no opinion. So I still remained curious of Monsieur's exact political status in his own country.

The Dutchman and Dennis in the largest bed were by this time snoring in concert, and when I dropped asleep Monsieur was still writing.

At an early hour we were again seated in the stage. To my satisfaction the ladies were also going. I had intended to be at hand and offer them assistance in mounting, but by some means Monsieur was there before me and brought a chair for a step, which



proved a convenience. The ladies thanked him politely, and I felt that I had lost an opportunity. The elder lady might have been five and forty years of age. She was dressed in a widow's garb. Her face was regular and strong in every feature and would have been austere but for the pleasant lines about the eyes.

We found our stage-load augmented and the road somewhat rugged, which obliged us occasionally to dismount and walk up the hills. However, we made good speed. We passed through Rye and New Rochelle, a French settlement, which caused Monsieur to ask an hundred questions of the driver and to inspect with increased alertness the condition of the settlement, which appeared not to prosper to his satisfaction.

He feared the people had become infected with the restless discontent which affects many Americans. He thought it strange that men should be allured from the prosperous and happy farms he had seen in Massachusetts and Connecticut in the hope of finding still greater attractions in the Province of Maine, or the settlement on the Ohio, or the new states of Frankland, or, as they now call it, Tennessee. Having learned that I had lived in the new Province, he asked numerous questions about the prices of land, the taxes, the wages, the fees charged for professional services, and what not.

I found that Monsieur had by no means lessened his interest in matters pertaining to his profession. He questioned me assiduously upon the state of the profession in this country, the customs of practice, the medical schools and text books, to all of which I answered to the best of my ability. In turn I asked a few questions myself, and found Monsieur well informed concerning the medical men and schools of Paris, and also of London and Edinburgh.

We were now approaching New York. I could not but reflect upon the present great facilities for travel which had enabled us to journey with comfort and pleasure this whole distance of two hundred and fifty

miles in only four days. As we approached the city I became the more anxious to know whether I must here part company with the two ladies, and resolved that if the worst came to the worst I would boldly present myself and crave a further acquaintance, explaining in mitigation that there was a great resemblance in the young lady's appearance to a friend of mine. I had some curiosity, too, to know whether Monsieur's journey ended here, and finally asked him whether he intended proceeding farther than New York. To this he replied that he did not, at present, but that he hoped in time to make a complete tour of the United States, if he found that such a journey could be accomplished in a few months' time. He inquired whether I intended stopping for any time in New York, but before I could answer, Dennis said: "We do *not*. We shtop to slape and to ate, but we shtop fer no sight-seein'. We do be thravelin' on business, and not on a touer." His impatience to claim his long lost brother was unabated.

I thought this a good opportunity to ascertain without impertinence the destination of the other travelers and proceeded to inquire whether any of the party would be going Southward on the morrow. Mein Herr with the Pipe announced that his home was in New York. Two other passengers were going there on the business of buying goods for their shops. I made bold to question the ladies whether they would be stage riding on the morrow, and the elder answered that they would "be on the road toward Philadelphia—the Lord willing." I could scarcely command myself sufficiently to make any show of interest in the plans of the remainder of the passengers, but endeavored to do so. We were now entering the city and I felt anew the desire to spend a little time in viewing it, when I beheld the strangeness of some of the buildings with their high pointed gables and tile roofs. All that part of New York which was burned by the British has been for the most part rebuilt. A great activity in the building is apparent everywhere. It is said that the

population augments with great rapidity, and some persons predict that in time New York may even equal Philadelphia in size and commercial importance. It certainly has many advantages of situation for home and foreign commerce, the magnificent North River affording a channel connecting for several hundred miles with the interior and the Ohio country; and by means of the Lakes George and Champlaine even with the Canadas and the fur producing regions of the Northwest. By the East River a water-way protected by Long Island from the storms of the Atlantic is furnished, communicating with the New England States.

The Dutch, whose spirit still is felt in New York, have not, like the Quaker founders of Philadelphia or the Puritans of Boston, greatly encouraged learning. They have devoted themselves to agriculture and commerce, barter and trade. The English and Americans who have come into this city are for the most part such as delight most in mercantile and commercial transactions and the gains gotten thereby, and scruple not to display either wealth or station in ostentatious dress and supercilious manners. Monsieur La Petrie told me as he pointed out the gaudy dress of the ladies and the artificial airs of the gentlemen that New York more resembled an European city than any he had seen in this country. These follies, as he observed, seem but ill adapted to the dignity and simplicity which should characterize republicans.

Before entering the city we passed by the spacious grounds of the hospital, which I should have loved to visit even briefly. It had a most salubrious situation on the bank of the North River. I was told upon inquiring that since it was placed in the hands of the Quakers they have repaired it and restored it to the condition it enjoyed before the war. As we proceeded to the older portion of the town the quaint and foreign aspect of the buildings and the people was the more noticeable, for many among those persons to be seen in



the street shops and doorways appeared to be of other than American birth. Not only Dutch and English, but Irish and French, with sailors from the West Indies and other negroes.

From time to time we discharged passengers who chose to leave the stage at various points in the city. At length the stage stopped in front of a one-story building with a very high pointed gable and dormer windows. Over the door swung the sign of a boat with iron oars, and I rightly guessed this was the ferry house.

I was not to be outdone this time, and had the pleasure of assisting our lady passengers to alight. Later I saw Monsieur conversing with them in the little parlor, but he soon took his leave, stepping backward gracefully and making a courtly bow. I was not altogether pleased at this, though when I questioned myself why, I knew I had not the slightest right to object. I summoned my courage to approach them, but they were about to leave the room and did so before I could prepare something to say to them. After a very hearty supper I retired for the night, but although fatigued with travel I could not sleep for the haunting face of her I knew as Mrs. Gray, who seemed to live again. I recalled every expression of face in the young woman whom I had seen that day, and recognized the more I pondered, a wonderful resemblance. There was even that bird-like turning of the head. I imagined a dozen times over, with as many variations, an interview in which I should ascertain the identity of the living girl and then, by a series of courteous interrogations solve the mystery of Mrs. Gray, which I felt sure I was in a way to solve.

When at last I slept is it strange that I dreamed? I dreamed of seeing in the crowded streets of New York an angel with the face I had watched at every chance that day, with her wings tied behind her so she was obliged to walk the earth amid this throng of vehicles and human beings. About her were men of all nations

—French, Irish, English, Americans, who held out to her coronets and jewels, and offered her chariots, palanquins, coaches, and with princely bows besought her to ride. I alone had no conveyance and was greatly distressed thereat. But I strode about her amid the din, crowding back the importunate suitors and shouting to drown their voices. Then a carriage pole struck me violently in the ribs and—I awoke to find Dennis thrusting his finger against that portion of my anatomy and saying:

“Doether, dear. Phat’s ailin’ ye? Shall I bring ye a drop o’ liquor? Are ye sick?”

“No,” said I, “I’m not sick. But I think the cyder we had for supper was too new, or the fowl was too old, or the punch didn’t agree with the tea and the spruce beer.”

“It’s toime to be up,” said Dennis. “Didn’t ye hear the gossoon callin’ us and batin’ the door?”

## CHAPTER XXV.

### DENNIS AND THE SURLY DRIVER.



MADE a hasty toilet, and for breakfast, resolving to be more careful while traveling, restricted myself to the milk and pop-robins. We were to take the ferry across the North River into New Jersey at six o'clock, and there was little time to lose. On stepping out of the tavern, who should approach me but Monsieur La Petrie. He was looking as fresh and as neat as if he had been occupied only in the duties of the toilet for a week previous. He accosted me politely, even warmly I thought, and when after a few brief words we said adieu, it was with mutual expressions of good will and the hope of sometime meeting again. Thus I parted for the time with one of the most affable, observing and respectable gentlemen I have ever met, and one who later proved himself a friend in need.

We hastened down to the slip and found the ferry-boat ready to push off and only waiting for our arrival. We paid our six-pence each and stepped aboard. The boat was small, but flat and wide, with lee-boards, and furnished with a mast and sail. There were perhaps a dozen passengers on board, among whom, to my joy, I perceived the two ladies of the stage. I greeted them by raising my beaver, which they politely acknowledged. Now I would not have remained in New York for all the money it contained. The two ferry-men pushed off and trimming the sail we began the little voyage of two miles diagonally across this magnificent river. The breeze was cool and we could have wished there was either less or more of it, for it assisted but little in moving the boat and only



served to chill the passengers, for the boat was quite open, having no cabins for protection. The ferrymen placed two long sweeping oars in the row locks and by pulling lustily they made more speed. When nearly over we met a similar boat coming toward New York, for thus they ply forth and back at certain hours for the convenience of travelers. Our ferrymen called to the others and jeered them good-humoredly for that they were having to row the whole way, the wind not favoring. We landed at Paulus Hook and found the stage ready to start Southward.

After bargaining for our passage we proceeded to find our seats in the stage. Ere this I had offered my services to the ladies in securing their baggage. The small articles were bestowed beneath the seats, while the driver tied the trunks up behind the vehicle. We were soon away, over a good road of hard gravel, with lively horses. I must say to the credit of the stageline that for the most part of our journey the horses and drivers were quite satisfactory. In but few instances we found the teams overworked or sluggish, or the drivers unskillful or ill-natured. Sometimes we had eight or nine or even twelve passengers, while again our number would be reduced to half that number. But we rolled on mile after mile and league after league. To narrate all the incidents of the journey would be but tiresome.

At one change we were not so fortunate in our driver, and came upon a stretch of toilsome road, much of which was of the variety known as corduroy, while the air was infested with swarms of pestiferous mosquitoes. The tediousness of the road outlasted our cheerful conversation. The surly voice and the cracking whip of the driver and his ill-natured treatment of the horses added to the tedium. After being urged to a trot for a few rods the jaded beasts dropped into a walk again, and as the road seemed to be crossing a series of low spurs with shallow ravines or marshy spots between, we had a tiresome repetition of momen-

tary trotting followed by a longer stint at a weary walk, and jolting across a stretch of corduroy. Occasionally on a sandy stretch when the wheels traveled quietly we could hear the conversation of Mr. McGinnis and the driver. Dennis had been bickering more or less all along with the fellow whose handling of the horses he did not approve of in the least.

"You pushed thim too hard in the start," McGinnis was saying, "and now they make a poor finish."

"Ye can't tell me nothin' I don't know about stage drivin' an' stage horses," says the driver, "and these yere never was wuth their feed, nohow. Git up there ye loafer! *Git* up!" Then followed the swish of the lash, answered by a momentary trot.

"Notwithstanding all that I've seen and heard yet," says McGinnis, "I shtill howld to me opinion that what ye don't know and what ye can't do, put together wad make a rale good driver. Did ye niver hear tell o' the horse's prayer? It goes like this:

" 'Up the hill hurry me not,  
Down the hill worry me not,  
On the level shpare me not,  
In the shtable forgit me not.'

Ye ought to be made to say that ivery marnin' afore ye shtart on yer coorse."

The driver only growled and swung his whip anew. We descended a small hill and dragged across a loamy valley—the valley of Joslyn's Fork. We crunched through a gravelly dry water course and finally forded the fork itself where a great hollow sycamore leaned over the stream, its roots half undermined by the changing current.

A fringe of shallows being passed, we toiled up to higher ground, emerging from the valley upon a low second-level which overlooks the stream. Here we found ourselves at Joslyn's, where we expected to dine. The usual noon stop was at New Brunswick, but when roads were bad or horses slow, passengers and teams made shift at Joslyn's. Thoughts of dinner after a

toilsome ride were refreshing, but we heard the driver telling Dennis that dinner was generally always late at Joslyn's and if it was late again he "would be — if he'd wait fer anybody to eat dinner." This made us somewhat uneasy at the prospect for a noonday meal, especially when the driver further averred that it "wouldn't be wuth the time it ud take to swaller it nohow."

The hostelry itself as we drove up to it appeared not more prepossessing than the landscape. It was an old farm house, weather beaten and decayed, with a string of sheds and stables and an old barn in the rear disgustingly near the kitchen. The kitchen chimney poured out thick white smoke suggestive of a new fire or green firewood and poor prospects for toothsome and substantial refreshment.

As we alighted in front of the inn no landlord bustled out to greet us and the only human creature in sight was a tall youth who appeared in the barn door with a pitchfork full of hay which he carried toward the sheds. I helped the ladies out, uttering what pleasant words I could find, but they looked about somewhat dolefully. Even the irrepressible but not unimpressible Irishman was influenced by the dreariness of the place. He jumped to the ground with the remark, "Indade an' I hope we'll not be afther shtopping long at this place. In the whole impire," said he, sweeping his walking stick broadly through the air, "I can't see a man, nor a baste, nor a cow, nor a horse, nor a goose, nor a duck, nor anybody to extind hoshpitality to strangers."

"We'll go inside," said I. "The ugly shell may hold a good kernel." I pulled the latchstring, the door yielded and we entered. A table at the farther side of the room was covered with a white cloth, and a tall stoop-shouldered man was placing dishes upon it. He greeted us, delaying but not quitting his work.

"How do ye do, ladies and gentlemen. How many of ye be they? Jist find cheers fer yerselves will ye? Dinner'll be ready after a spell."



"There are four of us," said I, "all hungry." As I spoke I spied a man sitting somewhat in the shadow by the empty fireplace. He appeared a farmer, decently clad, of respectable appearance and pleasing countenance; so I added, speaking to the landlord, for it was he setting the table—said I—"and here is a fifth ready for dinner, too, I presume."

"No, I thank ye," said the farmer. "I had a snack jist before I left home a piece above here." Upon my inquiring I found there was a room where the lady travelers might rest while we waited for dinner; and then fell into conversation with the farmer.

He gave me a long account of the Joslyns. During this the surly stage driver, who had been bolting victuals in the kitchen, called out loudly, "Most ready in there? I'm goin' to pull out o' here mighty quick now."

Hearing this, Mr. McGinnis, who had been an interested listener to our conversation, arose from his seat, saying, "I'll jist shtep out and make arrangements about the toime fer the stage to be leavin'," and followed the driver out of doors.

"Ye see," said the farmer, "the trouble with Joslyn is that he's too slow, that's all. He's honest and industrious and a man of fair judgment, but he always comes to the point jist a leetle too late; an' ye see time nor tide wouldn't wait fer him."

"And now it seems," said I, "that the stage coach will not either."

"Now that depinds," said McGinnis with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, as he rejoined us, "upon how the stage line is regilated. It's me humble opinion, as a man that has thraveled but little, that a stage coach shud be regilated to suit the convainience of the passengers what pays their fare."

Mr. Joslyn now announced that dinner was ready, and the ladies being called, we needed no urging to find places at the table. Being seated, I observed that the ladies bowed their heads, while the elder in a low voice

was modestly saying grace. During this the Irishman's attention was directed toward the stable-yard whence arose at this instant some very loud and profane language, the leading voice being that of the surly driver.

"Whisht! Ye blackguard!" shouted McGinnis to him. "That's foine talk in the prisence o' yer betthers!"

This sudden exclamation so started the lady that the grace was ended abruptly. To cover their embarrassment I at once offered to help the ladies to the fare, remarking that the dinner looked far better than the driver had predicted.

"Faith! Beloike he knows no more about dinners than about horses," said McGinnis, "an' that's just nothin' at all, at all. I tould him this marnin' that if I had a hand on me farm that knew no more about dumb brutes nor what he does, and had no more feelin' for thim, I'd make him shlope in the shtables; yis, and ate there, too, till he larned a bit." Mr. McGinnis continued in this strain, his remarks ever showing his native kindness of heart; and excepting that his talk sometimes led him into accounts of experiences in the breeding and the care of stock that were scarcely suitable for polite ears, it did him credit. But the activity of his tongue did not prevent him from attending to his dinner, and that in his own peculiar way.

For dinner we had boiled potatoes, boiled eggs, bread and butter, syrup and tea. Dennis helped himself to a couple of large potatoes, which he mashed upon his plate without taking the trouble to remove their skins. He then reached two eggs, and, crushing shells and all together upon the potatoes he added butter, salt and syrup to taste, and ate them with a dispatch that interfered very little with the current of his conversation. A second similar plateful was prepared and disposed of in an incredibly short space of time. This was his usual custom, as I frequently observed. His tea he took in quite leisurely fashion, as

though the main business of the occasion were over and he merely drank it for pastime, while waiting for the other members of the party to have done eating.

It is not to be supposed that the ladies and myself were silent all this time.

They were not a little apprehensive of robbers, for that very night we were to pass that portion of the country where several robberies had been committed. I reassured them as well as I could by expressing the opinion that it was unlikely that highwaymen would be so bold as to appear in this part of the country so soon again, and moreover I thought they usually had confederates along the road who informed them when wealthy travelers or messengers carrying valuables were in the coach. At this remark the old farmer seemed somewhat discomposed, but the ladies appeared to be comforted. Then we chatted pleasantly of the day and the place, almost forgetting the fatigues of the morning. But we had frequent reminders of the morning's experiences in the sounds which came at frequent intervals from the stableyard. Mr. Joslyn had repaired thither and his voice with that of the tall youth, his son, though loud enough to be heard, were mild in comparison to the growling and snarling tones of the surly driver. By their talk it appeared that some article was lost and all their searching failed to find it. Having finished our repast we gathered our hand luggage and stepped out into the front yard and walked around to where the stage coach stood, and were ready to take our seats and depart at a moment's notice. There stood the horses harnessed in front of the coach and all was apparently ready for the start. The driver was rummaging in the box beneath the driver's seat, and brought forth various articles without finding the one wanted. "Here's the bag full of horse-shoe nails, and the bag of horse-shoes, and the linch pins and the extra trace chains, and a pair of hames, and a lot of old straps fer anything ye don't want, but nary shackle-pin in the lot;" and he threw



them violently back in the box and slammed the lid down.

"Well, Misther Driver," said Dennis, "we're ready to go now, and a-waitin' on yer honor's convanience." The old man stood quietly, half leaning on his walking stick, but his speech had such a sarcastic tone that I noticed him more closely and saw that his eyes held a mischievous twinkle under their bushy brows.

"How can we go without the shackel-pin?" exclaimed the driver angrily. "Hain't we hunted high an' low an' can't find it? Whatever has got away with that tarnel thing I can't see, ner how we're to git along 'ithout it."

"Ye hain't looked in the dinmn' room on the settee, have ye?" said Dennis; at which the driver, still standing upon the front of the coach, stared at him and said, "Well, blast my cats!" But the tall Joslyn youth sprang into the house and brought out the missing pin.

"You done that yourself, you old thief!" said the driver, "and I've a mind to give you a damn good lickin'," and he reached the whip from its socket.

"In coorse I done it," said the old man. "Not wishin' to be lift till we all had our dinner. But since dinner is over now, let's be off an' see that ye trate them horses bettther nor ye did this marnin'."

"I'll treat them as I like; but first I'll pay you fer yer trick," said the driver as he swung the whip to strike the old man.

The horses started at sight or sound of the whip and would have run away had not the tall youth caught their bridles and held them. The driver struck at Dennis with the lash, which might have reached the old man's thigh viciously had he not moved his stick to intercept it.

"Don't do that agin," said Dennis.

The driver swore he would "tan his Irish hide for him."

"Whisht! Ye spalpeen! and save yer own," said

Dennis. "But that I have good reasons I'd have had ye on yer knees beggin' fergiveness from thim poor horses afore now."

The surly driver was wild with anger by this time, and with an imprecation sprang from the coach, flourishing his whip stock, and rushed at McGinnis. The latter stepped back a few paces at first, then suddenly whirling his cane he gave the driver a rap on the knees that sent him sprawling. He tried to get up, but his legs were useless. He only got as far as his knees, from which he could not rise.

"Ye're doin' foine," said Dennis. "Now put up yer hands and say the horses' prayer."

But at this the infuriated man only raised his whip-stock to strike. Whish! went Dennis' cane, landing a blow on the driver's wrist that paralyzed it, and like a flash the other wrist received a rap that put it in the same condition. The driver held up his helpless hands and howled with pain and vexation, while there stood the horses in front of him. "Up the hill hurry me not," said Dennis. "Say it, ye blackguard, or I'll break yer head! Up the hill hurry me not!" With the Irishman's stick whistling dangerously near his ears the driver, pretty thoroughly cowed, repeated the line.

"Down the hill worry me not," continued Dennis, playing his stick around his victim, and this line was duly recited. Likewise the remainder of the quatrain.

"That sounds very well," said McGinnis. "I hope ye'll raymimber this when yer dhrivin' agin. But ye'll drive no more this day. A few hours of miditation'll do ye good. Can the gossoon dhrive?"

Indeed, surly Pete was too lame to drive. He hobbled toward the house and sat on the wash bench, glowering. It was arranged that "the gossoon," namely, young Joslyn, should drive. Dennis said he wouldn't mind doing it himself, but having paid his fare he didn't care to be bothered. The horses were hitched to the stage and we were soon rolling along on our

journey again. Dennis occupied the seat with the driver, while the farmer, who it appeared was going as far as Colchester, sat beside me. Our road grew much more picturesque, albeit rougher than that of the morning. Our new Jehu handled the reins well, to the satisfaction of Mr. McGinnis. We soon heard them in a cheerful conversation, and the mercurial Celt, now grown quite good humored, had the delighted youth roaring with laughter at his humorous stories and droll remarks.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

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### THE TRAVELERS MEET AN ADVENTURE.

**M**Y MEETING with the ladies had been entirely casual, and our acquaintance thus far had been quite natural. Occasionally the road was so uneven that we pitched about upon the seats of the stage quite unceremoniously. We had found it impossible while being tumbled about in that fashion to maintain a very rigorous reserve of manner. I was far too much attracted by my fair fellow-traveler to be willing that she should end her journey while I continued mine, and perhaps saw her no more. Just what were my sentiments toward her at that time I could not tell. Nor could I tell why it was that I could not feel myself a stranger to her. Mingled with my admiration was an emotion that I could not name unless it were that of an old and sweet friendship, only dreamed of, or long forgotten.

"Cordhuroy road!" shouted Dennis by way of warning; and after an unusually severe and prolonged shaking up we were all, even the elder lady, laughing quite merrily.

"I declare," said I, seeing no better opportunity, and having no skill to make one, "I declare! We shall be so jumbled together here as not to be able to tell ourselves apart. Now, I was Dr. Brush when I started on this journey. May I ask your name, sir?"

"Robert Hargraves," said the farmer.

"And now, if the ladies will be so good as to identify themselves in case of accident," continued I.

"Certainly," said the elder with considerable dignity. "I am Mrs. Tottenham, and this is my niece,

Miss Marston. But I hope and pray that nothing will happen before we arrive at Philadelphia."

"No, no," said I; "nothing bad is going to happen, I trust."

So they were aunt and niece—Mrs. Tottenham and Miss Marston.

With hill and dale and winding road and glimpses here and there of farms nestling in the valleys; with woods and rocks and rude bridges to attract our eyes and furnish food for conversation, the afternoon wore away rapidly enough. Thrice we jumped out to walk, while the horses toiled up the sandy hills; and once toward evening we stopped while fording a creek, that the horses might drink.

"We'll be late getting into Colchester," said young Joslyn, the driver. "The stage always gets there after dark, but it'll be a little later than common on account of the late start."

"But look at thim harses," said Dennis. "Ain't they shtood it well? Ye have to know when to favor thim and when to take the worruk out o' thim and how to kape thim in good heart, ef ye want to bring thim over a long road fresh and shtrong. There's a knack in dhivin' harses, like iverythin' else."

"There's a knack in handling a walking stick, for instance," said I.

"Yis," said Dennis, grinning. "Right ye are, Docther. There's handy thricks in thot, too."

By this time the sun was low. The road was overshadowed by woods on either side. The day breeze had quite died away. The somber light and the silence somewhat subdued our spirits. I fell into one of those moods of abstraction which had grown more frequent with me. We walked silently up the next hill, which was rather steep. I half unconsciously offered a hand to assist either lady; but they politely declined, and, indeed, seemed quite agile and vigorous, declaring that they enjoyed a walk after so much sitting. We reached the summit of the hill and en-

joyed the view which it commanded of the level country ahead of us. As we were about to re-enter the coach I was sorry that young Joslyn thought it interesting to explain, pointing with his whip toward a ridge in the distance, which we could not discern in the twilight, that it was "on that ridge about a couple of miles from here that the coach was stopped."

"Nonsense!" said I. "Such things would not be tolerated in a country settled up like this is. I trust we have advanced too far in civilization to permit such crimes in this State."

"I trust so, too," said Mrs. Tottenham.

We rode on in silence, peering out betimes into the gathering darkness. More than once as Miss Marston leaned forward and gazed through the open side of the stage I saw her profile cleancut against the Western sky. While I admired the beauty of her features and felt the charm of her presence, there came upon me that strange emotion—like a memory of hope, happiness, contentment—an emotion intangible even to the myriad tentacles of the mind—evanescent—inscrutable. I watched her into the darkness.

Then my thought recurred to the stories of stage robberies. I could not help thinking to myself that if such a thing were to occur it might be unpleasant. I was entirely unarmed, and here were two ladies who should not be subjected to any alarm, not to mention bodily harm. Besides, I had no mind to be deprived of my money and watch, nor to have my portmanteau rifled. My money was in a belt worn beneath my clothing. My portmanteau contained nothing that would be valued by a highwayman; but it did contain some writings of mine and some very fine herbal specimens which I was taking to Professor Barton, and it would have pained me as much to see them strewn over the road as to lose my watch and money, though I could ill spare either.

Then I smiled at my own imaginings, wondering whether I was growing timid or nervous. I begged



the ladies to tell what they would like for supper at Trenton, or at Colchester, if the stage proceeded no further, and this we merrily discussed. I inquired of Mr. Hargraves if he knew what manner of inn was kept at the latter place, or whether we were likely to get any supper whatever.

Of the inns of Colchester he knew nothing from experience, but a neighbor had told him there was one, which fortunately was a good one, and called the Swan. It was much better kept than most inns hereabout. The landlord was named Dobson. He was an Englishman, and some were bitter toward him on that account, it was said, but he kept a good inn and so attracted custom in spite of prejudice.

The coach stopped abruptly. The horses gave a snort and I heard Dennis say, "Whisht!"

I sprang into the road. Something cold touched my forehead and in another second I realized that I was looking into the muzzle of a pistol held close to my face by a tall man.

"You're very prompt to 'light, sir," said he. "Put up your hands. If you move I'll fire. James, get the others out."

I held up my hands, and there I stood. Another man stepped forward, pistol in hand, to the coach side.

"Step out, ladies and gentlemen," said the second man. "It's booty and beauty we're after. Bring 'em out with ye, an' step lively."

The ladies and Mr. Hargraves alighted and were ranged beside me near the coach. By this time I was as angry as I was helpless. I watched for a chance to make a dash at the man in front of me, but he gave me none. I could not see his eyes, for it was too dark, and he was masked. But there was the pistol, and he seemed cool and steady.

I heard Dennis up in front of the coach saying, "Give thim all ye've got, me frinds, and I hope they won't anybody get hurted."

"James," said the tall man, "take this gentleman's watch."

"Give thim yer watch, doother, dear," said Dennis in imploring tones, while James relieved me of my watch.

"Here's me purse, misther highwayman, but spare me loife," whimpered Dennis, and threw something that fell jingling among the rocks at the roadside, just across a ditch.

"James, pick up the gentleman's purse," said the tall man, and James proceeded to obey.

"And here's me portmanty, full of jewelry," whined Dennis, and he sent something hurtling through the air, which with a sharp "clink" struck the tall man on the head. That was my chance. I struck—intending to fell him with my fist. But I hit the bag of horseshoes which was just falling from his head. His hat and mask were off. I saw—Mr. Jamison! I grasped at his pistol, but missed it. He was too close for me to strike. I throttled him with my right hand and we grappled.

He was tall, and much heavier than I, and strong. He attempted to beat me on the head with the pistol, but I was too close to him. I had my left arm around his body. Still with my right hand I held his throat. We struggled and swayed. He fired. I felt a sting on my hip. I heard Dennis' voice and a second shot. My antagonist beat me on the head and shoulders and back with his pistol. We wrestled for a fall. He was stifling, and struggled terribly, but I held his throat. We whirled and fell.

Next, I was conscious of lying in the road. My antagonist was gone. Some one was groaning near the coach wheel. The women were talking to him. Dennis came puffing up the road.

"They be gone intoirely," said he, "an' this wad be a good place to git away from. Where is iverybody? Where's the doother?"

I answered, and tried to rise, and at the second trial succeeded, though with a giddiness in my head. I put up my hand and found my hair bloody. I had

fallen upon a rock. Dennis had attacked "James," who, after firing his pistol at the Irishman with no effect, had beat a retreat in the darkness, being too fleet for the old man. My antagonist had recovered his wind, it seemed, before I had my senses, and escaped. We found Mr. Hargraves near the coach, shot through the thigh. I found afterward that I had been only grazed and powder-burned upon the hip, and concluded that it must have been the same ball that struck Mr. Hargraves. His wound did not bleed much, and as the ball passed through only the muscles of the thigh, I did not think it very dangerous if we could prevent inflammation. We lost no time in getting him into the coach, and would have been quickly away on the road but that Mr. Hargraves begged us to search for his wallet, which he had flung from the coach among the weeds at the farther side of the road. After considerable search, in which we all joined excepting Mr. Hargraves himself and young Joslyn, it was found at last by Miss Marston, to the farmer's great relief. During all this excitement young Joslyn had been busy holding his horses, which during the firing and the scuffling had been almost frantic, and his shouts of "Whoa! whoa!" had been mingled in the hubbub. The moon was now rising, and gave a considerable light. I picked up the empty pistol of my tall antagonist, which was lying in the road, and tossed it into the coach, and we embarked again. We were a somewhat agitated party of travelers during the remainder of the ride and were not sorry that the moon shone brightly over the landscape. The lights twinkling in the village of Colchester were welcome as harbor lights to storm-tossed mariners.

I said not a word as to my suspicion of the identity of one of the robbers. I could not keep from thinking about it. The darkness had prevented me from seeing with sufficient clearness to be sure. Yet the tall man was surely very like Jamison, and his voice was like Jamison's. But I held my tongue, not being certain. In the trying times that came later how often



I wished that I had killed him in that struggle. If I had even spoken then of my suspicion, what trouble might possibly have been averted.

Not wishing to be delayed upon my journey by the wounded farmer, I at once sought the village leech, who proved to be one Dr. Schwabe. Whether he was a German or a Dutchman I could not well determine, but he seemed a very zealous practitioner, to say the least for him. He willingly undertook the case, and bustled about with the greatest alacrity. He insisted on probing the wound, which caused it to bleed a few drops. Then he applied styptics, quickly changing for Goulard's cerate, and then bathing with spirits and water. After I had eaten supper and before resting for the night, I called in again to see how Mr. Hargraves was resting, and found that, the spirits having gotten into the wound and occasioned irritation, Dr. Schwabe had applied leeches to the limb and afterward cups, followed by a poultice, and was just preparing an opium draught for the night. He informed me with some show of erudition that Heyster was his favorite author when it came to treatment of surgical cases. To which I replied that many an author was good if his teaching was applied with judgment, and that a surgeon often exhibited his good judgment by what he *refrained* from doing.

The Swan, it seemed, had a rather larger brood that night than she could very well hover, but we found the accommodations tolerable, and after a passable night were ready to proceed upon our journey, all excepting Mr. Hargraves, whom we must leave in care of Dr. Schwabe. I visited the patient after breakfast and found Doctor Schwabe already there. He began talking about the advisability of using basilicon ointment and bark, unless I would recommend a blister. Then I plainly told the doctor that I thought he had already gone through several weeks' treatment of the wound, and as the wound itself had proceeded no farther than the first night of its existence he

might well afford to wait idly for a time, that the wound might catch up to the treatment, or, in other words, till there was some further indication. I insisted upon a mild emollient dressing and antiphlogistic diet for the present, with perhaps a light purge. Dr. Schwabe appeared somewhat ruffled at my remarks; still I knew they were justified and I was not sorry I had spoken my mind for the benefit of the patient.

I sat at the window of the second floor chamber in which the wounded man lay, while below in the inn-yard the morning stage was being made ready to leave. Quite a goodly number of passengers also were preparing to go, and doubt entered my mind as to whether there would be room for all in the stage. My attention was arrested by hearing my name mentioned by the well-known voice of Dennis, whose adventure with the highwaymen had made him quite a hero. But it was not of that he was talking. He was saying:

“So ye’s didn’t know that was Dr. Brush, the great shmallpox doether! Begorra phat’s the use of bein’ famous if people don’t know it! Besides Dr. Jinner in England there’s not sich anither doether in the warrld. He’s jist now makin’ a touer of the Shtates an’ Provinces visitin’ shmallpox cases and instructin’ doethers in the new way of innoculatin’ fer the shmallpox. He shtopped all night at Hanley an’ had a conference wid Dr. Ainstie; and I seen the shmallpox pizen mysilf, and heard him talk about it. He carries the stuff in his pocket wherever he goes, and explains it to the doethers. I’m not afeard of the disase mesilf, havin’ had it when I was a lad. Yis sorr! Ye’ve heard of him! Av course ye’ve heard of him. But ye’s didn’t know this was him. ’Phat’s the use of bein’ famous if people don’t know it, doether dear,’ sez I. But being a very quite man he sez nothin’ about himself at all, at all; and nothin’ about the shmallpox, only to doethers and people that has it.

Whisht now! He'll be comin'! Don't ye's make known who tould ye!"

The stage was about ready to depart, and with a cheerful goodby to Mr. Hargraves I descended. The group in front of the inn fell back respectfully, giving me a wide berth as I approached, and a few disappeared altogether. The ladies had already been seated in the stage. But of the other travelers who had been ready to depart all seemed to have changed their minds, excepting an old gentleman in the garb of a Quaker, one of middle-age whose dress betokened him a clergyman, a pock-marked farmer with his little son, Dennis and myself.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

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MISS MARSTON AND DR. BRUSH FIND THEY HAVE A  
MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE—DENNIS DISCUSSES THE  
JEWS.

**W**E FOUND seats in the stage, for there was room for all who had not declined to go, and were soon on the road toward Trenton.

"Ahem!" said the clergyman, turning toward me, who sat behind him. "Ahem. I beg your pardon, sir, but I believe you are a physician."

"I am, sir," said I.

"And you have had a good deal of experience with smallpox," said the clergyman, who seemed inclined to talk.

"I have had a small share," said I.

"Did I understand," inquired Miss Marston, who sat behind me, "that you know Dr. Ainstie, of Hanley?"

"Oh, yes," said I. "I know him very well, and esteem him highly. I lived and studied with him during two years."

"Ah, indeed!" said she.

"You know him, then?" said I.

"I am well acquainted with him," said she. "Not personally, but I know of him. He is a relative."

"I am delighted to hear that we have a mutual friend," said I.

It occurred to me that if Miss Marston and Dr. Ainstie were related, perhaps there was a resemblance which had given me that undefined feeling of friendship; or was it her strong resemblance to Mrs. Gray? Was it an intuition, a memory, or a new emotion—that strange feeling of which I was con-

scious? I was about to speak in praise of my preceptor, when, as I glanced at Miss Marston the thought flashed into my mind that I beheld in her the original of the shadow portrait I had so admired as it hung upon the wall at Dr. Ainstie's. Was it then a memory of the portrait amid surroundings that I had found so agreeable? Or was it a memory of the gracious woman whom she so resembled? Or was it some hitherto unknown emotion caused by her presence that stirred within me? In my surprise at my discovery, and bewilderment concerning the perturbation of my head or heart, whichever it could be, and ere I could find words to speak either of the portrait or of Dr. Ainstie, the clergyman turned round again.

"What do you think of this new plan of preventing smallpox?" he inquired. "We hear a good deal of talk about it."

"From what I have read I think favorably of it," I answered.

"Has not your own experience coincided with what you have read?" he inquired.

"I have never yet tried it," said I.

"Oh-h," he said, looking incredulous. "I understood you had."

"Perhaps you were misled, sir," said I, smiling, "by the remarks of my friend on the front seat. He is something of a strategist, and, as I perceived too late to prevent it, he took into his head that plan to secure a seat."

"He seems to have more craftiness than honor," said the clergyman testily.

"There was some truth in his talk, which I happened to overhear," said I. "Dr. Ainstie and I had been discussing the subject of smallpox and inoculation in his presence; and Dr. Ainstie gave me some of the cowpox virus."

"So it's the cowpox that's used, is it?" the minister inquired. "Isn't that as bad to have as the smallpox?"

"There is no comparison," I replied. "Cowpox is a mild and harmless disease, while smallpox is the most dreadful scourge that has ever afflicted the human race."

"Ay, that it is," said the pock-marked farmer. "Didn't it destroy my wife and my eldest son, and leave our girl blind for life, and full of scars? And didn't it kill one out of every three that had it in our town?"

"That is the history of thousands of epidemics of smallpox," said I, "and of families innumerable, in all countries and among all races. Of course the ravages of smallpox have been much lessened by inoculation since that was introduced. But inoculation itself is not without danger, both to the person inoculated and to those who may come near him, and take smallpox."

"Well, what is the new plan, doctor?" said the clergyman.

"Simply inoculation with the virus of kine pox instead of the variolous poison," said I. "Having had cowpox the system is incapable of receiving the smallpox poison, or affords so poor a soil for it, that the disease can make no dangerous effect upon it."

"Is not the cowpox catching," inquired Miss Marston, "and dangerous to others not inoculated with it?"

"Not at all," said I. "We are told by those who have great experience with it that it is communicated only by actual contact, not merely by proximity. And if it were—what matter? Cowpox is never a dangerous disease. It is a trifling ailment, yet protects against a frightful, loathsome and deadly disease."

"What does Dr. Ainstie think about the new method, may I ask?" inquired Mrs. Tottenham.

"Well, Dr. Ainstie is as yet undecided. He is not a man to decide hurriedly. Like a good many of the older physicians, he says inoculation has always served him well. By care and management, with air,



and antiphlogistic diet, he has had but few fatalities with inoculation, and it is such a vast improvement over smallpox that he will not be in haste to give it up until he is satisfied he has something better. But he is going to try the new plan, now that he has the vaccine virus, at the first opportunity."

"Vaccine, did you say?" inquired the clergyman.

"Yes, sir. The Latin name for cowpox is *variolae vaccinae*."

"Oh, I see, doctor, I see. And has not it been tried much yet? The newspapers had great accounts since last year both in favor of it and against it."

"It has been tried hundreds of times in England. Not much yet in this country. Dr. Edward Jenner, who discovered the method, satisfied himself of its efficacy before he published it. His work is a wonderful monument to his sagacity, and to his benevolence as well. Dr. George Pearson, of St. George's Hospital, deserves great credit, also. Cowpox had been known as a disease of cattle in certain dairy regions of England for many generations, and was often accidentally communicated to the hands of milkers. Also it had been known that persons who had been through cowpox escaped smallpox. But it remained for Dr. Jenner to recognize the natural law that cowpox protects the human constitution against smallpox, and to conceive the idea that instead of trusting to chance for getting protection by cowpox, and instead of protecting by inoculation with smallpox virus—the whole human race might be protected against smallpox by inoculation with cowpox. He not only reported cases which logically led to this conclusion, but he made experiments which incontestably prove his conclusion correct. For example, he would inoculate certain members of a family with cowpox, and then afterward inoculate them with smallpox and expose them to cases of that disease, only to find that they were insusceptible to its contagion. But in order to be sure that the variolous virus was active he would at

the same time inoculate other members of the same family who had not undergone cowpox, and produce in them the ordinary symptoms of inoculated smallpox. Whole series of experiments and observations by Dr. Jenner and after him by other physicians give uniformly the same results. It seems to me Dr. Jenner's observations are wonderfully acute and his reasoning incontrovertible. One physician pronounces it the most curious experiment that ever was recorded in the history of physiology, and considers it a highly beneficial practice, for which mankind is under the greatest obligations to Dr. Jenner. This he said after making observations on over four hundred cases, all of which corroborated Dr. Jenner's theories. Others have repeated the experiments hundreds of times, proving the rule."

"But," said the minister, "people say in some cases it causes a person to break out with serophulous sores and swellings."

"What do you think the smallpox would do in that kind of a constitution?" said I, smiling. "Dr. Jenner thinks smallpox may be one of the great causes of the extensive prevalence of serophula all over Europe, and he goes on to say how such complications, also erysipelalous inflammations, and other spurious sores may be avoided. You should read his book, and be convinced. I shall try the virus at the first opportunity."

"Why don't you try it on yourself?" said the minister.

"So I would at once, but for the fact that I have been inoculated. Why should I hesitate? Dr. Waterhouse, professor of physic at Cambridge, used the vaccine virus on his own four children in July last, and had them tested afterward in Dr. Aspinwall's inoculation hospital with the happiest results. I have some of the virus which he sent to Dr. Ainstie. Those were the first cowpox inoculations made in this country. But here we are coming to Trenton. I fear I have bored you all with talking shop."

"Indeed it has been very interesting," said Miss Marston, which caused me to bow gratefully.

We soon arrived in Trenton, where we should have stopped the night before but for the bad roads, the late start, and the affair of the stage robbers, and came immediately down to the ferry where we waited for the boat. We had new accessions to our numbers waiting there, among whom was a Jew with a peddler's pack. While waiting for the ferry the peddler opened his pack and offered his wares for sale. Having lost a couple of buttons from my waistcoat in the struggle with the highwayman I proceeded to look for new ones. Whereupon Dennis twitched my coat sleeve and asked whether I wanted "to be chated out of me eyes."

I said I would "hardly trade them for buttons."

"Faith," said he, "I've known people to do little betther nor that, thradin' wid thim Jew peddlers."

"They should have used their eyes, then, before trading," said I.

"But the best way is to have nothin' to do wid thim at all," said Dennis. "Thin they'd quit thradin' an' go to worruk. Why don't they stay in their own country, where they belongs"—this caused a smile to appear on the faces of the clergymen and the ladies—"insthead of thrapesin' all over the known and unknown warrld where they ain't wanted?" continued the Irishman. "I'll till you phy. It's because they want to live off from other people instid of workin' for themselves."

"I have been told," said the Quaker with a twinkle in his eyes, "that there are no Jews north of Aberdeen, Scotland, and in certain counties of Ireland."

"And I understand that they got no foothold in the early days in Philadelphia," said I, "for the same reason—the inhabitants were too shrewd for them. But in this country all men are free and equal, and the Jews must have an even chance to win their just deserts, along with the representatives of every other



race or nation who come in with us. May the best blood win."

"At last they are to have an even chance," said the clergyman. "They have been persecuted and oppressed for hundreds of years, but you know the Jews are God's own peculiar people, and—"

"That's jist the throuble," interrupted Dennis emphatically. "They are that *dom* peculiar. If they was loike other folks we wouldn't moind."

"As I was about to remark," continued the clergyman, "they have been under the special protection of Divine Providence, who has shown His mercy to them in many crises of their history. See how wonderfully through all the centuries and in all climes the race has been preserved. Although the ten tribes were lost"—

"Thanks be to God for that," interrupted Dennis. "They's enough av thim lift. What cud we do if we had tin more thribes av thim?"

"As I was saying," resumed the minister, "the Lord has shown mercy to them—"

"What worr the Lord doin' the toime thim tin thribes got lost? sez I," broke in Dennis. "Oi'll tell ye what He wor doin'. That's the toime He wor showin' mercy on the rest of the warrld."

The minister persevered. "But although the ten tribes were lost, those that remained have increased."

("Great pity the pattern wasn't lost with the tin thribes," growled Dennis.)

"In spite of oppression practiced by nearly every nation upon the earth against the Jews, they have increased and multiplied, and their race and their customs and ceremonies are still—"

"Now if they'd lift that to me, I cud regilate the whole difficulty," again interrupted McGinnis. "Their cirimonies an' their circumeisions an' all that is all very well as far as they goes. But listen to me now. Ye see whin Oi'm at home on me farrum I raises a lot o' harses an' cattle, especially harses. Now whin a harse foal or a bull calf—"

"All aboard," shouted I, echoing the call of the ferryman, for the boat was now ready, "come on, Mr. McGinnis," and we hurried forward to embark for the Pennsylvania shore.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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THEY ARRIVE IN PHILADELPHIA, AND BRUSH DESCANTS  
ON BOARDING-HOUSES, ET CETERA.

**H**AVING from Trenton crossed this grand river, the Delaware, whose banks are still lined with giant trees of the primeval forest, save here and there where men have chosen to make way for villages or farms, we again took places in a stage and soon found ourselves in the town of Bristol. Still our course lay Southwest, and we crossed the Shammony river, rolling smoothly along on a fine road through the village of Frankford, and approached the metropolis of the New World, with its population of more than one hundred and twenty thousand souls. This leads me to remark that the Quakers do not constitute so large a proportion of the population as formerly. Many persons at home in New England suppose that all the inhabitants of Philadelphia are Quakers, whereas there are many religious sects represented here, the inhabitants being not only natives of the British Islands, but also of France and Germany, together with their descendants born in this country. There are also many negroes.

The long rows of brick buildings with their marble windowsills and doorsteps, and their cellar doors projecting upon the brick footwalks had grown familiar to me during my previous stay in the city. We bowled along between two long lines of closed shutters which seemed more reliable than the Lombardy poplar trees for keeping out the afternoon sun. The people upon the streets gazed after the stage as it passed, and the boys left their games of marbles and chuckies to race with our horses and hang on

behind the stage, looking sharp for the driver's whip. Our horses at the swing of the lash and with a prospect of grain ahead completed the last mile with considerable spirit. As we rolled cheerfully along I could not but reflect that these streets had witnessed far different scenes than that now presented.

This is the city from which, in the autumn of 1793, a third of its inhabitants fled in terror of the pestilence that spared neither rich nor poor, nor humble nor proud. This very street, like every other leading out of the plague-attacked metropolis, was thronged for days with families laden with their household effects, seeking to escape in safety to the country. People who remained closed their houses and suspended their business, unless their business was that of doctor, nurse, apothecary, bleeder, grave-digger, hearse-driver, or maker of those pitch-seamed coffins of rude workmanship which alone could be made fast enough to supply the need.

Of hearses there were not enough, and frequently a pair of chairwheels supporting the coffin while the horse was guided by a negro, constituted the only funeral cortege along these streets. The friends of the dead, themselves mortally ill, were unable to follow their loved ones to the grave. Of grave diggers there were not enough to prepare separate graves, and great trenches were dug, which could be filled with corpses and covered in as the filling of the trench progressed. Of bleeders there were not enough, for patients had sometimes to wait for many hours, a half a day, or a day, before the busy phlebotomist could reach them in turn. Of physicians there were not enough; what with desertions, and with sickness and death among the faithful who remained at their posts of duty, there was at one time, as Dr. Rush himself has told us, only three physicians remaining able to be out of their homes, while six thousand sick persons needed their services. In less than three and a half months, more than four



thousand persons died of the fever. Gloom and fear sat upon every countenance to be seen within the city.

Days of fasting and prayer were appointed in the cities and towns throughout the United States for their afflicted capital. Such was the bilious yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793. That was not the first epidemic of its kind known here, but it was the worst. It has prevailed to some extent each year since, but to a slighter degree. Sometimes, as, I am told so far this year, only in sporadic cases. At each reappearance of yellow fever either in Philadelphia or in any other of our seaboard towns, the medical profession has resumed the discussion whether the disease is of an inflammatory or a typhoid character; and whether it is contagious, and was imported from the West Indies or is domestic in its origin and due to local causes. This dispute has been carried on in all parts of the country and with great interest and ardor. Naturally it has waxed warmest when and where the disease most prevailed and has sometimes reached a degree quite above the normal temperature of scientific discussion. I wonder who will finally be proven right, and what will at last be considered the proper treatment and the best means of prevention from this and other fevers. It may be that as Dr. Mitchill suggests, if our cities were built of limestone and paved with the same material the exciting causes of pestilential fevers would thereby to a great extent be neutralized. And it is possible that if coal instead of wood were in general use as a fuel the volatile alkaline gas of ammoniac produced by the burning of it would destroy the septic acid exhalations which are known to excite dysenteries, catarrhs and various fevers and distempers. For it would seem reasonable, as he argues, that a constant fumigation with ammoniacal gas must tend to render cities more healthy by destroying such noxious vapors as are of an acid nature.

Rousing myself from these reflections, I took occasion to address the ladies of our party congratu-

lating them upon a safe arrival at their journey's end. Upon which they were good enough to reply that they owed the safety of the journey largely to the gentlemen of the party, and would remember us with gratitude. I begged the pleasure of seeing them sometime again, if I might know where to find them. At this the elder lady, after a moment's pause, named for me a street and number which I took good care to remember.

We came down Front Street to the stage office at No. 82, where quite a group of idlers gathered to see us alight. The gentlemen all jumped out here and saw the unloading of our baggage and the letter-bag. Then after our polite adieux were said the stage proceeded to set down the ladies at their destination.

Dennis and I mounted the high steps to the dingy old brick tavern, while the landlord, a man of huge proportions, aided by a stunted but sturdy tatterdemallion who acted as porter, dragged our trunks up after us.

Dennis was for setting off immediately to the farm of his long-lost brother, but I prevailed upon him to wait overnight, by promising to accompany him on the morrow.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon and the evening walking about the streets; not merely to amuse ourselves with the sights of the city, although we extracted considerable entertainment during our wanderings, but in the serious business of finding a suitable place for boarding and lodging for myself. The medical college was located in Fifth Street and I did not want to take lodgings at too remote a distance therefrom. But as I intended to practice my profession, my lodging must be suitable for that purpose, and in a locality where I might hope to secure some patronage without too long waiting. If the boarding and lodgings were at the same place it would be far more convenient than if they were separated. But if necessary I could take my meals near the college

and keep my lodgings at some distance. I recalled with disagreeable sensations in my memory, if not in the region of my digestive organs, some experiences endured during my former life at city boarding houses or boarding clubs. During my first course at college I had been extremely limited in means, and had found life in the city, with incidental college expenses, even in the modest way which would have satisfied my wishes, to be expensive beyond my expectations, so that simple comfort and sufficient food were strangers to me for weeks together. I mentally resolved that during my second stay at college I would at least not go hungry—not if I had to eat up my cows and my horse or at any rate the price they would bring. I shall never forget those hungry times in the winter of 1795-6. I was not the only student in that predicament. There was a sufficient number interested in the problem of making a week's allowance last a month to cause the formation of a boarding club. The members paid a certain stipend into the hands of one of the members who acted as steward, whose duty it was to purchase food at the market and have it cooked and served by an old woman who had cooking utensils and dishes. This club was contemptuously dubbed "The Trough" by those students who were not members. However, driven to similar extremities, they formed a rival club, which we, in turn, called "The Rack." At the close of each session the students might be seen rushing pellmell from the college door and breaking into two squads running down the street to the respective locations of "The Trough" and "The Rack," where the doors were burst in and there was a hurried scramble for places at the table. The first to arrive secured the envied seat at the end of the table nearest the kitchen door. Here he obtained the first opportunity at each dish of food as it emerged from the kitchen and was passed from hand to hand down the table. Frequently it occurred that the dish was empty before it reached the farther end of the table, and consequently the unfortunate members there situated



became even less able to make a successful race for the next meal. So it became necessary, and "The Trough" enacted a rule, that each member in turn should take first the head of the table, the next seat at the next meal, and so on down to the foot. "The Trough" flourished for several weeks, all the members paying their weekly dues in advance each Saturday night. But one memorable Sabbath it transpired that our steward (I shall forbear to mention his name, out of pity for his posterity, if he leaves any) failed to make his appearance at the dining room, and Mrs. Lindsay, our cook, declared he had brought no provisions from the market, and she had nothing to cook. We were a very angry set of fellows, and threatened something disgraceful when we caught the steward. But we couldn't hang him till we caught him, and it was not till Sabbath evening that he was discovered at the "Crooked Billet" in a state of dangerous distension and hilarious inebriety, the contemptible villain having actually eaten and drank the club's whole weekly fund in one day.

That broke the confidence of the members in the plan of having a steward, and as no member was willing or able to place a forfeit it broke up the club. We kept very quiet about it for fear of ridicule by the members of "The Rack;" but learned next day that that body had quietly and secretly dissolved on Saturday evening, for the reason that a number of the members who were poor runners had withdrawn, which reduced the membership below an economic basis. I forgot to mention that a number of our members, considering that something ought to be done to suitably commemorate the defection of the late steward of "The Trough," one evening seized that individual, soused him in the nearest horse trough and pumped water on him till he begged for mercy. He promised to refund the money, but the promise was never fulfilled. He had the effrontery to remain throughout the term, the butt of innumerable jibes, but I do not know what afterward became of him.

If a person of wealth and benevolent intentions were to ask me to advise where philanthropic efforts might be well bestowed, I should recommend the amelioration of the condition of students, particularly medical students. Usually boarding and lodging houses are kept by widows or those whose circumstances compel them to resort to this means of gaining a livelihood, and whose necessities render them parsimonious or sometimes even sordid. I would not deprive the worthy poor of making an honest living, nor yet bestow upon the student a home gratis. But places might be provided in connection with the college or free library, where the young men might meet for social intercourse, not only among themselves but with respectable people of the city; and where comfortable study rooms and baths, and entertaining games and amusements might be provided. The majority of students in the cities are far from home and its influences and greatly miss them, while temptations are many and various. I know that the ministers preach and the parents warn the boys against the allurements of the city. But the danger does not always come from the direction expected.

I once knew a medical student to marry a widow old enough to be his mother. Some of the class were unkind enough to hint that he took this action to avoid paying his board bill. But I surmise his action was merely an evidence of a weak state of mind brought on by insufficient food, just as we see invalids performing acts for which they are scarcely accountable. Whether unconsciously or by design on the widow's part I will not presume to say, but it seemed that this boarder was starved into a state of submission and then led captive to Hymen's altar.

Some students have compromised by marrying the landlady's daughter. In a case of this kind which came under my personal observation it appeared to me the impulse was somewhat different in its origin. The student had been living (if living it could be

called) at one of those cheerless, stingy, cold-potato-and-water-soup places, until he had reached almost the limit of even a medical student's endurance. At this time he secured a remittance from home sufficient to settle his score and secure possession of his trunk, and so changed boarding places. As fate would have it he fell into the house of the widow with the daughter, whose place was conducted upon a somewhat comfortable and homelike plan. The mother was quite motherly, and the daughter waited upon the boarder with her own red hands. Whereupon the poor fellow, being warmed into animation again by a glimpse of home life, and filled with gratitude and food, gave his heart away to the young lady who stood waiting, with her salver, to receive it. So they were married, and lived happily—till his parents found it out. And when he brought the young wife home and he came to himself and had an opportunity to compare her with the girls of his own village he saw that he had made a mistake.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

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DENNIS MEETS HIS LONG LOST BROTHER, AND BRUSH  
GETS SETTLED IN LODGINGS AND GOES TO COLLEGE.

**D**ENNIS and I wandered with more or less method down and up on Water and Front Streets, on Vine and Race, Arch, Market and Chestnut Streets, even as far as Pine and Dock and South Streets, zigzagging back and forth as we caught sight of a sign "Lodging," or were directed in answer to my inquiries. But I found nothing quite to suit, and finally excited the wrath of a voluble landlady of one apartment we were inspecting, by coolly putting aside the bed curtains and lifting the bedding to look for signs of the *Cimex lectularius*. This incident greatly amused Dennis, who laughed heartily, while I took the rating from the indignant old lady. This did not alter the fact that Mr. Cimex and his family were already lodging there, and she knew it. We returned to the stage tavern that night. Next morning, seeing that nothing ordinary could restrain Mr. McGinnis, I agreed to accompany him to the farm of Martin McGinnis on the banks of the Wissahickon, a creek or small river tributary to the Schuylkill. I proposed to send word to Martin as had been prearranged and let him come to the tavern for Dennis, but the latter would not hear to this proposal.

"Phat wad ye be doin', Doether? To kape me waitin' maybe four-and-twenty hours yit and maybe two or three days. Me, that hasn't seen me pore little brother fer forty-five years. I go this day. If ye loike ye'll go wid me, and if ye will not, ye need not."

"Of course I'll go with you, McGinnis. I want to see you safe there; and I want to be present on so happy an occasion."

I promised myself no small gratification in seeing Dennis' warm fraternal affection rewarded.

A horse and wagon were easily hired, and with Dennis and his luggage snugly bestowed, we set out, and left the city behind us. In due time, by inquiring, we found the tidy farm of Martin McGinnis. There in the wild and rugged region of the Wissahickon had this spot been hewn out of the wilderness and tamed and tilled until it was a model dairy farm, and a cosy home for the farmer and his family. As we drove up we could see the well-kept fences and stables, the roads in fine repair, and a goodly group of stacks and ricks.

"Good thrifty farming here," said I to Dennis. But he made me no reply. He was all intent upon his errand. The only person in sight was a man near the barnyard. We walked quickly past a long row of beehives, past the farmhouse, in view of the springhouse in the side of the hill, and on toward the man at the barnyard gate. He was an elderly man, dressed in working clothes. A tall sturdy old man he looked, with a ruddy, good-natured face. I accosted him. "Good morning, sir. Are you Mr. McGinnis—Martin McGinnis?"

"I am then," said he, rubbing his hands on his overalls, preparatory to shaking hands. I thought he suspected who his visitors were.

"I am Dr. Brush," said I, extending my hand, "and this is Dennis McGinnis, from Hanley, Massachusetts."

"An' do ye's mane to tell me this is me little brother Martin?" said Dennis, standing four or five paces away, putting his hands behind his back as though to avoid any friendly advances. "I kin tell ye roight now ye're no more loike him than Adam's hired man." And he walked half way around Martin, still keeping his distance, and eyeing him suspiciously. Martin smiled goodnaturedly, but said nothing.

"Where was ye born now?" questioned Dennis.

"Ballydoch, County Clare," answered Martin.

"An' phat was yer feyther's and yer mither's name?" said Dennis.

"Me feyther's name was Martin before me, and mither's was Mary," answered Martin.

"An' did yer mither have blue eyes an' long curly hair?" said Dennis.

"She did thot," answered Martin, "and she died of a faver, and I came to Ameriky wid me little brother Dennis, an' I think ye're that same, God be praised!"

"I have me own doubts about it," said Dennis sulkily. "Ye have naught of the look of the mither about ye."

"But it's been a long time since, you know, Dennis," said I. "Nearly half a century makes great changes in a person's appearance, and in one's recollections of their appearance."

"Faith thot's throe in most cases, but not in this wan, fer I recollect jist the same as if it was yister-day," persisted Dennis positively. "It wor loike this. Here wor a great big man puttin' all the naygurs in the boat. An' here were Martin an' me. An' when the naygurs all got in, he says to Martin, says he, 'Come on, boy, be lively.' But I wouldn't let go of Martin. I clung onto him till they pulled us apart an' put him in the boat with the naygurs."

"Ay, ay! So you did! So you did!" said Martin, drawing his sleeve across his face. "Come to the house now. Come on, do."

We followed Martin toward the house; but as we neared the springhouse two women emerged from it with frocks pinned up behind them, and sleeves rolled to their elbows, and stood regarding us. One was a comely matron with a sprinkle of gray in her hair. The other a plump young woman with neck and arms as white as milk, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes and a mass of curling jet black hair. Dennis looked at her, and remarked to me: "She looks a dom sight more loike me brother Martin nor phat *he* do."



We were warmly welcomed.

"Young Mart," as they called him, a strapping son, came in later. Nothing would do but I must stay over night, which I did, and passed the time pleasantly, too. The hospitality of the McGinnis farmhouse was of the heartiest. I left Dennis getting acquainted famously next day; and promising to come out again in a month, I returned to the city.

I was impatient to settle myself in lodgings as soon as possible and then proceed to matriculate and begin my studies at the College; in order also that I might feel myself free to indulge in a call upon Miss Marston.

After a considerable search and careful consideration, I found in Front Street a small front parlor having a chamber above it, which I judged would answer my purpose, and which I therefore engaged at a moderate price. The neighborhood did not appear to be suffering for medical attendance, for only a few doors above me was an apothecary shop kept by Mr. Dunraven at the sign of the Galen's head, and the fourth house below, or at least the front of it, was occupied by Dr. DePue, who advertised to transplant teeth, and offered two guineas apiece for such teeth as he could use. But a doctor cannot have a street, nor perhaps even a square to himself in a city.

I bought a few necessary articles, had my baggage brought from the tavern, and placed my sign upon the door, and felt ready to do a large practice, when it should come to me. Pending its coming I found a boarding house near by; and then proceeded to matriculate at the college and enter upon the studies of the medical course.

I learned that the members of the class expected for the winter had not all arrived, although the opening day had passed. In fact, there were yet but few in attendance. But it seems often to occur that students do not enter until November or December, or even occasionally after the New Year. Judging from the

number last year, when ten received the degree, there will be probably not above a couple of dozen of them at the most.

The professors who were there during my first course, in '95-6, I was pleased to observe remembered me, as in due time I encountered them. Dr. Rush alluded at once to Richard's case, and appeared much interested in my account of the later events which had transpired. It appeared to me that Dr. Shippen had aged much in a few years and his handsome face had lost something of its vivacity; but his kind and graceful manners and pleasant tones were still the same. Professor Barton examined my herbal preparations with interest, and asked many questions concerning the flora of Maine, to which I replied to the best of my ability. He spoke cordially of Dr. Ainstie, with whom he had some acquaintance by correspondence, and inquired concerning his experiments in the culture of medicinal plants.

In my intercourse with the students the fact dawned upon me with something of a surprise, though there was no reason why it should have surprised me, that I was older than the majority of them. However, there was one man in the class who appeared near forty years of age, taking his first course.

I found that there was a movement on foot among some of the students to secure from Dr. Physick a private course in surgery. They said he was well qualified to teach, having had every opportunity to improve his great talents. Indeed, with such advantages as he has had, he would be a very dull sluggard not to make a fine showing of success. He was graduated a Bachelor of Arts and then for three years pursued the study of physic under Dr. Kuhn. He then became a pupil of John Hunter, whom he almost idolized, and resided in London during two years, part of which time, through the favor of Hunter, he was House Surgeon of St. George's Hospital, and received a license from the Royal College of Surgeons

in London. He then entered Edinburgh and obtained the M. D. from the University there. Coming home to practice in Philadelphia, and with wealth and social eminence in addition to his requirements, he has won great favor. He is one of the surgeons of the Philadelphia Hosiptal and during the epidemic in 1793 and again in 1798 he was resident physician at Bush Hill.

I readily joined the movement to obtain an extra course of lectures, and we waited upon Dr. Physick at his rooms in Front Street, not very far from my own. He received us courteously, and I was much pleased with his appearance. He is only of the medium height, but his countenance is noble and impressive. He has a Roman nose, a mouth beautifully chiselled, a high forehead, and steady, penetrating hazel eyes. He can be but a few years my senior, and I could not but reflect with regret, though I trust without envy, upon the vast difference in the facilities which fate provided for him, and those meager means which strenuous efforts have enabled me to secure. But I have ever made it my motto to make the most of my own talents and opportunities. If this duty is well done I cannot be responsible for more. We made arrangements for the private course, and I began an acquaintance, in fact, a friendship, which I value highly.

The building in which the college is located is, to be truthful about it, rather a shabby structure, which if not dilapidated, is at least not in a very excellent state of repair. The windows of the second story smeared with whitewash upon the inside, to admit the light but exclude the gaze of the curious, give it a sinister expression which might seem to warrant the uncanny stories circulated in the neighborhood concerning the college and what takes place within it. If the passerby had a sensitive nose or paused to peer within the doorway, he would discern an odor suggestive of anything but health and longevity. At the



rear of the cobwebby building were rooms set apart for the use of the janitor who, with his family, lived there.

The janitor was a Dutchman, Peter Van Damm by name, but familiarly known to the students as Dampeter. Peter's countenance which had evidently been originally remarkable for strength of feature rather than for beauty, was frightfully pitted with smallpox and further disfigured by a powder burn. He was broad shouldered and sinewy, possessed a voice like a boar hound, and a manner no more prepossessing. He was the bugaboo or "The black man" to all the children in that part of the city whose mothers tried to frighten them into obedience. But, if the poor frightened children had only known it, Peter's heart was as soft as any of theirs. I came to know him well later. He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had fought pirates in the Mediterranean, and wild beasts in Africa, had lived through smallpox and yellow fever and feared nothing earthly or unearthly, tangible or intangible. At the age of thirty-seven he had wandered into the port of Philadelphia, where he fell in love with a modest and buxom damsel of twenty, who with her parents tilled a garden at the edge of the city.

She returned the love of this sturdy, honest, gruff, warm-hearted, ugly, daredevil Dutchman. Dampeter was handy at most any kind of work, but did not take a fancy to gardening, and after a time, through the acquaintance of one of the faculty, he was made janitor of the college. Their dwelling rooms there were by the housewife's art and wholesome presence, made as bright and tidy as the remainder of the building was uninviting. There two children were born to them. Christina, or "Teeny," who was past four years old at the time of which I am writing, was the daintiest little flower-faced, flaxen-haired beauty to be seen anywhere, while Hans, the father's pride and joy, was a prankful rogue of two. There was a paved walk

at the side of the building, along which Teeny used frequently to promenade with her dolls or make a show of dragging Hans in a cart of her father's construction. Like so many city children, not a foot of grass plot had they to play upon, although, as if to compensate them, remembering her girlhood's skill in the garden, their mother kept boxes and jars of flowers and ornamental plants on every windowsill and bordering the doorway.

## CHAPTER XXX.

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MEETS HIS OLD ROOMMATE, AND AT LAST FINDS A GOOD  
BOARDING PLACE. MISS MARSTON THERE, AND  
OTHERS.

**I** SETTLED down to study with all the concentration I could muster, but soon discovered that the problem of provender was not yet solved. My first boarding place near my lodging, and which I had chosen for its appearance of neatness and gentility, I found possessed few other qualities to recommend it. The table furniture was of good quality and kept clean. The meals were furnished with great formality. But one cannot eat even the best of china, nor fill his stomach with ceremonies. My appetite was still fresh from outdoor living, and although not requiring the quantity called for by hard physical labor, was not to be appeased by long waits between short courses. I found it imperative to make a change, and chose a house farther down the street whence I had seen emerging with a satisfied expression of countenance sundry healthy-looking mechanics. I went there. Now it is quite possible that if it had been later in the season when the frost had killed the house-flies, that I might have staid there longer. The food was plentiful, but between the flies and the state of uncleanness which attracted them, I was obliged to search for another place. Nearly two weeks had slipped by, and I was not yet comfortably settled. How I did wish for the wholesome viands of Mrs. Baxter's kitchen, and recall from the more remote past the appetizing and satisfying provisions which came from my mother's skillful hands. But they were far away.



Engaged in reflections of this nature I was walking along slowly toward the college, only looking about me occasionally, perhaps by habit, to see if there was a promising looking sign of a boarding house in sight. I paid no attention to a tall young man who crossed the street to intercept me, until he stood squarely in my path, holding out his hand to greet me. "It's Brush, by G—," said he, grasping my hand and shaking it vigorously. "I'd have known you anywhere. You haven't change a jot. I heard you was here."

"And right glad to see you, Blakesley," said I, as pleased as he, for he had been my roommate during a part of my first winter in Philadelphia, and I had not seen him since.

"What were you in such a deep study over just now? Old Keil, or Le Dran, I'll bet a nigger. You're at your old tricks."

"You've lost," said I. "I wasn't thinking of studies at all. I was thinking of things to eat, and where to get them. But where have you been, and when did you come?"

"O, I've been down home in Virginia. Came up yesterday," said Blakesley. He had a deep voice, with a rich intonation, a faint Southern accent, an earnest though sometimes languid manner. I always enjoyed hearing him talk, and I heartily liked and admired him for many manly traits.

"Been practicing?" said I.

"Only on the blacks, who couldn't refuse my services," said he chuckling. "My main business has been to run the plantation." Then sobering suddenly he said, "You know father's dead?"

"No!" said I.

"Yes," said he, sadly; and we walked along in silence. He was first to speak.

"Did you say you were hungry?" said he.

"No, not just now," I answered. "But I haven't succeeded in finding a good boarding place."

"How lucky! Come with me. It's the very thing," said he.

"Where is it?"

"Second Street, Number 92."

I was startled. It was the very address of the lady travelers, Mrs. Tottenham and Miss Marston. I had not forgotten it, but had really been too much occupied from day to day to find time to call there.

"Who keeps the place?" I inquired.

"Mrs. Tottenham."

I must have showed some change of countenance, for Blakesley asked, "Do you know her?"

"Slightly," said I. "Does she keep a good place?"

"'Good,'" said he, looking at me. "Good! None so *good* in the city. It has only one fault."

"And what is that?" queried I.

"I'll not tell you for fear you'll not come," he laughed. "You will stand it. I've a fine apartment with space for another bed. It'll be like old times—only better."

"Nothing could please me so well," said I. "But I'm already located in rooms here on Front Street with my sign out."

"Oh-ho! Practicing, eh?"

"Well, I can hardly say that," said I, "but willing to practice. But how about boarding at Mrs. Tottenham's and lodging where I am?"

"We'll see about it after lectures," said Blakesley.

We entered the college. I fear Prof. Wistar's lecture seemed longer than it really was that afternoon. It was the last scheduled for the day. I did not usually consider him so dry. But I was thinking of a pair of luminous eyes, of tresses of shining hair, and a rounded, graceful neck.

The lecture ended, Blakesley led the way at a smart walk to his lodging house. Number 92 Second Street proved to be one of the best houses in the vicinity, although it had probably encountered the elements for forty or fifty years. It was of brick, built in a somewhat peculiar fashion, with a square tower at each front corner extending several feet above the main

roof and topped with embrasures in imitation of a fortress. The front wall also extended upward somewhat above the roof, and was notched in a similar manner. Two gargoyles marked openings for the escape of water from the roof. On knocking, the door was instantly opened by a colored lad. We entered the hall, in which a carved staircase of mahogany led upward. At the rear end of the hall the door stood open and I looked out upon a wide verandah, and beyond into a large and well-kept garden, surrounded by a high brick wall. From the hall we passed through a door-way upon the right and entered a spacious room, having two fire places, one on each side of the room, and near opposite ends thereof. An immense mirror, framed with gilt, hid each end wall and, reaching from the floor nearly to the ceiling, seemed to multiply the length of the apartment. A long, low case of books, surmounted by several statuettes stood next the wall to the right. At the left was placed a harpsichord. Two windows, one at either end of the book-case, gave a view of the street, while above the book-case a third window, long horizontally, admitted a flood of mellow autumn light. The chairs in the room were of the same variety of heavy dark wood, and upholstered with leather. The carpets and draperies were well worn, but still showed their fine texture and rich colorings.

Blakesley saw me cast a glance about the room.

"The whole house is in the same fashion," said he. "You shall see."

He sent the colored boy to find the mistress of the house, and in a moment Mrs. Tottenham appeared. She recognized me at once, not needing Blakesley's presentation, and after pleasant greetings it took but a few moments and a small business transaction, to make me a member of the household. Then the lady excused herself and retired. Blakesley and I sat talking. I heard voices on the stairs and approaching footsteps. Entered a lady and gentleman who might,



from their costumes have been easily mistaken for Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. The lady made a pretty little pretense of looking abashed at sight of us. Then they both advanced and greeted Blakesley. He saluted in return and presented me to the illustrious pair—Sir Arthur Wingate and Lady Wingate.

“We were trying on some new costumes and rehearsing,” said Sir Arthur, glancing at his manly proportions in the mirror, “when we found the sacred hour at hand; and (with a cautious look toward the door) rather than be beheaded before my time I suggested that we come in this dress without stopping to change.” Lady Wingate went to the farther window, arranged the curtains so she could look out without herself being observed, and called Sir Arthur to her side. A knock sounded at the front door. The black boy was ready, with his hand at the latch, and immediately swung the door open. An aged gentleman entered—a gentleman somewhat stooped in the shoulders—dressed in black, wearing spectacles, and carrying a gazette in his hand. He handed his hat to the doorkeeper, entered the drawing room, bowed slightly two or three times to the company without saying a word, dropped into the nearest chair, and busied himself reading his paper. Almost at the same instant a slim young man with sallow complexion came down the stairs and nodded pleasantly to Blakesley, who introduced him to me as Mr. Boggis. The young man did not look to be in the best of health. He had a well-shaped head, although the forehead might have been broader for its height, and a pair of serious, steady eyes. I was rather pleased with his appearance, and was trying to think of a remark to address him, when something happened which entirely changed the current of my thoughts and feelings. The quick ear of the colored boy had caught the sound of footsteps approaching, and without waiting for a knock he opened the door. A tall man wearing a cloak entered and passed up the stairway. If it had been his Satanic

Majesty himself I would not have been more startled. I instantly recognized Mr. Jamison.

"Who is the gentleman?" I inquired quietly of Blakesley, scarcely crediting my sight.

"Mr. Sudbury," said Blakesley. "He'll be down presently. I'll introduce you."

"Thank you," said I, "but I think we've met before."

As I finished speaking Jamison entered, and was visibly startled when he met my gaze. I had the advantage—having had a moment's warning, and spoke first.

"Mr. Jamison, I believe. You remember Dr. Brush. We met at Judge Cobb's, you recollect."

"Ah! so we did," said he, extending his hand. "Delighted to see you, doctor, I'm sure." Then he looked at his watch and at Blakesley, and said, with mock fright, "I came very near being late—whew!"

I fell to wondering over several things. One was how this man's name was both Jamison and Sudbury. Another was, what he was doing here. Also I was curious to know what could be meant by sundry allusions I had heard as to the hour of the day and its dangers. A bell tinkled in another part of the house, and without waiting for a second summons everyone in the drawing room walked at once through the hall into the dining room. The dining room was elegantly furnished. The table, beautifully arranged and decorated with flowers, stood ready. Negro servants, motionless as bronze statues, were waiting for the guests to take their places at the board. At the farther end of the table appeared the stately form of Mrs. Tottenham, and near the hither end I beheld Miss Marston, clad in a plain and simple gown of chintz, and looking bewitchingly womanly and sweet. She smiled as she met my eyes, and greeted me most politely. We were seated the next moment, Mrs. Tottenham indicating a place for me, as newly arrived. The savory odors which filled the apartment served to quicken my already improving appetite, and I was

quite ready to be served without delay. But a silence fell over the group and after an impressive moment of suspense the voice of Mrs. Tottenham was heard in prayer. I might produce verbatim one of Mrs. Tottenham's preprandial addresses to the Deity. It is likely I could do so, having heard them so frequently, but perhaps that would be futile as a means of conveying to the reader a realizing sense of the scope and breadth and length of it, unless the reader would consent to read it slowly, fasting, with a fine dinner in sight, or at least within range of olfaction. It was no brief invocation, during which you could suspend your sentence half uttered and, after grace, complete your remark without feeling interrupted in the conversation. No, indeed. She besought the blessing of God upon the food before us, and that we might partake in gratitude, remembering others less fortunate than ourselves. She implored the Lord Himself to remember the unfortunate and to supply them with meat in due season; and not only with meat for the body but with spiritual food; and that He would pour out His grace abundantly upon us and upon all mankind, particularly inclining our hearts to labor for the spread of saving truth among those benighted people who as yet had heard it or received it not. Blakesley, who sat next me, slyly nudged my foot, and, feeling that I was not alone in affliction, I renewed my patience. The good lady couched her petition in no such terse terms as I have here employed, nor was she yet ready to end it. She elaborated upon the subjects I have mentioned, and then craved a blessing upon mission work and philanthropy, a special blessing upon each of the several benevolent societies and institutions, which she pointed out by name as particularly worthy, and, after specifying the needs of temporal rulers, crowned and uncrowned, of legislative bodies and the clergy, she selected one sect as a fit subject for distinguished favor, closed her petition with real sublimity, and ended with a quiet Amen.



By that time I began to perceive the double significance of Blakesley's encomium upon the house.

The servants began moving about the table, and each person was served deftly and noiselessly. The food was of the best quality, skillfully prepared, and course followed course in delicious succession, and with faultless service. A spirited conversation was carried on, in which the landlady and her niece joined, and it was scarcely observable that they kept an eye on the servants. The whole performance was the most perfect in its way I had ever experienced, and I venture to say that no one ever sat through a meal at Mrs. Tottenham's table without feeling delighted with the hostess, the meal, the service, the house, and by the time he had finished, being perfectly satisfied with himself and the world at large.

When eating and drinking were done, and I thought we were about to rise from the table—that same silent moment of suspense fell upon us, and again Mrs. Tottenham was addressing the Most High. I prepared myself for a term of religious service similar to the one which had preceded the meal, and now, being in a state of mellow repletion, mentally acquiesced in good-natured content. But really I think the post-prandial devotional exercise was shorter than I expected. And as it was in the nature of returning thanks, I heartily concurred. Through all this Miss Marston sat at the foot of the table with a queenly grace. Although she spoke not often, I could see her expressive face change with a thousand thoughts and emotions, and no word or occurrence escaped her quick intelligence. What a charm there was in her very presence! Then I found my memory picturing a rural cottage, far away in the province of Maine. My friends the Henrys seated at their humble but plentiful board rose to my view, and I saw again and felt the presence and heard the voice of that winsome woman, whose coming had been so strange, whose brief stay so gracious, and whose passing so mysteri-

ous and violent. What was the connection between Mrs. Gray and Miss Marston? I felt sure there was one. I would know it at the first opportunity.

When we all left the dining room, Blakesley took me upstairs to his room and closed the door. Shoving one easy chair toward me, he sank into another, laid back his head, looked at me, and laughed.

"Didn't I tell you this was a 'good' place? Mrs. Tottenham's a saint and Miss Marston's an angel. We go to church six times a day—twice each meal—on the stroke of the clock. Everything goes by clockwork here and everybody has to come on time. But tell me, did you ever eat a better meal in your life? Or one better served? Or see nicer china, or whiter table linen? No, sir, there is not another place like it. And how do you like the fashion of this?" he went on, waving his arms around his room, which was elegantly furnished. "Costs scarcely more than you've been paying—and what comfort!

"'Strait laced?' Not at all. All you have to do is to behave ordinarily well and put up with the punctuality and the prayers. The house is generally full as it will hold—comfortably—no more would be admitted. There are twelve jurymen here of late, but as you heard Mr. Boggis say, the jury was charged by the judge today, and is now out, deliberating. Boggis is studying law, you know. They sent word to Mrs. Tottenham, though, not to expect them this evening.

"How did I find this place? Through my Uncle Cyrus—Representative—used to lodge here. Great place for Congressmen and lawyers and the military, but Congress meets in Washington this year for the first time, you know, so there'll be a falling off in that species of boarder here. You saw the old curmudgeon with the Gazette? That's old Higginson, the great lawyer. He generally acts as though he did not dare talk for fear he'd give away his line of defense; and when he's in that humor everybody's afraid to talk to him for fear he'll answer, and then send a bill for

his opinion. But he can talk. Sometimes he makes the conversation sparkle with the driest old-fashioned wit you ever heard. 'Mrs. Tottenham?' Uncle Cyrus says she's the widow of a once wealthy lawyer here. He finally lost all he had in some speculation, excepting this property, and, I surmise, a comfortable bank account. 'Religious?' Oh, dear, yes! But it's genuine! That woman is sincere. I've only been here a few weeks, you know, but I'd heard of her before. Nobody doubts her sincerity. What we see and hear probably isn't a tenth of the praying she does. And that isn't all. She's head and front of a lot of benevolent work, she and Miss Marston, the Christian Women's Missionary Society, and I don't know what all. This is a school. You didn't know you were in a nigger school, did you? You were a part of a lesson for a nigger pupil today. Those servants are being taught the duties of house servants. This is only a part of the school. There's a place somewhere where they're taught reading and writing and sewing, and Lord knows what—maybe astronomy and geometry, or something else equally useful to blacks. That's Miss Cordelia's mission. She goes every day. Yes, that's Miss Marston—Cordelia Marston—niece of Mrs. Tottenham's. As fine a girl as I ever saw out of Virginia. I thought you said you knew them. Ah, yes, 'the stage coach.' Yes, her folks are in Connecticut. Fine girl. That Sudbury seems badly smitten, doesn't he? Tries to be extremely agreeable. 'Jamison?' Tell me about that."

I related to Blakesley the incident of the Englishman's visit to Farmerstown, and my meeting him at Judge Cobb's, but refrained from telling him at this time of my encounter on the stage road, and my belief that the highwayman was Jamison himself. I said, however, that I had grave doubts of the man's integrity.

"Do you know what *I* think?" said Blakesley in his outspoken way. "I think he's a blackleg. He just



reminds me"—here Blakesley paused and a gloomy look clouded his frank face—"I've seen his kind before, or I'm mistaken. O, he's so highly respectable! And O, he's so deucedly suave! And O, he's so eminently and correctly moral, don't you know! But you watch him. I've seen him hold edifying conversations with Mrs. Tottenham about educating the negroes and refining and elevating them with Christian influence and example; and I've seen him pay Scipio for an errand with a curse and a kick in the gluteal region. Not but what the little beggar may have needed it, and I've done the same myself; but then I'm not pretending to be in the elevating business, or educating niggers above their station. I've seen Sudbury at the coffee-house very friendly with another chap of the same cut, which other chap is the one I was telling you cheated young Larrabee out of all the money he had the first night he reached the city, and before he had his college fees paid, or anything. What the devil has he got two names for? I tell you he's a bad one. 'The Wingates?' They're players at the theatre, and very clever in their way. Wasn't it funny to see them come in in that rig? I was anxious to see whether Mrs. Tottenham would stand it. But you see the woman has sense. She doesn't approve of the theatre, and preaches to Sir Arthur and Lady Wingate about the sin of it. Still they're good friends. So you've 'never been to a theatre?' You must go. They're really a good company of players. I've seen them in 'No Song, No Supper' and 'The Fair Penitent.' That was just like Sir Arthur—eccentric. But they're very entertaining, and have been about a great deal and studied human nature and seen the world."

Blakesley never needed much encouragement to talk. A question now and again would keep him going half a night. He told me of his life since our first term at the College. He had intended to return the following Winter and take another course of lectures, but an event at home had changed all his plans.

"I have told you that we always raised good horses," said Blakesley, "and father always attended the races and generally had a good one entered. That year he took as fine a filly as we ever raised, over to the races at Fairvale. There was a good stake up, and besides, father was very proud of 'Betsey,' who was a great favorite. Betting was free, as usual among the planters and the crowd of visitors who came from everywhere to the races. Well, father went down to the stables just to have another look at the filly, as I suppose. All at once there was a sound of a shot, and before I could get to the stables a crowd had gathered, and there lay father on the ground, speechless and dying from a stab in the heart, and our jockey Zack mortally wounded by a pistol ball. Nobody could tell how it happened. It seemed that the persons nearest the scene were two sleek-looking strangers, who declared they heard angry words between father and the negro about the care of the horse, and that each killed the other. In the excitement the two strangers disappeared from the crowd and from the country. I shall never feel sure that Zack killed my father. Zack was one of our own niggers, raised on the place, and was always a trusty boy and much attached to us. But you can't trust a nigger, and there's no way to tell how it happened. But after I thought it over, I believe that father caught those gamblers tampering either with the horse or with the jockey, and had hot words, and the gamblers killed them both.

"But," said Blakesley, drawing his breath hard, "if ever I set eyes on either of those rakehells again, I'll find out what they know about it, or—" Without finishing his sentence Blakesley sprang to his feet and paced the floor for some minutes in silence.

"Well," said he at last, more calmly, "you know I am the eldest, brother John being only sixteen and the two girls between us, and mother and all naturally looked to me to take charge of the plantation, and so

my medical studies and ambitions were postponed till now."

At last we parted for the night, after an evening in which I certainly had not studied a line of medicine. But I had learned some other things of great interest to me, and which materially influenced my future conduct. Not all the new faces or places I had seen that evening, and not all of Blakesley's interesting talk could for a moment banish from my mind the vision of that fair young woman in the plain chintz gown. I resolved to know her better, if I had to spend all my evenings at her aunt's house instead of in study, and take two years more to finish my medical studies. I walked toward my lodgings, dreaming of what I should say to her upon occasion. The streets were deserted and dark, but for the lanterns at long intervals, and my own footsteps were the only sounds to be heard. No, there was a sound of other footsteps, and I distinguished a tall form wrapped in a cloak stalking up the street upon the other side. It is Jamison, thought I, going to his lodging at Mrs. Tottenham's. A feeling of intense aversion came over me. I rebelled at the thought that the same roof should shelter him and Cordelia Marston.

I indulged a score of fancies and half formed plans of interviews which I should have with her. What I would say and what she might reply. I pictured to myself the shining tresses that crowned her queenly head, her exquisitely molded features and shapely neck. I recalled her voice, her smile, her womanly form and even the graceful swing of her gown when she moved.

I became conscious that my own apparel, while perhaps neat and respectable as any in Farmerstown, appeared at a disadvantage in my present circumstances and surroundings; and by the time I had reached my lodgings, I had decided upon sundry improvements in that respect.

Next morning I left my address at a tailor's, a hat-



ter's and a shoemaker's, who in due time called at my lodgings and took my measure; and subsequently fitted me with their handiwork in somewhat more becoming fashion. I did not venture into the long-legged trousers which the innovators tell us are sure to become popular along with other democratic changes in the apparel and manners of our people. But with a new beaver, a good cloth suit, with plush waistcoat, fine worsted stockings and double channelled shoes, I could not be ignorant of the fact that I made a very presentable appearance.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

LIFE AT THE COLLEGE, AND FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE  
WITH CORDELIA MARSTON.

**T**HE work at the college had become more and more regular, the class coming more punctually into the lecture room and the professors being nearly always prompt both to open and to close the hour, or apologizing for the delay. The students seemed to settle down to their studies with somewhat greater interest than at the first of the term. They listened more attentively to the lectures and discussed both the lectures and the lecturers afterward. Little knots of them gathered here and there, and whiled away the interval between lectures, sometimes by idle gossip and badinage, but again by attempting to pose each other with questions upon medical topics. At times, if the recess were long or the teacher late to appear in the lecture room, the class grew restive, and it was fortunate if someone started to sing a tune, for all would join, and the result, although not always strictly harmonious, might have been worse. But on other occasions when singing was not indulged in, restiveness vented itself in mere noise, stamping, shouting, whistling, catcalls, owl hootings, catamount screechings and what not; or even ended in a miscellaneous wrestling bout or general scrimmage. All this, although done, or at least begun with the greatest good humor, was none the less boisterous and disorderly. Under the contagion of the spirit of frolic, it was astonishing to see that even those students usually the most quiet and reserved in their behavior were apt to forget temporarily their sedateness and become as boisterous as any, or, indeed, lead in the

melee. As for myself, being, as I have said, somewhat older than the majority of the students, and perhaps feeling a little older still, I seldom joined in these pranks and gambols further than to laugh heartily at the others, or to defend myself if attacked. One day while we were waiting for Dr. Shippen's lecture, such a hullabaloo as I have described ensued, during which a burly, shockheaded fellow named Tom Hathaway, from South Carolina, climbed upon the bench behind me and attempted to sit upon my head. A scuffle ensued between us two which centered the attention of the whole class, while shouts of, "Ride him, Tom!" "Brush his hair, Brush!" and similar calls encouraged the contestants.

In the midst of it Professor Shippen suddenly appeared at the door. The hubbub ceased, and we relaxed our holds. Dr. Shippen was always extremely dignified in his appearance and polished in his manner, and distinct in his utterance; but it seemed to me he had never appeared so tall and elegant, nor his voice sounded so singularly clear as at that moment.

"Dr. Brush," he said, "will you please step this way?"

I hastily adjusted my rumpled dress and followed him out of the lecture room, my face flushing hot with confusion, and feeling anything but comfortable in mind over the prospective interview, which at the moment it seemed to me must refer to the disorderliness of the students, in which I had taken part. I said nothing, but stood before Professor Shippen in the anteroom. What was my astonishment when he said, "Dr. Brush, how would you like to be a demonstrator of anatomy?"

And, without waiting for me to reply he continued, "You know Dr. Murdoch died of the fever, and we have nobody at present." I was completely taken by surprise, but I managed to say I should be much pleased indeed, if he thought I could do the work to the satisfaction of the faculty.



"I have talked with the gentlemen," he replied, "and we are agreed to let you try it. You may begin as soon as we can get material to start the classes. You know Murdoch caught the fever from digging up a yellow fever patient. I hope you will be more careful."

Then we both bowed and walked into the lecture room, he to the rostrum, and I to a seat, with all the class eyeing me curiously. I tried to look as unconcerned as possible, but my brain was as busy as a mill, over the import of the recent interview. With an effort I brought my attention to bear upon Dr Shippen's lecture, and with good effect, I trust, for I find that it is still impressed distinctly in my memory. In opening he said that he had chosen to meet the class at the College instead of at the hospital for the present because of alterations in progress at the latter building. These alterations would make it more convenient to separate the medical and surgical patients, which was an arrangement greatly to be desired for different reasons.

Hitherto patients suffering from internal diseases, and the wounded and other surgical cases had been mixed indiscriminately in the same wards, which plan was very objectionable. When hospital sphacelus attacks the wounded, or in the presence of gangrene or extensive burns, the offensive and unwholesome condition of the air is an unnecessary infliction upon patients suffering from internal diseases. However, it may occur that a greater amount of septic miasmata may emanate from some cases under the care of a physician than from ulcers and wounds. Besides, he said, that as a rule surgical patients are noisy by day, especially when undergoing their dressings, while for the most part they may be enabled to procure a quiet sleep by night. On the other hand many internal diseases exhibit exacerbations at night, and are perhaps delirious or restless, coughing, asthmatical, moaning or requiring attention and making a disturbance, and

growing more quiet in the morning. Consequently, when the two classes of patients are together, each one irritates and destroys the tranquility of the other. Moreover, if death occurs among the patients sick with internal disease, as will inevitably occur, it causes a very depressing influence upon patients who have recently undergone operations or suffered from serious accident. But I need not repeat the whole of his discourse.

At the close of the lecture I took an early opportunity to leave the building, feeling a fear that some of the students might be inquisitive enough to ask me about my interview with Professor Shippen, under the impression that it had a connection with the scuffle. I had a deal to think about. Naturally I felt flattered by the appointment. My new position, I perceived, would put upon me a considerable extra work, of which I had no fear. But being not by any means devoid of bashfulness before an assembly, I looked forward to appearing before the class in the role of teacher with really painful apprehension. During the week following my interview with Dr. Shippen I prepared myself for my duties, by employing all my spare time during the day, and burning many candles by night, in reviewing Monroe. I had confided to Blakesley the news of my new position; otherwise it was unknown among the students, until one day at college, to my consternation but at the same time relief, Professor Shippen announced it.

During all this time it is not to be supposed that I failed to visit Mrs. Tottenham's house three times a day, where I sat with patience through the prayers and partook of the bountiful repast between them. I also made further acquaintance with the people there, especially losing no opportunity to advance as rapidly as my limited experience had taught me how, toward a friendship with Miss Marston. Opportunities, although of daily occurrence, were not of the best. She was regularly at the table, but, of course, so were

many others and, usually, the conversation was general. Yet I could not but believe that I possessed at least her respect, and our acquaintance progressed pleasantly, albeit more slowly far than I wished.

One afternoon I went earlier than was my wont to Mrs. Tottenham's. The negro boy was sweeping the dust from the front steps, and the street door was ajar, so I entered without knocking. I heard a voice singing, and the tones of the harpsichord, and I saw Miss Marston at the instrument. Her back was toward me as I paused in the doorway of the drawing room, while her fingers ran deftly over the keys. She was singing a quaint, old-fashioned song, and began another stanza:

“The knight then came o'er sea and sand  
All shining in his armor grand  
He came o'er sand and sea.  
He sought my sire in castle hall,  
And riding up, erect and tall,  
He asked to marry me,  
He sought to marry me.”

She sat with her head exquisitely poised and poured forth the simple melody with a voice as sweet as *Fringilla Melodia's* own.

“My sire looked thro' his casque and cors,  
As he bestrode his coal black horse,  
Looked thro' his cors and casque,  
To read the stranger's soul and heart,  
With glances keen and sage's art,  
'Sir, know you what you ask?  
Knight, know you what you ask?' ”

I could not refrain from listening. She played an interlude and sang on—

“Who wins my daughter's hand of snow,  
No stain his noble heart must know,  
To win her snow-white hand.



His honor as his armor bright,  
His soul and sword should leap to fight  
For right and native land,  
For God and native land."

I would fain have listened longer; but she evidently thought she was alone, and I felt like an intruder, and feared to be discovered. She began the next stanza—

"'If you would win the maiden's hand——'"

I swung the great door noisily. She turned her head and, though I begged her to go on, stopped singing, and would have risen to greet me, but that I came up quickly.

"Where did you find such a pretty song?" said I.

"I really don't know," said she. "I think I first heard my mother sing it. I never saw it written."

"The tune is something charming when so well sung," said I. "The words are quaint, to say the least, and ring of true chivalry. I do not remember ever having heard or read them before; not but that there might be a thousand pieces unknown to me."

"Mr. Blakesley tells me you are a great reader," said she.

"I fear Blakesley is too generous to be always truthful about his friends," said I, laughing. "If he had said I am fond of reading, 'twould have been enough."

"He said you had been reading aloud in his room, and that I ought to hear you."

"The chatterbox!" said I. "That would be a waste of time when you might be singing. I happened to be reading a poem in an English gazette, which lay on his table. I think poetry is easier to read aloud than prose. One knows the probable length of the sentence and where to expect a pause, and can therefore better manage the tone, the cadence and the breath. It is certainly more musical."

"But it appears to be harder to prevent a monotonous seesaw in reading the measured lines of poetry, and then where is the music?" said Miss Marston.

"Of course, the sense is more essential than the sound in language," said I, "and if all prose diction added to fire and force the graces of a Junius or an Addison, it would be hardly less musical than poetry. But will you not play something, or sing again?"

She turned toward the instrument and began playing a chant, raising her head with matchless grace, and looking far away, as in a reverie; but when I thought she would have sung she spoke to me. "I was much interested, Dr. Brush, in our talk about vaccination and inoculation. Not merely an idle interest, either. I have never been inoculated, and when I was last at home father charged me to neglect it no longer."

"Would your father be satisfied if you were to choose vaccination instead of inoculation?"

"If father held any special views on the subject he would be very positive about it. In this case I think he would be satisfied if I were. But I have been too busy to even think about it."

"Vaccination is a great time saver for busy people," said I. "You would not have to spend two or three weeks in the inoculation hospital, nor perhaps lose even a day from your school."

She turned her head with a birdlike motion—the very same that I had observed in Mrs. Gray—and looked at me.

"Nor carry contagion to anyone else?" questioned she.

"No," said I. "With kine pox there would be no danger of your carrying contagion to anyone else. And your example might be of great benefit in encouraging others to adopt the newer and better method. A woman, Lady Mary Wortly Montague, did a great and good work by her efforts to introduce inoculation from India into England. And so might you benefit mankind by aiding in the introduction of vaccination in this country."

She had ceased playing as I spoke, while her great,

earnest eyes glowed with a heavenly light. She was about to speak again, when the door opened, and in walked Mr. Jamison.

"Aw! Miss Marston!" and he bowed low. "Good afternoon, Dr. Brush," and he bowed slightly to me. "I'm delighted to see you at the harpsichord, Miss Marston. I procured that piece of music we were speaking of. Would you mind playing it?" He opened the score, and spread it out.


But she said, rising from her chair, "You will have to excuse me for the present, gentlemen. It is growing late, and Aunt will be needing me;" and with a pretty courtesy she left the room.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

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### MR. JAMISON AND HIS BLANDISHMENTS.

S MAY be supposed, I was angry enough at Jamison's interruption. I reflected that the drawing-room was used by all the guests of the house in common, who came and went at will. However, he need not have intruded. I wondered whether Miss Marston had left the room to show her disapproval of Jamison's breaking in on our conversation. This thought gave me a momentary glow of satisfaction, but I had no means of knowing whether it was well founded. Jamison placed himself at the harpsichord and tried the new piece of music, while I pretended to read from my pocket notebook. Blakesley came to the door, and called me to his room. His eyes were sparkling with mischief. "Will you do me a favor?" said he.

"Certainly I will," said I.

"Good," said he. "It is easily done. At the table this evening I want you to address three remarks to Mr. Jamison, in as close succession as the conversation will allow, calling him 'Mr. Jamison' each time. Will you do it?"

"If that is the favor I promised—I will do it," said I.

True to my word, though not suspecting what game Blakesley was up to, no sooner had Mrs. Tottenham ended her lengthy invocation that evening, than I remarked, "Mr. Jamison, I find that you are quite a performer upon the harpsichord."

"O, but you should hear *Mr. Sudbury* sing," said Blakesley.

"Aw, you flatter me," said the man addressed.

"You should save your praises for those who can play and sing," and he bowed politely toward Miss Marston, and then toward Lady Wingate.

"Perhaps, Mr. Jamison," said I, "you prefer some other instrument?"

"They told me at the coffee-house," put in Blakesley glibly, "that *Mr. Sudbury* often entertains them with the viol, as well as he sings." I wondered whether Blakesley intended a play upon the word viol or vial. One thing was evident, he was bent upon chaffing the man unmercifully upon his two names. I felt annoyed. The victim certainly took it coolly.

"No," said he. "You are both wrong. I neither play upon other instruments, nor yet upon words."

I wished the affair over, for it appeared to me discourteous to all at the table; but I had promised Blakesley, and must speak yet once again. Then I remembered vividly the adventure of the stage coach, and that unless I was altogether mistaken the man was an accomplished villain. I might be mistaken. How could I find solid ground to justify my belief? The little incident of the afternoon came to my mind, and strangely, angered me more than my recollection of the desperate struggle in the stage road. Being angry, I forgot my scruples about courtesy. What right had he to expect courtesy!

"Perhaps," said I, speaking to Blakesley, but looking full at Jamison, "perhaps Mr. Jamison chooses to practice his various accomplishments *by stages*; and doesn't wish to discover them to us all at once." Jamison waited, evidently expecting Blakesley to speak. Blakesley seemed pondering my remark, and Jamison was first to speak. He was quite unruffled, and spoke calmly and pleasantly.

"My great grandfather, *Charles Jamison, Duke of Sudbury*," said he, "spent all his spare time practicing with the clarinet and the smallsword, but since his time none of his family have been accounted proficient in music."

"Jamison," or "Sudbury," had decidedly the best of it. His names were accounted for. So he came of noble family! I thought no better of him for that, even if it were true—but I began to have more respect for the man's astuteness and tact. He had outgeneraled us.

I saw Sir Arthur raise his brows and look about the table as Jamison was speaking, but Boggis addressed a remark to Lady Wingate, and in a moment she was inviting us all to come to the Southwark theatre to see "The Lord High Chamberlain," which was to open the following Monday night. I know not how the conversation turned next, nor of what I was dreaming, but I suddenly realized that Blakesley was entertaining the company with a story of two medical students, who once lodged in the same room, namely himself and me. Blakesley made it sound very amusing, so that everybody laughed. The bare facts of the story were these: During a part of my first term at college we had lodged in a room almost as bare as these facts. Among the scant furniture was a small Franklin stove, but the penurious old landlady declined to furnish either an ashpan or a shovel. One day Blakesley and I had carried the stove to the window, and holding it outside the sill had coolly shaken the ashes out of it onto the pavement below, to the great edification of the neighbors. I was not very proud of the boyish trick, told in the present company and occasion, but heard it with as good grace as possible. Meantime Jamison, or Lord Sudbury, far from being discomposed by Blakesley's recent sortie, maintained his pleasant frame of mind and agreeable manners, and inclination to talk. He sat with his head erect, displaying a very superior air, and his restless eyes sparkling.

His thoughts were evidently soaring upon a plane far above the trifles of which we had been talking. He inquired of Mr. Higginson whether he thought the American Indians had always been treated fairly



by the white settlers. To this Mr. Higginson replied that while he could not maintain that all white men had invariably dealt honorably by the Indians, he believed that at least Penn and his followers had endeavored to do so, and had also put forth great efforts for the civilization of the red man.

"Now it appears to me," said Jamison, "after a careful study of the subject, that not only have the Indians been badly imposed upon by treaties and alleged purchases of lands, but that the efforts for their elevation and civilization have been oftentimes but ill directed."

"There can be no doubt of it, Mr. Sudbury," said Mrs. Tottenham, approvingly.

"Benevolent efforts have been well meant," continued Jamison, "but they have been unwisely miscalculated, and have always been limited in the necessary funds for the perpetuation of their endeavors."

"True! It is too true," said Mrs. Tottenham.

"The trouble has been," resumed Jamison oracularly, "that efforts for the civilization of the red men have been undertaken without an adequate understanding, or at least without a sufficient consideration, not only of social conditions and social peculiarities, but of such commercial aspects and possibilities as would give practicability and vitality to the undertaking."

Mr. Jamison spoke fluently, and with lofty enthusiasm, and everybody listened while he went on: "Too much has been expected of the Indians. It is too long a step to be made at one stride from the darkness of savagery to the enlightenment and refinement of Christian life. Such men as Elliott and Williams made that mistake. They viewed the subject merely from their standpoint as theologians. On the other hand, the Indians have been dealt with by the traders who took only the commercial view of the situation and cared nothing for their uplifting, but only by any means to secure a good bargain. To achieve this

great purpose there should be a wise combination of the elements of success. The Christian educational influences and the industrial forces should go hand in hand. A constant means of communication should be established between the red and white races upon an industrial basis which would afford an opportunity for the continual exercise of the influences of religion and civilization."

"We have the fur trade," suggested Mr. Higginson.

"In the hands of traders only," answered Mr. Jamison, "and unscrupulous ones at that. Besides, the collecting of furs leaves the Indians completely in their original state, following their savage instincts, and has no educational influence."

"Agricultural schools have been tried," said Miss Marston, "but the poor creatures were but little benefited."

"Too far at the other extreme," responded Mr. Jamison. "As I have said, that is too long a step for the red man. Agriculture requires too much labor, to which the Indian is unaccustomed. But there is a means through which he can be met half-way, as it were, and made use of to his own advantage and also to the profit of those who lead him; and those are the features which will insure the permanence of the plan."

Mr. Jamison was speaking with warmth, which commanded our earnest attention, as he continued:

"You are all familiar with the sugar maple tree. It has seemed to me that all Americans are so familiar with this wonderful tree as to fail to appreciate it. There is nothing like it in all Europe, nor in any other part of the world, so far as I am aware. And while it is a matter of interest to any thoughtful European coming here, I do not believe it has ever been studied as I have studied it nor in connection with the problem of the Indians as it appealed to me. You know the sugar maple grows all over the United States from Maine to Virginia, requiring no cultivation. The sap flows freely a few weeks in February and March, and

the labor of manufacturing the sugar is so small that even an Indian could not object to doing it. And yet it is an occupation different from hunting and fishing, which have the objection I have noted, and forms an easy introduction to the more difficult and more laborious occupations of civilized life. As to the profits, they are enormous. You know each tree furnishes annually twelve or fifteen gallons of sap, which makes at least five pounds of sugar, worth three pence the pound. Now an Indian and his squaw and one child, or even if the Indian himself will not work, the squaw and three or four children can easily make fifteen hundred pounds of sugar a season of four or five weeks. Suppose you allow them one-half the price for their labor, the profit either in money or in attractive trinkets and stuffs such as the money would purchase, is enough to tempt the most indolent. Once let the Indian be tempted by fair treatment and good profits into the manufacture of sugar from the maple of their native forests and I would rather have the maple sugar trade than the fur trade of all the continent! Not only for the present profits, but for the future. The wild fur-bearing animals must disappear as the population increases, but not so with the maple and its profitable product. Its numbers need not be limited to the wild growth of the forests. It can be planted in orchards or groves. Planted twenty feet apart, one hundred and forty trees will grow upon one acre. And what is an acre? In the vast country farther west an acre is not of the value of a string of beads or a cow's bell. A square mile may be had for a few yards of red cloth, or even where it is owned by white men, for a few pounds sterling. On six hundred and forty acres you can grow eighty-nine thousand and six hundred trees. At five pounds to the tree you can count on four hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds to the square mile. Now suppose you give the Indians one-half the price for the making of the crop, which would be a liberal compensation for a few weeks' work, and yet a rate which you can readily al-



low for the reason that you would not be obliged to take care of your laborers for the remainder of the year, you would still have left the enormous profit of five thousand six hundred pounds sterling per square mile. There is no reason why the same plan could not be operated upon the scale of one hundred or two hundred square miles as well as one."

"But," said Blakesley, "you have not computed the cost of clearing your lands and setting out your trees, and waiting until they grow to productive age."

"I have not mentioned them in this rapid sketch of the project," replied Mr. Jamison with sparkling eyes. "Neither have I mentioned what could be made by raising other crops between the trees while the trees are growing, nor the profit by increased value of the land. Nor yet another source of profit which might not occur to one at first, namely the importation of the sugar maple trees into Europe. Not to sell them there and so allow a rival trade to spring up, but to plant them there in certain places for exhibition purposes. Let me tell you, for instance, that a maple tree growing in the botanical gardens and at the proper season attended by a family of Indians drawing the sap and making sugar of it would be a most curious and unheard-of sight, and would attract throngs of people to witness it. And would also tend to increase the demand for tree sugar as compared with cane sugar in the Old World. You see I am acquainted with the conditions on both sides of the Atlantic, and I base my calculations not only upon hearsay but upon knowledge. The more I investigate and the more I ponder the problem," said Jamison, speaking vehemently, "the more sanguine I become that I have found the true plan of bringing the Indians under the influence of Christian civilization and at the same time expanding an industry most profitable to the white race, and immensely so to its projectors!"

"Mr. Jamison," inquired Blakesley dryly, "have you ever worked any Indians?"

"Personally I have not," said Jamison.

"Well I have," said Blakesley, "or rather I've tried to; but they don't work. And I don't believe your scheme will. Niggers are bad enough; but I'd rather ten times over take my chances of making a crop with a gang of niggers than with Indians."

"Mr. Sudbury's plan is certainly founded upon philanthropic principles," said Mrs. Tottenham, "creditable alike to his head and his heart, and deserves consideration."

I took no part in this conversation. But it reminded me strongly of the occasion of my first meeting with Jamison and the great project he then had in mind for colonization in the province of Maine. Whether this plan of the Indians and sugar maples was a part of that same project or an entirely new one, I did not know. Nor could I determine in my own mind whether he was sincere, even if, as it seemed to me, somewhat visionary in his plans; or, as I suspected, was only attempting to pose as the leader of a vast and philanthropic enterprise, in order to gain the good graces of Mrs. Tottenham and her niece. He had often, at the table and elsewhere, talked plausibly in a similar strain or dropped allusions of the same tenor. I wondered whether he had given up his plans for Farmerstown, and was about to ask him about it when the repast was ended, Mrs. Tottenham returned thanks to the Giver of all good, and the company dispersed.

I had, as I have said, always felt an annoying diffidence which embarrassed me in conversation in a large company, and after all these occurrences I left the table that day in a discomfited state of mind. Mr. Jamison had decidedly the best of it. He was unabashed by the presence of others, and this, it seemed to me, enabled him to appear to better advantage and to speak better than he otherwise could have done.

Mr. Boggis, the law student, had at one time asked me to join a debating society of which he was a member, and if I remember rightly it was that same evening I suddenly determined to join it, and went with him. I had come to like Boggis very well, and I think

the acquaintance was mutually agreeable. He was well advanced in his reading and was laying his plans for a trip to England at no distant date to complete his studies. To finish in England is considered quite the thing by law students. Boggis and I often conversed upon the subjects touching both law and medicine, and as he was training himself for public speaking and argumentation, he was fond of entering into discussions with Blakesley and me, and the walls of his room or Blakesley's often resounded with our amicable disputations. I myself was nothing loath to practice at formulating my thoughts and expressing them in appropriate words. I perceived that I would be obliged to do so at the college.

My new prospective obligations as demonstrator were heavy on my mind. I presume this was the reason that when at the close of the evening at the debating society, the chairman courteously called on the new member for a suggestion as to a subject for the next debate, I suggested the following: "Whether it is more beneficial to give or to receive instruction." It also occurred to me at that moment, and I took the liberty of asking the assembly, "Whether it might not be a good plan to occasionally secure the services of some practiced speaker, for instance Sir Arthur Wingate, who would give the society an address upon the art of declaiming."

I may state just here that my suggestions were afterward acted upon with great satisfaction to all the members.

I should not neglect to record the important fact that about this time I had my first patient in the city. I had not been in error in the location of my rooms as likely to be in the way of business among the laborers and sailors along the docks, and families of mechanics and others whose patronage it was easier for a newly arrived physician to secure. My first patient was a wood corder, of whom scores are employed daily at the docks. While I wished no harm to any living creature, I could not but feel gratified when I saw the man with his leathern breeches stained with blood from a kerchief wound about his hand, making his way directly up to my door. He had crushed his fingers by the falling upon them of a heavy stick of wood. I attended him with great care and good success.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

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BRUSH BECOMES MORE ENAMoured OF MISS MARSTON,  
AND MORE CORDIAL IN HIS HATRED OF JAMISON—AN  
OLD FRIEND IN THE HOSPITAL.



NE day at Mrs. Tottenham's I endured the annoyance of seeing Miss Marston at the harpsichord playing, while Jamison stood by her singing the new song. I must say he sung it rather well. I had sung a little at home with my sisters, who used to praise my voice occasionally, but I could lay no claim to any excellence in the musical line. I might have joined them, or interrupted them, or remained near by, but I did not even enter the drawing room. I strode out of doors and down to the college in no pleasant frame of mind. As I turned the corner at the college building a group of students were loitering on the steps. Some of the students were laughing at the antics of a dog that was capering about shaking an object which he held between his teeth. Little Teeny Van Damm, the janitor's daughter, stood by in the alley-way, crying as if her heart would break. I saw at once it was the child's doll the dog had; and lunging forward I caught the brute a kick under the jaws that sent him senseless against the wall. I picked up the doll and gave it to Teeny, who was comforted.

"Come," I said to the students, "we will go to the dissecting room."

"There ain't any subject come yet," said one.

"What do you want?" said I. "Here's a subject."

Picking up the dog by the neck I led the way to the dissecting room, and gave those students the first demonstration of the term, for I was not ignorant of comparative anatomy.

That evening at supper I saw nothing of Miss Marston, and feeling sick at heart and lonely I returned to my own lodgings, where I found no patients awaiting me. I could not compose my mind to study and finally wended my way back to the college again, to the janitor's quarters, and paid a visit at Peter Van Damm's. This was not my first, nor yet my last visit at this humble domicile, where I was always made welcome.

The modest home of the janitor was a picture of domestic happiness and contentment. The tidy housewife was busy with her making and mending. Peter was employed in wiring together the bones of a skeleton that he had cleaned and prepared, at which process he had grown quite skillful. Little Hans, whose head and eyes would have served as a model for one of Raphael's cherubs, sat upon the floor playing among the loose bones, upon one of which he would occasionally in childish fashion test his new teeth. Teeny put her dolls to bed and then hovered half coyly about my chair until I lifted her upon my knees.

"You just kicked the wicked dog, didn't you?" she lisped.

Then I had to tell her a story. After that, like an older child myself, seeking to be amused, (and are we not all like the children fond of stories?) I led Peter to relate his adventures at sea and in foreign lands, till the fair young wife forgot her sewing, letting it fall idly in her lap; and I was beguiled out of my perplexities and memories, and hopes and fears, and ambitions by the interest of Peter's narration and the charm of that peaceful home.

When it was bed time and I sauntered slowly homeward along the dimly lighted streets of the city, I was calmer in my thoughts than I had been all day. The quietude of the night was violated by the noise of boisterous laughter and the clatter of many footsteps. A group of young men were escorting home a chair containing one in a maudlin state of intoxication. His companions, scarcely less under the influence of drink,

but with better use of their legs, had much ado to keep him in the chair. I recognized some of the young bucks I had seen frequently about the coffee house or taverns. They passed up Third Street with plenty of loud talk and profanity, and then the night was still and I gave myself up to musing as I walked. I found that Miss Marston was filling that place in my thoughts and feelings made sacred by her I had known as Mrs. Gray. But the thoughts and sentiments inspired by Cordelia Marston were unrestrained and untinged by any of the circumstances, uncertainties and misgivings that surrounded the beautiful woman I had known so briefly, and mourned so sincerely. I pondered long upon the mystery of the tragedy at Farmerstown, and although I could not prove or disprove my theory, by this time I felt sure in my own mind that Mrs. Gray and Miss Marston were sisters.

The resemblance I had remarked between the two women became more and more evident to me and was not merely in the personal appearance. There was the same indefinable air of refinement, and the same quick susceptibility and tenderness of heart. The sensitive nature I had observed in Mrs. Gray in her sympathy with external nature was shown in Cordelia in her dealings with the poor and ignorant and lowly of every degree, who came within the circle of her influence and were blessed by her ministrations. I soon discovered that it was not merely to please her aunt, Mrs. Tottenham, that Miss Marston labored among the black girls. Nor was it altogether in obedience to her own opinion of moral or religious duty, but only in consonance with them. With her, to understand the needs of others was an intuition, and to help them was an impulse. It was in her nature to sympathize with all living things, and to purify and to uplift. Yet her good works, begun through the kindness of her heart, were not abandoned with a waning impulse. They were carried forward with such judgment and firmness as spoke well for the keenness of her intellect and the force of her will. I cannot say that it was for any



of these qualities that I loved Cordelia. I had formed, I know not when, in my own imagination, an ideal of womanhood, and thought, "If ever I find such a woman, I shall love her." I cannot say Miss Marston was like in every respect to this preconceived ideal. Yet I loved her. It is scarcely necessary to reiterate that at every opportunity I sought to be in her company. But so many people came and went at Mrs. Tottenham's house that we were seldom alone together. Although there was never the slightest hurry or confusion, Cordelia's duties appeared to be so numerous and her time so fully occupied that oftentimes there was nothing more for me than a pleasant "Good morning, Dr. Brush," or "Good evening," in passing through the hall or drawing room or parlor, or a few words at the table. She was directing the servants in distant parts of the house, or gone to instruct them in their homes, or was at school, or with Mrs. Tottenham conferring with the working members of the society, until I grew jealous of her pupils and her associates and her occupations. One day I found her seated at the little desk in the drawing room, inditing a note. As I entered she turned and looked up, and returned my greeting with that sweet and natural graciousness that gave her every act an indescribable charm. I have never seen the like in any other woman save only one—and she is gone.

"Miss Marston," said I, "I want to tell you about a lady I once knew who bore a remarkable resemblance to yourself. An elder sister could not look more like you."

At this she appeared startled, and such a look of pain came upon her face that I ceased speaking. She spoke, with voice and manner strangely constrained it seemed to me, though without the slightest unkindness toward me.

"Resemblances are not uncommon, Dr. Brush," said she. "I once had in my school two West Indian girls so similar in color, features and size that it was only by

their voices that I could be certain which was Eliza and which Julia." And she went on to give me an account of the two girls, and even related a ludicrous blunder which grew out of their resemblance; and so led on to other topics. But she gave me no chance to refer again to herself and the fair stranger, even had I dared to venture. Soon we heard Mrs. Tottenham's voice inquiring for Cordelia, and she took her leave.

So time wore on.

Blakesley and I went to the Southwark theatre. This opened a new world to me. I had read plays, but had formed no conception what a vivid semblance of reality could be portrayed by the various players, whose figures, faces, voices and gestures were adapted to the parts represented. Nor does it seem possible for one who has never seen the like, to imagine merely from reading, the effect of the spoken dialogue, costumes, scenery and accessories of the stage, in producing that delusion of the mind—transporting the spectators into the realms of the author's fancy.

Sir Arthur spied Blakesley and me in the audience, and sent a messenger to say that we should come behind the scenes at the close of the performance. This we did. Lady Wingate upbraided us for not taking advantage of her invitation, as she would have provided us with a box near the stage. They showed us the manner of changing the scenes by rolling up the painted curtains and the sliding of the screens, which was all new and interesting to me. I was delighted. I went a second time to see the same play, and again when "The Poor Soldier" was presented, and again whenever a new play was put on. To show how quickly one may presume to step from the shoes of the novice into those of the critic—I soon found myself expressing estimates of the various plays and players, and had formed opinions of the merits of nearly every member of the company. Sir Arthur himself was regarded by the patrons of the theatre as quite the leading actor of the company. It is hard to see how or

where a player could introduce more animation and a greater appearance of naturalness and spontaneity into his work than did Sir Arthur in comedy. He appeared to me very clever in adapting all the tricks and devices known in stage lore to produce the desired effect. In my humble opinion he might be reckoned a very respectable comedian indeed. But when he essayed tragedy his declamation became exaggerated and his manner lost its naturalness. One could not see the character impersonated, but only the impersonator.

Lady Wingate was a charming performer in a variety of roles. The haughty dame, the intriguing governess, or the coquettish village lass were equally and easily within her province.

I must ever remember with pleasure my acquaintance with these players and the genuine enjoyment I took in their performances. I can comprehend the force of the arguments which Mrs. Tottenham, who lectured Blakesley and me on the subject, brought to bear against theatres and theatricals, and must admit that certain elements of their atmosphere are bad. Still I must hope that their evils will be lessened or eliminated, for their educational possibilities are immense, and their power of amusing not only well-nigh universal and popular, but valuable. Moreover, amusement itself, if innocent, is of greater value than many persons have ever estimated it to be. I shall never cease to admire the arts of the actor and of the playwright. With all my studies in hand I found time to read several plays. Not only of the master Shakespeare, but of Rowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Otway and others. I found them valuable studies of life, as well as admirable lessons in writing.

Looking backward from my present situation toward those times, I judge I was in a condition of intense and varied mental activity. I listened to the lectures which were given daily excepting Sabbath at the college, and read concerning the same subjects in



the textbooks on the various branches. I reviewed my studies in anatomy, in order not to be caught at fault as a demonstrator. I found the proximity of books, of intelligent people, of numerous churches, of a large populace composed of different nationalities and other peculiarities, and of the whole variegated panorama of life in the city, to have a wonderfully stimulating effect upon the mind, calling out its activity in a hundred different directions. But I had other causes of excitement for the intellect, and, as we say, for the heart, or the capacity within us which is the home of the emotions. I found that in the presence of Miss Marston my life was stirred to depths unknown to me before, and in her absence her image abided constantly with me. I knew the sound of her footsteps and the rustle of her gown, and the tones of her voice echoed in my heart like music after it has ceased.

I was aroused to action likewise by the necessity of my gaining a substantial foothold in the practice of my profession, and noted with pleasure that patients came at decreasing intervals. They were from the humbler walks of life, and paid only small fees when they paid at all; but I exerted my best skill for them, and studied each case carefully.

It happened that I was returning late one evening from a worthy poor old woman, Susan Coolidge, who lived in the unwholesome air of Dock Street, and earned her living by the making of shrouds. Her room was hard by a tavern known as the "Gun and Gunwale," which was much frequented, as it had been both before and during the war, by military and naval officers, soldiers and mariners, as well as young bloods of the town, of the most rakish sort. On the evening of my visit to Susan the noise of the glasses and tankards, of shuffling feet and rattling dice, of loud voiced oaths and boisterous laughter, greatly annoyed the sick woman. Then the revelers called for a song, and when one of the number complied I was struck by the

well known sound of the voice of the singer. The song was one which caused poor old Susan to cover her ears with the bedclothes. Not that the voice was harsh, nor the tune lacking in melody. But the words were unfit for the ears of any woman or any decent man. The singer was Mr. Jamison—the eminently respectable Mr. Sudbury.

Arrived home, there waited for me a messenger in the person of Peter Van Damm. Word had been sent from the hospital to the college, Peter said, that a friend of mine was in the hospital and wanted to see me. That was all he knew about it. “Und ven you don’d vas too tiert, doctor, vill you gome und zee mein leedle Hans? He ain’t purty vell yust now.” Late as it was I journeyed to the hospital, wondering what friend of mine could possibly be there. Judge of my astonishment to find there my comrade of the woods and rivers, Jim Barnes. His leg was crushed by a falling log. He had been brought to port in a brig. Thence to the hospital in a wagon. He was suffering agony. Dr. Physick had been summoned at once, and had administered opiates, and applied leeches, and afterward a solution of sugar of lead.

Jim had asked to see me. He was sleeping heavily now. I forebore to wake him. I could hardly restrain my tears as I charged the nurse to spare nothing which might contribute to his welfare, and to tell him that I had been there to see him, and would come again in the morning.

I then went to Van Damm’s, where little Hans showed alarming symptoms of fever and spasms. After some hours he was finally soothed by a saline draught and assafoetida, together with a warm bath, into a fitful slumber. By that time I was thoroughly fatigued, and lay upon a settee at Van Damm’s and slept till morning. The child seemed better.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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THE CLINIC—MISS MARSTON VISITS JIM—BRUSH TELLS  
MISS MARSTON ABOUT MRS. GRAY.

**A**FTER taking breakfast at Mrs. Tottenham's at the usual hour, which could on no account be made earlier or later or shorter or longer though the heavens might fall, I repaired at once to the hospital.

Jim appeared haggard and worn after the shock of the injury, and the suffering he had undergone. He told me how the accident happened. There had been a jam of logs where the men had been rolling them down a hillside into the river. Jim had "jumped in" with the handspike, as he had done a thousand times before, to start the logs. But somehow they had started unexpectedly, and his right leg had been caught and crushed; and he might just as easily have been entirely crushed lifeless but that he had fallen or thrown himself aside, so that the logs passed by.

"I wouldn't let none of them old he-grannies around Farmerstown doctor me," said Jim. "I just made the boys bring me down to the 'Yankee' that I knew had her cargo in and ready to cut loose for Philadelphia. I told them I knowed one good doctor there, and they was more that I'd heard tell about."

"We'll have the best there is for you, Jim," said I.

When Dr. Physick came and we examined the limb we found it in a high state of inflammation. Dr. Physick shook his head. "It should have been amputated at once," said he, "but since that was not done we must wait until the inflammation has somewhat abated." The bones were shattered near the knee, and the soft parts grievously bruised, and the circulation



of the blood below the injury so impeded (though whether by the injury itself or by the pressure of the consequent swelling it was impossible to determine) that we feared mortification. I made bold to relate to Dr. Physick my experience with Bud Harkness' arm, concerning which he questioned me minutely. After some deliberation we punctured the leg and applied cantharidal plaster, as I had done in Bud's case. On the tumefied parts above, we placed leeches, followed by warm emollient poultices. But as time wore on, and the case progressed, the result did not gratify our hopes, and on the appearance of gangrene we abandoned the antiphlogistic treatment and resorted to nourishing diet and cordials. As soon as the line of separation was distinctly marked it was judged expedient to amputate. Jim dreaded the loss of his limb, but acquiesced when it was explained that amputation gave him the only chance for his life. Then he begged to have it done soon, as he had a horror of the operation.

During one of my visits he said to me concerning the prospective operation, "I don't believe I'd mind it so much, Doc, if I could git mad first. When a man's in a fight and his blood is up, things don't hurt half as bad. Do ye see that scar on my shoulder?" showing me the mark of a long gash. "A Portugee sailor man gave me that, and I never felt it till the muss was all over."

The day and hour for the operation were set at ten o'clock on Thursday. I remained with Jim before the approaching ordeal, to minister to his bodily needs and also to cheer him through what seemed an eternity of anxiety and dread. I well knew Jim's courage and fortitude. They had often been well tried. But the contemplation of the operation seemed to cause him intense apprehension, which he found it hard to meet. Jim referred to it again and again at different times. "I s'posed I had more pluck," said he, "but it ain't easy when you come to it. Now supposin' it was you.

And you had to sit right there in cold blood and hold your leg out and let somebody take a knife and a saw and cut it off above the knee. Just think how you'd like it yourself. Ain't they no way to do so's you won't feel it?"

"There is no good way, Jim. But the pain will not last long. It will be soon over."

Jim would be silent a while and then begin again, "Doc, when you get ready to cut it off couldn't you get a man to walk up and give me a good bang in the face with his fist? And then while him and me was having it out together, you and the others could do the cutting."

"You wouldn't be a very steady patient to work on, Jim," I answered, restraining a smile.

"But I'm afraid I won't anyhow," he rejoined. "I'm afraid I can't hold still anyhow."

"Don't worry about that, Jim. We'll have to hold you. We will try to hold you better than you held the bear that day beyond the Eagle's Nest," said I, referring to a certain occurrence.

One day as Jim with some of his men were crossing a small clearing, a bear suddenly made its appearance and reared upon the hindquarters. Jim, empty-handed as he was, sprang forward and clinched his hands in the bear's long hair, shouting, "I've got him, boys! Bring an axe!" Bear and man wrestled till both rolled down a stony ravine, and over a shelving rock, striking the bottom with a thump, and the shaggy brute, shaking himself loose from his antagonist, scrambled up the farther side of the gully and escaped.

Jim remembered the incident, and a momentary smile crossed his anxious countenance. Then he heaved a sigh. "I'm afraid I'm done fightin' bears; or men either, for that matter. The game's about played out for Jim Barnes."

In the ward where he lay we could hear the usual noise of the students gathering in the operating room

to witness the operations, for there were to be two of them. The first was to be a lithotomy upon the man in the bed next to Jim's. He was not in his bed at that hour. He was sitting in a bath, preparatory to his operation. He was a farmer of middle age, a sinewy man with calloused hands, gray hair, and a face seamed with lines of suffering.

"What's that noise?" asked the farmer, querulously.

"That's the students," I replied, "from the medical college."

"All that bellerin' and stompin' an' shufflin'?"

"Yes."

"Sounds like loadenin' cattle onto a ferry boat," said he. The students started a song. "I s'pose," the farmer went on, "they think they're singin'—if it was them that was going to get operated on they wouldn't feel so frisky."

"They don't mean no harm," said Jim. "S'pose they was cryin' about you, that wouldn't help ye, would it? But," he added after a pause, "it does seem kind of hard-hearted, an' makes a feller feel lonesome, don't it? I'd as lief they'd keep still."

"They will stop when Dr. Physick comes. I think he is there now," said I, as the noise suddenly ceased.

"Oh, Lord," groaned the farmer in dread.

An attendant came to summon him, and I left Jim for the time to accompany the elder man to the operating room. Dr. Physick was there, talking to the class, and all was quiet and respectful attention. The farmer paused as he saw the benches placed tier above tier, the group of young men facing him; and he looked aghast when he beheld the heavy table, with its rings and straps, and the iron hooks on the floor and the ropes to secure the patient, the bucket beneath the table to catch the blood, and the shining steel instruments laid ready to hand. I think he would have retreated, but that I whispered courage, and besides held him firmly by the arm. Dr. Physick greeted him and felt his pulse.



"I'm afraid it will hurt terrible, doctor," said the farmer.

"It certainly will hurt," answered Dr. Physick. "That we cannot prevent. But I shall make the painful part as short as possible."

Indeed it occupied but little time. After the man was laid upon his back on the table, his hands tied securely to his ankles; and the rope that passed beneath the hooks in the floor, and the straps, and the attendants held his body immovable, and the staff was introduced, one of the students held a watch. It was exactly three minutes during which Dr. Physick with scalpel and gorget cut his way into the bladder by the lateral method and extracted the calculus of the size of a pigeon's egg. But I have seen him do the operation in one minute and a half, and he is seldom more than four or six minutes about it. Doubtless, however, three minutes seemed an endless time to the miserable man, who shrieked and groaned in agony during all that time, and begged piteously to be loosened. What must be the unspeakable torment of the patient in those cases in which the operator labors during fifteen or thirty minutes, or even for an hour or an hour and a half to make his way into the viscus or to seize and extract the stone! But the dressing was nearly as painful. When all was over he was borne moaning and exhausted back to the ward and given forty drops of laudanum. He afterward declared he would choose to die rather than suffer the like again.

Then Jim was brought in. My heart ached for him, but it would never do for me to waver. I must assist in the amputation. Jim looked haggard and worn. He looked very different from the rugged and joyous woodsman I had known of yore; but there was the same stalwart form and great bunches of muscle. As they placed him upon the table his face was set and white.

"Doctor Physick," said Jim, "you mustn't mind anything I say or do, will you? Brush knows me, and

“I won’t mind. I’m rough and tough, you know, but I don’t mean no disrespect. You go right ahead with your work.”

“I shall not mind you, Jim,” said Dr. Physick.

Jim eyed the attendants, strong young fellows, who were preparing to hold him fast. One stood at each side of him, with Jim’s arm held about his, the attendant’s body, and two others held the sound leg.

“It won’t do, boys,” said Jim. “If I get mad I’ll knock your two heads together, and kick the lights out of you two. You’d better put the other straps on, too.”

The gangrene had gone above the knee. Dr. Physick inspected the limb for a moment, tightened the tourniquet and reached the knife. All was ready. When the keen blade swept swiftly round the thigh Jim gave a yell and a curse that might have unnerved many an operator. After that he emitted no sound, but notwithstanding the ropes and straps he clutched the two attendants in his arms till they gasped for breath, and struggled to keep their footing. The integuments were turned up, the muscles cut layer by layer and retracted and the bone deftly sawn, the vessels drawn out by tenaculum and tied, and adhesive put on, and flaps brought down and bandaged. I turned to look at Jim. He was limp and white and insensible, and pouring cold perspiration. I feared he was dead. We plied him with stimulants. At last he opened his eyes. The students began a tremendous clapping of hands. “They’re cheering you, Jim,” I said. His face flushed slightly and he tried to raise his head but could not. Then his color came; and he cried like a child; and was carried sobbing from the room. There was a slight commotion among the students on the benches. One of them had fainted. When his classmates had revived him they were for making sport of him for being chicken-hearted, saying he would never make a surgeon. Then Dr. Physick took them pleasantly to task about it. He

said the amount of sensibility was no index of courage, but that an inconvenient amount of it could be overcome by the will; and confessed that he himself had fainted on the occasion of his first witnessing a surgical operation. He declared his belief that no surgeon worthy of the name was indifferent to the pain he produced. He said that the pitilessness of the surgeon which Celsus advocated should only appear on the surface. That suffering, mental and physical, should be spared in every possible way. To this end numerous drugs and various other means had been tried, all to be again abandoned. The most promising had been the use of opium, and compression of the nerves by the process invented by Mr. Moore. But opium in doses large enough to answer the purpose brings, afterward, sickness and vomiting, and other effects to be dreaded; and to render parts insensible by compression upon the nerve the pressure must be maintained for an hour. As the large nerves lie near the large veins, the vein is also unavoidably compressed with the nerve and this compression of a vein cannot be so long kept up with safety. Skill and rapidity in operating are greatly to be desired for the reason that thereby suffering is lessened. Pain is one of the dreadful features of surgery. Of course, it has been greatly mitigated since limbs are no longer merely lopped off with a sword or heavy knife, and since the practice of stopping hemorrhages by applying a red hot iron or the pouring of boiling pitch or oil has been superseded by the tying of bloodvessels. That was as great an improvement as the tourniquet, which, while it removed the dread of primary hemorrhage in operations upon the extremities, did not remove pain.

If pain could be prevented as thoroughly as hemorrhage has been by modern surgery, the abatement of these two would greatly mitigate another evil, namely shock, and we would then have remaining but one great enemy in the practice of surgery—inflammation. This latter is not an unmixed evil; for upon it, under



proper control, depends repair of tissues. Then he explained to the students the various procedures in the operations; and especially dwelt upon the necessity of drawing out only the blood vessels alone in applying ligatures, lest by including a nerve in the ligature we bring on that other frightful condition frequent in surgical wounds, namely the lockjaw. The lithotomy wound he hoped to see healed in three or four weeks. In the amputation the ligatures might come away about the sixth day, and the wound be healed in fifteen days, if all went well; but if not, it would take twenty-five or twenty-six days. When Dr. Physick had finished his lecture I visited Jim in the ward, and remained with him till he rallied.

I told Miss Marston about Jim that day. She was greatly interested and promised to visit him. The way to the hospital was by no means unknown to her, for she had often been there on errands of mercy; but I begged leave to escort her, to which she consented; and we arranged to go on the following afternoon.

On the afternoon of the following day I was in waiting at Mrs. Tottenham's in due season. Promptly at the appointed hour Miss Marston made her appearance. She was dressed in a steel colored gown that fitted her waist bewitchingly and flowed away in graceful curves as she walked. She wore the daintiest of bonnets and a short cape, and she carried a basket, of which I soon relieved her and found that although it was not large it was quite heavy. She was in fine spirits and observant of everything about as we walked along the streets chatting.

"See that little boy yonder, looking this way and that," said she. "He is a little Dutch-American. He is lost. Let us speak to him. Look here, my little man, where is your home? Where do you want to go? 'Vaterland?' I thought it probable. That is a nick-name for a part of the settlement south of town," she explained to me. "He has wandered among the streets, or been sent on an errand and lost himself.

Come this way, Hanschen. Go down this street, away, away, away down, as far as you can go, till you come into the road. Now don't be looking about too much. You'll find the way."

"What a brave little explorer he was," she said to me gaily, as we saw the urchin start homeward. "Away up here by himself. He was trying not to be frightened. Did you notice his eyes?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said I, "I was watching yours."

"You must tell me more about 'Jim,' and 'Richard,' and 'Dorothy,' and the others," said Miss Marston. "I really feel acquainted with them."

So I described for her a few of the people of Farmerstown, with something of their looks and ways and traits of character, with incidents of life there, until she said:

"But you have not told aught of yourself, Dr. Brush. You must have held a rather peculiar position in such a community."

I could not fathom her meaning. Did she mean to compliment me, or the contrary? What! thought I, has Jamison been talking in disparagement of me to her? Has he perhaps insinuated darkly that I had left Farmerstown slightly under a cloud?

So I answered earnestly, far more earnestly than she had spoken, "I beg of you, Miss Marston, to judge me by my friends, and the company I keep, and with your own good powers of observation, rather than by anything I could say of myself. That is a good rule, always, in judging men."

"O, do not take my remark too seriously," she cried, and then added thoughtfully, almost as if soliloquizing:

"Truly one must have fine qualities to inspire such friendship as your friends show. Here we are at the hospital."

We found Jim looking pale and wan. As I presented Miss Marston Jim was half abashed; but as she

smiled and spoke to him, and told him how I had praised his hardihood and his courage, his face flushed with pleasure.

"Sho, that ain't nothing," said Jim, trying to sit up in bed. "You wait till I tell you some things about Doc—some time," he added, as a twinge of pain and the nurse's hand warned him not to exert himself at present.

Miss Marston moved along the ward like a bright vision. She had a smile and a pleasant word for each patient, and under the sanction of the nurse distributed the delicacies from the basket we had brought along.

As we left I told her that her visit to the hospital recalled to my mind some verses I once read, and if she would allow me I would send her a copy of them. I afterward did so, the lines being the following:

"When on the parched landscape fall the shower,  
When in a dreary winter gleams the sun,  
When after weary labor comes an hour,  
When we can rest and view our work well done,  
Then are we grateful; and the swelling heart  
Throbs to the harmony of laws sublime.  
Then do we feel ourselves as but a part  
Of one great plan that fills all space and time.

"When to the humble homes of downcast hearts,  
When to the bedside where the suff'rer lies,  
Cometh with smiles and tears and helpful arts,  
Angel of Love but clad in woman's guise,  
Then are we grateful; and the melting heart,  
Yields to the power of those laws sublime.  
Great is the Love of which she is a part,  
Boundless His love that fills all space and time."

As we walked along homeward, emboldened by her kindness and friendly interest in the people I described to her, I related to Miss Marston the story of Mrs. Gray's coming to Farmerstown, her lovely face



and manner, her sad and mysterious end. She was naturally much shocked to hear it.

"How horrible!" she exclaimed. "I never heard of anything so shocking!"

"Now, Miss Marston," said I, "I humbly crave your pardon if I have done or am about to do that which will give you pain or offense. But the circumstances are so very remarkable and have so long mystified me that I feel compelled to tell you—*that* was the lady whom I mentioned as bearing such a close resemblance to yourself."

"It could not be! It could not be!" cried Miss Marston, greatly agitated. She stopped upon the street, covering her face with her hands and sobbing, "O, Agnes! O, my sister!" I gently touched her arm, for people were noticing us. "Shall we walk on?" said I.

She calmed herself with an effort and said as we continued on our way, "Dr. Brush, I owe you an apology perhaps, or at least an explanation of my conduct when you have tried to broach that subject before."

I waited, and after a pause she went on. "I had a sister whom I much resemble. Very much against father's will she married a Lord Cumbermore, an Englishman. My sister claimed that father's objection was a matter of prejudice—because father was such a radical Whig in his politics, such a thorough republican in his opinions, and her suitor was of English birth, and moreover bore an hereditary title. These are subjects on which father holds very positive opinions. He is a man of extraordinary will, and unchangeable when once resolved. It was over political questions that he and Uncle Ainstie quarreled and parted when the doctor first came home from Edinburgh and settled at Middleton, before he went to Hanley. But father had other reasons against the Englishman and against his family. I feel certain that he had other reasons, for my father would not take

so positive a stand without some reason. I cannot judge of the whole matter, for I never saw Lord Cumbermore, and do not know the family history. I was living with Aunt Tottenham then, as now. They were married in New York. Father forbade Agnes ever to come home, or to write home. He forbade us all at home from holding any communication with her, or even to speak of her. If you knew father, you would not think it strange that we obeyed in this. He is so amiable when pleased, but so terrible when crossed. She went to England with her husband. That is the last we know." The girl was weeping. What could I do?

"I am so sorry to have brought up a painful memory," said I. "But the mystery has been haunting me for months."

"You are not to blame," said she. "It was right for you to speak of it. But I do not think it could be she!" People were passing us in the streets, and she strove to calm herself. So we talked of other things.

"I think," said I, "that you were almost persuaded to be vaccinated."

"I am quite persuaded," said she. "I have thought about it, and decided to undergo vaccination instead of inoculation. I am going to trust to your knowledge and skill to see me through it."

"I am doubly grateful to you, Miss Marston," said I, earnestly, "for that decision."

I had still preserved the bits of thread which Dr. Ainstie had given me. I called next day at Mrs. Tottenham's by appointment, and in the presence of that austere dame and of Lady Wingate, I carefully made the shallowest possible incision into Cordelia's fair, round arm, fastened the thread within it, and so after the common manner of inoculating with smallpox, introduced the virus of the cowpox and awaited developments.

Of one thing I was fully conscious; namely that my own system had become thoroughly inoculated with a

tender passion, never to be appeased but with the possession of Cordelia Marston, and to be terminated only with my life. I watched the progress of the kinexox in her case with no little interest and assiduity; for the experiment was of itself a most interesting one, aside from those powerful considerations of sentiment which I have so frankly here avowed. In due time I had the joy of observing the pox pass through all the stages so accurately described by Dr. Jenner, while during all of it my patient experienced but a few days of trifling indisposition. The efficacy of the protection afforded I afterward tested with variolous poison, and had the satisfaction of finding it powerless to enter the system. With the crust which I had obtained from her arm and threads saturated in the fluid and then dried, I subsequently inoculated several persons, and so I trust not only protected them in this easy and pleasant manner from that dreadful disease, but aided in extending this most beneficent practice among the people. Encouraged by the advice and example of Miss Marston and her friends, her negro pupils were induced to be inoculated with the vaccine disease, and this led to a considerable use of the method among a race who had formerly suffered severely from the ravages of small pox. This work gave me many opportunities to be near Miss Marston, so that I felt well repaid for my labor, and would have performed it more than gladly, even if there had been no other incentive.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

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### BRUSH FINDS OUT MORE ABOUT JAMISON'S HISTORY.

**J**IM gave evidence, after a few days of uncertainty, that his powerful constitution would prevail, and slowly improved. Suppuration set in kindly, with laudable pus and the flaps showed healthy granulations. With the use of bark and cordials and careful adjustment of the adhesive straps and bandages his case progressed favorably.

One day as I visited Jim, he would have me to make the acquaintance of a sailor, who was now convalescent and walked about the ward. The sailor and Jim had struck up an acquaintance, and to while away the time had held long talks together, as with other patients in the ward.

"He's been clean around the world and to Bangor," said Jim, by way of recommendation for his new acquaintance. "Stines, ye ort to tell the Doc about yer vige to Bangor."

I greeted the man kindly. He wore a bandage on his head, and I inquired whether he had been injured. He explained that he had been engaged in a brawl at a tavern, the "Gun an' Gunnel" and had been nearly killed by a blow on the head inflicted with a marlin spike, and had been brought to the hospital the same night that Jim arrived, or at least the next morning.

I recalled the fact that I had overheard something of a jollification at that hostelry on that same night, and that Jamison was there.

"Ye see," said Stines, "some of the crew of the brig 'Cynthy' run afoul of an old supercargo of ourn, an' of course we had to have a little celebration. That war the supercargo we had aboard on that vige to Bangor

last Spring. I was telling of it to Jim. Ye see," he went on, dropping his voice and looking from Jim to me and back to Jim again with a confidential air, "I don't mind tellin' ye there was something strange about it. As I was tellin' Jim, we was laying at Liverpool loadin' with nails and cutlery and sech for Baltimore, when a big tall milord of a man came aboard and inquired fer the captain. 'When do ye sail, captain?' says he. 'Next tide, if we git the cargo in,' says the captain looking up and down 'im. 'Is she a good sailer?' says the tall man. 'Ye can lay yer cloes she is,' says the captain, proud enough. 'Why not sail this tide?' says the stranger. 'See here, captain, let me have a talk with you.' Then they walked aft, and I couldn't hear. Then they went ashore, and come back in a little while. An' we got orders to stop loadin' and we let go an' got out of the dock and were off without getting my ditty-bag or payin' my score at the 'Croostrees,' or sayin' goodby to nobody. We crowded all sail, and went down the Channel with the captain and the stranger keepin' a sharp lookout. It didn't take us long to make out that we was follerin' of a ship, an' some of the men forward was pretty sure she was the 'New World,' that was in the timber trade. It was give out that the stranger was supercargo, and of course nobody said nothin'. The supercargo made himself very good amongst the crew, gettin' the captain to deal extra grog, and comin' inter the fo'c's'l and singin' songs. Well, we took the same course and follered that ship tack fer tack right across to the coast of Maine, and a rough vige it was, and me and a Dane rowed the supercargo ashore within a mile of Bangor, where the 'New World' hove to, an' then we slipped out an' went to Baltimore; and that's the last I ever seen of him till the other day on Dock Street."

"Well, that was strange," said I, feeling that I was on the track of important information, but hiding my excitement. "He was a big, tall, handsome man, you said, and a fine singer."

Stines assented.

"What was his name?" I asked.

"Wall, I never ast, an' he never told me," said Stines.

"I suppose you got him to sing for you again the other night, and had a jolly time," said I.

"That we did," answered the sailor—"he's the boy for jolly times, I tell ye. Ye ought to hear him sing 'When Jackie goes ashore!'"

"Now, Stines," said I, "if you will keep the blue devils away from Jim while you're here, when you get out I'll treat you to the best dinner you ever had."

"That'll just fix me," said the sailor, with a hearty laugh.

"Jim," said I, as soon as Stines was out of hearing, "I want you to find out all you can about that trip to Bangor, and that supercargo." Jim said nothing, but he patted my arm and nodded.

The next day when I visited Jim, at the first moment we were alone I said, "Is there any more of it?"

"Not a great deal," said Jim. "He wouldn't own to knowin' the supercargo's name, and I guess he don't. The supercargo used to show them tricks with cards, and used to play single-sticks and quarter-staff. He was clever at quarter-staff; and he knows all kinds of musket training and a heap about guns. The fo'e's'l had arguments about him. They all took him fer a military chap; but some said he was a deserter from the British Army and some said he was an officer chasin' smugglers, and nobody knowed. But Stines says he done some washin' fer him on the brig, and some of the things was embroidered with a shield that had a zigzag down the middle like a rail fence, and a trumpet on one side of the fence, and a black deer in a red field on the other side of the fence. Stines says he learned to draw them things for tattooin', an' he drawn this here to show me," and Jim showed me a drawing evidently representing a coat of arms, fairly executed on a scrap of paper. I put it in my pocket.



Next day was Sabbath. Returning from my visit to Jim, whom should I see walking in the street but Mrs. Tottenham, Miss Marston and Mr. Jamison. Each carried a book. The ladies were in their Sabbath frocks, and Mr. Jamison was elegantly dressed. His face wore that troubled and downcast look I had observed upon it during the dinner at Judge Cobb's. His buoyancy was gone. He appeared absorbed in serious reflections, gazing abstractedly upon the ground before him. It was just the hour for public worship, and many people were wending their way to the meeting houses and churches. I watched the trio until they entered the one Mrs. Tottenham and Miss Marston habitually attended.

"There's a wolf in sheep's clothing in that fold to-day," I said to myself.

It seems strange how history repeats itself, I reflected. When Jamison first came to Farmerstown he was in high feather; then, as Holcomb told me, he took that heavy drinking bout, and came out as quiet as a lamb, and downspirited and religious. Likewise again lately. I never saw a man in better spirits than he was last week. Then came the time at the "Gun and Gunnel," and now here he is, looking careworn and weary, and playing pious; but all the time, whatever else he does, he's scheming, scheming, and shrewd enough to cover his tracks. I wish I could follow him everywhere. I think I could uncover some of his rascality. I must keep a hold on Stines, and get a positive identification of that supercargo.

But the duties of the day (and of the night) must be attended to. I must see Van Damm's boy, whose condition still caused me much uneasiness; and I must confer with Van Damm about procuring bodies for dissection. Our preparations yet lacked a few details. Bodies we must have at all hazards.

And bodies we got—in the usual way, and not without some risk. Upon one occasion we feared that we had been detected in the act, and as later appeared,

our fears were not groundless. But of that more anon.

In due time Stines was able to leave the Hospital. He would have gone back to one of the lodging houses frequented by sailors, there to await another opportunity to ship on a new voyage. But I particularly wished to have him where I could find him; and so I kept him at my own lodgings for several days.

Mr. Jamison had gradually recovered from his depression of spirits, and increasingly his confident manner returned. He again became affable and talkative. He interested himself in all information pertaining to new settlements in the Western country and unoccupied lands in the vicinity of Philadelphia. He conversed with Mr. Higginson and Mr. Boggis in regard to land titles, and with Mrs. Tottenham and Miss Marston concerning social and domestic problems involved in a vast plan of colonization. He discussed the various phases of the subject freely with Blakesley and with me, and, in fact, with anyone who cared to converse. He asked for no funds to be used in the furtherance of the enterprise, but appeared willing to share generously with all concerned as soon as his hopes should be realized. Of ultimate success he grew more and more sanguine. He had lately been away again on a tour of inspection of certain lands and properties, with a view to their purchase. Having kept Stines at my lodgings until Jamison's return to town, I took occasion to notify the good lady Tottenham that I would be absent for one meal. I reminded Stines of my promise to banquet him for his care of Jim. I ordered a fine dinner for two at a public house on Second street, and timed our stay at the table so that I knew Jamison would be pretty sure to pass up the street on his way from the lower part of the city toward Mrs. Tottenham's for his dinner. I kept the sailor well entertained with stories of hunting and fishing trips with Jim, and what not else, drawing from him many incidents of his own experience, while we

enjoyed dish after dish. Meanwhile through the half-open shutters I kept a vigilant eye toward the street, and was finally rewarded by seeing Jamison himself strolling steadily up on the opposite side. He was wearing a new beaver. His cloak was thrown back over one shoulder. He carried a cane, and bore himself with an air of considerable consequence, with sparkling eye, and his chin high up in the air.

"There," said I to Stines. "There is a fine looking buck; do you happen to know him?" Stines peered from the window.

"Oh, ay! Indeed I know him. That's the man as came aboard the 'Cynthy' at Liverpool and went ashore at Bangor, as I was tellin' you and Jim. That's the supercargo, sure. I'd know him in hell. Well, as I was sayin' we all got a day's liberty at Amsterdam and went ashore, an' you should have seen us cuttin' capers with them Dutch."

But I heard little of the rest of Stine's story. Though I managed to answer him occasionally and to laugh at the right time, I was thinking of far different persons and things.

"Stines," said I, as our dinner was over, "what's the use of your going to sea right in the winter and having such hard times of it. Why not find some work ashore, anyway through the winter? I'll help you." To this he assented.

We afterward found employment for him in a sail-loft. I wanted to know where to find him when I should want his testimony.

I proposed a small commission to my friend, Mr. Boggis, the law student, which he readily undertook. It was this: To ascertain whether there were any records or other evidence of transactions in land or other property made by Mr. Jamison or Mr. Sudbury, either for himself or for any other individual, firm or company.

It was an intensely alert state of mind in which I



was living during those days. I will not say that my judgment was at its coolest.

The events of the past few months, particularly of the immediate past, had nearly crowded out of my mind previous occurrences. But the mystery at Farmerstown had made too great an impression to be easily effaced. The resemblance between her and the woman who had won from me my heart, had renewed and inspired my interest in the case. I could not resist the impression that certain events within my knowledge had some logical connection, not known to me. In my mental graspings after the truth I came upon a startling proposition. One conclusion which had become pretty well fixed in my mind, I well knew rested on no complete and substantial proof. I do not know when or by what process of logic the idea first entered my mind, or whether I reasoned it out to a logical conclusion at all. But once recognized, the belief took possession of me without complete proof. Possibility changed to probability and probability seemed certainty. This idea or supposition which I came to regard as truth was this—That Jamison was guilty of the death of her I knew as Mrs. Gray. The murdered woman and the mystery of her death had been much in my mind. Miss Marston, and, of course, Jamison, also greatly occupied my thoughts. Perhaps it was only because these three were so constantly grouped in my mental operations, though awakening such vastly different sentiments, that I came to attribute to them a relationship in real life which had no existence excepting in my own fancy. Yet it appeared to me that there was some reasonable ground for my belief. I knew the woman was murdered. I believed, for reasons stated at various times, that Jamison was a criminal. The woman, by her own account, had come over-sea as a refugee, one may say, as one seeking an asylum from some danger. The sailor Stines identified this man Jamison as one who pursued a ship to that same port where the refugee landed. The man

appeared in that same neighborhood where the woman was murdered, and had only a pretense of business for being there. A motive for the deed I could not fasten upon. Was it robbery? Lust? To hide a previous crime?

I believed that Mrs. Gray and Miss Marston were sisters. That Mrs. Gray was Agnes Marston and had married Lord Cumbermore and gone to England. Was Jamison Lord Cumbermore?

There were great gaps in the evidence, to be sure. But I hoped yet to be able to fill them with facts.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

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A SAD TIME AT PETER VAN DAMM'S AND AN EXCITING  
EVENING AT THE COLLEGE—M'GINNIS ENDS HIS  
VISIT AT HIS BROTHER'S.



BECAME greatly worried over the condition of Van Damm's little boy, whose sickness continued, and at my request Dr. Shippen visited him with me. He agreed with me that the disease was hydrocephalus internus. We feared the worst, but endeavored to do what we could to alleviate by mercury and antispasmodics, and also to comfort the agonized parents. But the disease was difficult to understand and equally difficult to treat, as diseases are apt to be when afflicting children, and moreover greatly exercised my emotions. When a physician centers his attention and summons his faculties to comprehend and minister unto a little child he must feel stirring within him a deep compassion; tender, like that of the Infinite Father for His creatures; and he has need of wisdom and sagacity almost divine.

On the next day I was there several times; but when in the evening I entered the room and looked upon the little sufferer, I knew that the end was near.

The mother with a face all tenderness and anxiety sat in a low chair holding the sick babe on her knees. The fever was high, the pulse uncountable and thready, the skin clammy. The eyes rolled wildly in their sockets or stared blankly into space. The thumbs were held within the palms with the tendons twitching.

The Reverend Mr. Te Loeken entered. I had met him before in the homes of the poor. He was an earnest follower of his Master the Good Shepherd.



We bowed to each other and shook hands. Peter gave him a chair, and then resumed his place beside the sorrowing wife.

"Doctor, will he live?" said she.

"I fear he will not," said I.

"O, can'd you do something more for us!" pleaded she.

"I will do all that is possible, my good woman," said I. "Don't rock him so, please; let me watch him." Tears rolled silently down the mother's cheeks. Peter, too, was weeping.

"Don't gry, Peter," said she.

"I aind grying," said he, blowing his nose. "Wasn't he a purty liddle feller, doctor? Didn't you dink he was the purtiest liddle poy you ever seen?"

"He was a fine child, Peter," said I.

"I always knowed from de dime he took sick he wouldn't gid well agin," sobbed the mother.

"Don't gry, Elsie," said Peter, "he aind gone yet; if dem spavins stops he mide git well agin."

At that moment another convulsion seized the child and he writhed in its clutches.

"Aind dot wicket!" wept Peter.

The mother turned her face away. "Oh, Lord!" she groaned in agony. "Oh my little darling! Can'd you help us, doctor? Don't gry, Peter."

"I aind grying," said Peter. "Vats de matter mit ye!"

Not my best skill, nor yet the mother's agonizing appeals to Heaven availed. The innocent spirit departed, and we sat bowed with grief.

"Mein frents," said the pastor in his solemn bass, "you should not sorrow as those who haf no hope!"

"Ya, dot's so," said Peter. "We got good hopes. Wir bin all bote of us young and heldy yet already—but ach! Mein nice leedle poy."

"This world is full of disappointment and sorrow and bereavement," said the pastor. "You should think more about the next."

"Ya dots so," said Peter. "Der negst mide pe a poy too. But dis was de shmardest liddle feller you efer seen. Dot's awful!"

"Don't gry, Peter," said the wife, leaning upon his shoulder.

"I aind grying," said Peter. "Vats dé matter mit ye! Vat makes you dink I'm grying, Elsie? Dot aind nottin—don't gry now."

As I passed through the hall I heard a small voice from the bedroom. "Doctor B'ush! Doctor B'ush!"

"What! Teeny, child, are you not asleep?"

"No," said the child. "Is brudder's pain all better?"

"Brother feels no more pain, little dear. Go to sleep now."

"But I want to tell you sumfin'," said the child, "and I staid awake and waited."

"What is it, then?" said I, taking her in my arms, for she was trembling.

"Why," said she in a loud whisper, "they're going to put the lights out, and then, and then—"

"And then, what? Teeny, who's going to put the lights out? You've been dreaming, haven't you? What lights are you talking about?"

"No," said the little maid, "I wasn't dreaming at all. I heard dem say it. And den when the lights is out why, why—"

"Well, then what?" said I.

"I don't know," said the child. "Don't you go there!"

"Don't be frightened, Teeny," said I, stroking her brow, and noting that she did not seem fevered. "Tell me who was talking."

"De *studence*," said she. "Mr. Bangler and all."

"And who is going to put the lights out," queried I.

"Dey is."

"What lights?" said I.

"Why the candles upstairs, tomorrow night—don't you know what I mean?"

"O, yes I see," said I. "You heard the students planning to put the candles out, tomorrow night, when I meet them upstairs in the dissecting room. Is that it?"

"Yes, dat's what I *said*."

"And then what are they going to do?"

"I don't know; but when the thread burns off and all the candles go out dey'll do something naughty, and then they'll laugh at you even when you don't like it. I was under the box and dey didn't see me!" said the little maid excitedly.

"You're a good little fairy for telling me this," said I. "Now, don't you worry. I'll take care of myself—(and the students, too). Now lie down again. Let me tuck you in. There now go to sleep—and dream that brother was changed to a beautiful angel."

Little Teeny's words sent me off in a hard bout of thinking. It seemed to me quite probable that the child had neither dreamed nor imagined what she told me. Peter and I had procured material as we had planned. Dissections had begun. All was going well I thought. But it seemed that the new demonstrator was not to get along so easily. I made no doubt that some scheme was on foot for the amusement of the class at my expense. I knew that certain leading spirits among them were capable of mischief. I knew, too, that some had objected to my plan of holding a recitation each evening before allowing the dissecting to begin. How many would take part in any insurrectionary prank, or how far they would dare to go with it, I had no means of knowing. In the morning I paid an early visit to the dissecting room. It was on the top floor of the old building as I have before mentioned. It was a large, long room with windows on two sides—windows coated with lime wash in lieu of curtains or shutters. The gray light of the winter shone coldly upon the rafters, the bare floor, a tier of rude wooden benches, and the narrow tables, several of which were burthened with grim shapes covered



with black cloth. A couple of skeletons, a male and a female, hung in the rear. A strong chest which had been used to convey bodies, stood by, grimly suggestive of its uses. A stove was there, but it gave no warmth, for the coals within it were dead and turned to ashes; and the room was as cold, and but for the sighing of the wind as still, as death itself. The usual odor prevailed in spite of our preservative chemicals. The dissecting was usually done during the evenings, light being furnished by candles placed in iron lanterns fastened upon the walls and supplemented by a couple of whale oil lamps, and candles stuck in rude candlesticks as needed about the tables. I examined the lights but found nothing amiss. Those in the lanterns were either burned out or well nigh it. The students had developed such a habit of supplying themselves with candles from the dissecting room that Peter had resorted to the plan of placing in the lanterns candles only long enough to last through the recitation. Then those on the table were lighted. Peter had not yet done his work in the dissecting room since last night. I was very loath to disturb him in his sorrow, but I felt that the occasion was important not only to me personally but to the discipline of the school, and I could not very well do without his aid. I held a secret conference with Peter. During the forenoon he cleaned up the dissecting room as was his wont, brought firewood and candles and prepared for the evening's work in the accustomed way. Then he slyly kept watch, and during the noon intermission he saw two of the students creep quietly up the stairs and enter the dissecting room with a key which they had no right to have in their possession. They came down in time for the lectures. At supper-time Peter and I paid a visit upstairs. On close inspection we found a black packthread fastened to the door of each lantern and these threads connected together in such a way that all the lantern doors could be shut simultaneously by a single pull, and thus leave the

room in perfect darkness. What the plotters intended to do in the darkness there was no evidence to show. I had heard of showers of spoiled eggs falling, upon similar occasions, or the use of squirt guns loaded with anything but perfumed waters, as well as even more disagreeable or dangerous assaults being made. Clearly there was no time to lose between planning and acting. Peter and I made a few little arrangements of our own.

When evening came I repaired to the college with a quickened pulse perhaps, but outwardly calm and innocent to asininity. I was there a few minutes before the hour, as frequently occurred, and when the class assembled they found me ready with the evening's lesson. The candles flickered from the lanterns on the walls, lighting dimly the grim room and its furniture. A single candle burned on the table near which I stood. A fire had been made in the stove, which, while it made the temperature of the room tolerable, rendered the odors of it almost intolerable to any but those accustomed. With questions and answers and explanations, all went on as usual for a quarter of an hour. Then almost at the same instant, all the lanterns closed. I lost not one second of time, but raised the lid of the chest, dropped my candle within and sprang outside the door. I barred the door and looked through the keyhole. A weird light blazed from the chest. The astonished students were gazing at it open-eyed. Then the corpses on the tables sat up. One of them essayed to stand. The skeletons began to dance in mid air. Powerful fumes of sulphur filled the room, while the flames from the chest flashed and glowed. The students were coughing and strangling. They were panic stricken. They rushed for the door, scrambling over the benches and fighting to escape.

When we opened the door and they came gasping into the hall, there I stood with a lantern and there stood Dampeter with an old cutlass in his hand.

"Vat's the matter mit you fellers?" said Peter.

"You agds like you was scared on someding. You ma'gs enough noise to raise de dead peoples. I dought dey was a lot o' robbers up dere. Vats de matter mit ye?"

I held my breath and ran into the room, slamming the lid of the chest down as I passed it, and opened the windows. The fresh air blew in through the room. Then I searched among the benches lest any of the boys had failed to escape. They were all gone. Peter and I locked the door and removed our cords and pulleys. Then we cooled the iron pot in the chest.

Next day when I entered the class room there was a tremendous clapping of hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

After we had laid little Hans to his long slumber, all softly tucked in his narrow cot, with lillies of wax in his hands, we came back to the scene he had brightened, and found it almost too dreary for endurance. The parents sat silently gazing down, or sobbed in each other's embrace, each trying to comfort the other, but refusing to be comforted. Teeny wondered and wept.

I made a tour of all the shops in town and bought the finest doll I could find for that little fairy.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had not forgotten my promise to go again to the farm of Martin McGinnis. Martin had charged me to "bother mesilf with no wagons" when I came after Dennis, as he had "wagons galore, and the horses were spoiling for something to do." So I rode out one Saturday afternoon nothing loath, intending to come back on the morrow. I did not succeed in releasing myself from their hospitality until Monday morning, when Dennis prepared to end his visit and start homeward. He gave Mrs. McGinnis and Fanny a cordial goodbye, and urged one and all of the family to pay a visit to his house and stay all summer or winter, as might suit them best. Martin and Young Mart brought us to the city, leading my saddle horse behind the wagon. Dennis' taking leave of his brother and



his nephew was as characteristic as his first greeting.

"Well, Martin," said he, "whether ye're my brother or no I dunno. I still have me doubts. But I tell ye to yer face I think jist as much of all of ye's as if ye was, an' here's me hand on it. Ye've thrated me foine. Ye've thrated me illigant. Ye're one of the dam-bestest felleys I ever come up wid, and so is yer family. God bless ye's all. Now, Young Mart, don't ye forgit the rules what I was telling ye, especially the first one: 'Always choose the dam fer size and the sire fer quality!'"

With that he climbed on the stage, taking his seat by the driver, and was off on his journey Northward. As the stage turned the corner I saw him peering over to watch the gait of the off leader.

Returning to my rooms I found a letter that gave me great pleasure. Not that a letter was such a rarity. I had had letters from home and from Dr. Ainstie, but this one was from an old and dear friend though a new correspondent. It was dated Farmerstown, Province of Maine, and ran as follows:

"To doct. Brush:

"Dear Friend—I am at Mrs. Henry's and we thoght it would be nice to write you a leter. Every body is well at our House and so is Mrs. Henry. We doan't think this is becouse you are away. Mister Baterson is shot Thay went a hunting and a man from Bostn thoght he was a Moos in the brush Apples and per-tatoes are plenty We are going to butcher next week and Mrs. Henry pigs with ours Pap has the finest cyder yet made in the mill Richard built last winter. He is in Pensylvanai now We all wish you was Here and never went away So do lots moar The boys are tending school this winter I am thrugh school and Mothers right hand she says Mother says Pap had me long enough.

"Wont you write a letter to

"Your true friend

"Dorothy Whittlesey


and Mrs. Henry

"I mean Mrs. Henry joins in this letter not that I am Mrs. Henry but I may be some day Richard is  
\* \* \* Now you guess."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

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### MONSIEUR LA PETRIE COMES TO PHILADELPHIA.

HE class was waiting in the lecture room at the hospital one forenoon—waiting for Dr. Physick, who had not made his appearance quite at the appointed hour. The class was becoming a little noisy with impatience when Dr. Physick appeared followed by a gentleman of middle age. A gentleman with high cranium, a bald forehead, alert eyes—M. La Petrie! I knew him instantly. Dr. Physick introduced him to the class as a distinguished surgeon from Paris to whom we should have the pleasure of listening. Immediately the incidents of my stage trip rushed to mind, but I collected my thoughts to listen, knowing well that the gentleman could talk most entertainingly. Monsieur made one of those graceful bows I remembered so well and I fear I envied him again his dignified and polished manner. At the same moment he caught sight of me, paused, smiled, and bowed again.

“Gentlemen,” said Monsieur, “I have great pleasure to be with you today, and by courtesy of your distinguished teacher, Monsieur le Proffesseur Physique, I will make a few remarks.

“I had no expectation to address you and must crave your indulgence. So many thoughts rush upon the mind on such an occasion that one scarcely can choose what he first will utter. I would fail of my duty and restrain too much my emotions did I neglect to congratulate you upon your opportunity to reside and pursue your studies in a land unshackled by the chains of the tyrant and guided only by laws of your own making. Here every man is his own master and

the architect of his own destiny. You, gentlemen, whose youthful eyes have never seen and whose free-born limbs have never borne the troublous and heart-rending experience of oppression, civil revolution and bloodshed that I have seen and in my humble capacity undergone—you can hardly comprehend how great is that boon you enjoy—the blessing of liberty!”

Monsieur spoke so volubly that his foreign accent, which at first had given his hearers amusement, was forgotten. As he uttered the words “the blessing of liberty” and his eyes were cast sky-ward for an instant in that peculiar way I had noticed on first meeting him, the earnest attention of every hearer was fixed upon him.

“You will pardon me, I trust,” he went on, “that for a moment the citizen outspoke the surgeon. It is more becoming that I give you a few thoughts pertaining to the art of healing. And perhaps compare a little what I find in my own France, among the English, and in America. You will admit without a question that the French have done much to the improvement of physic and chirurgie, chimie, lithotomie, l’art des accouchements, anatomie, and all that pertains thereunto. I have only to mention the name of Ambroise Pare and you remember that by him was effected almost a complete transformation in chirurgie not only by the employment of the ligature in amputations and of cold dressings instead of boiling oil in gunshot wounds, but by improvements and inventions too numerous to enumerate.”

For an instant Monsieur fixed his eyes upon me.

“And he knew no Latin and was called an ignorant upstarter! Remember this, those who had no opportunity to go to school. Morel at the siege of Besancon invented the tourniquet, and long after him, Petit the screw tourniquet. Denis made the first transfusion of the blood in a human being, and Duverney taught us that bones receive their growth and their nutrition from the periosteum. The names of Frere



Jacques and the Colots are as familiar to you as lithotomie, and that of Andry, as the term 'orthopedie,' which he originated. There was Mareschall, bold and rapid as an operator and a famous educator. Dionis, Saviard, Bresseu, Verdue, and the versatile Astruc. All these names stand for glorious achievements in our beloved calling. Are these then all? Nay, I have not rightly begun. How could I forget the generous La Peyronie, himself a skillful surgeon and professeur, who founded six professorships in chirurgie—and Baudeloque, and Sigault, accoucheurs; and D'Azur, anatomiste!

"Will you not salute when I pronounce the name of Philippe Pinel? What physician, what admirer of courage, what lover of human-kind even though he would not bow to royalty but will uncover his head in contemplation of this great mind and greater heart?

"I see you have among you the treatise of Le Dran. And are not Louis and Desault familiar to you? And the name of Goulard upon all lips, as are his celebrated medicaments upon all wounds? But this is vain-glory, and I weary you perhaps. The English have had some great physicians and surgeons in the past, and some now living. And America, while overrun with renegades, charlatans and ignorant impostors, is yet not without men of education and high talent of which this city and seat of learning furnishes conspicuous examples. But comparison of individuals are iveedious. I will rather compare the practice as I have observed it in my travels. It has been said that the French surgeons are negligent of treatment after operations. To this charge I must frankly admit that I can say but little in defence; for it has appeared to me upon comparison with the English and the American surgeons whose work I have observed, that we keep patients a shorter time in hospital after operation and pay less attention to their after-treatment. On the other hand we are certainly more attentive to prepare our patients for operation,

keeping them in hospital several days before-hand for that purpose, and not operating on the day of admission, as the English do. Altogether I found the English surgeons cold in their manners toward patients, and what is a greater fault I found them slow in operating. I admit it is essential that the surgeon be cool and calm, but he need not be cold to indifference and so phlegmatique and so slow! I have seen an English surgeon of great notability consume twenty minutes in amputating a leg. I claim that is from three to four times as long a time as is necessary to use in that amputation. It occasions too much suffering to the patient and too much shock. In their favor I must say that the English make wounds carefully and especially they clean wounds most scrupulously, which I think is good.

“I can say, too, that by their mode of dressing with the raw surfaces held in firm contact they often procure immediate union of wounds. Not that quick result is unknown or uncommon among us. If you will allow me to speak from my own experience I may tell you that I have several times after amputation either of limbs or of the mammary gland, procured complete union of the wound in no more than fifteen, eighteen, or twenty days, such wounds as would have required two months, nay even two months and a half or more, if allowed to suppurate and heal by cicatrization. To accomplish this one may venture to cut the ligatures short and hope to see them no more. What shall I say of the American surgeons? I hope you will believe that I speak my mind truly and not to flatter your countrymen. I am but a few months in your country but have been at pains to visit a few hospitals and to study of physicians and chirurgens a few. I will name no names. But I will say that the character of the Americans for the practice of physic and chirurgere stands between that of the French and the English. Nay, I will go farther. I will say that the Americans have the quickness to apprehend and

the nimbleness to execute like the French, while yet they are cool and careful like the English. In physie like in chirurgere, I have seen in this country such judgment and such boldness as have compelled me to admire. Your masters have with the Americans this character, and they have studied both in Britain and in France, and I can see among them combined the mode of both countries.

“Look you—here among the dressings here is proof! Here is charpie and here is also lint—lint such as one sees in England but not in France; and charpie such as is used by the French surgeons but not by the English. But both are used by the Americans. I cannot think that the English prefer lint rather than the charpie altogether as a matter of choice; but because they have not the latter in abundance. For one has seen them filling up suppurating cavities with pledgets of tow. And we have in France in abundance a material called sutaine which resembles lint and yet we do not prefer it to charpie. Certainly there is no material less hurtful to wounds than charpie, and none better to absorb the serosity of flesh wounds or the pus from such as are suppurating. At the same time the French surgeons know well how to employ it with skillful bandaging to prevent that stagnation of matter in cavities or sinuses; and we also employ counter openings freely for that purpose. Is it because they have not the materials for dressings that the English surgeons have acquired such a predilection for the immediate union of wounds? They resort to the use of sutures, placing them not more than an inch apart, and use large quantities of adhesive plasters, by which means they often unite by the first intention extensive wounds, and so avoid the necessity of repeated or complicated dressings. Of course, when this succeeds as well as is hoped for, it also results in a cure in shorter time. The Americans seem to follow more the English in preferring to unite wounds with speed, and employ the sutures, the ad-



hesive plasters, and the compresses of lint. Their want of charpie compels the English to use diluent, detersive and stimulating lotions; while the French know well how to prevent the accumulation of matter, and they keep the surface of wounds clean with charpie and find it necessary only to wipe the surrounding parts with linen. Now I have observed that the American surgeons use charpie and linen bandages, and also ointments and compound topical applications like the French; although they also employ frequent sutures and much adhesive plasters, and use flannel bandages only for compression, like the English.

"I am pleased when I observe that you came to the hospital early in the day to witness the operation. Thus we do in France, although it is not so in England. I am persuaded that the morning is the more favorable time for operations, not only in order that the fear and dread of the patient may be sooner over; but lest in case of serious accident during or following the operation such as excessive haemorrhage or a spasmodic disorder, that it come not in the night, which of a certainty is not the properest time to cope with it.

"But with my wandering remarks I consume too much time. I must only entreat you that you indulge not in follies and idleness, but apply with diligence to your studies. Struggle to preserve the rich treasures of learning laid up for you by other ages and by other nations, and to add unto them new jewels of knowledge. This is a new and growing nation in a vast and varied land. Here are to be tried great problems in government; and here also under new conditions of climate and of constitution should be tested all those principles and methods of our art and mystery, that are accepted in the Old World. See that you choose well and preserve the useful and reject the unworthy. Here doubtless with new diseases and new plants and minerals, will be discovered new modes of treatment both chirurgical and medicinal.

“In a country where it is maintained that every man has an equal right with every other man to his life, to his liberty, and the pursuit of his happiness, if a man finds his happiness in the improvement of our glorious and philanthropic calling, unto what wonderful success may he not attain? And with this character and amid these circumstances, and a profession composed all of free men, I can see a glory new and bright and all her own, awaiting in the future of America! May you all do well your part to earn it, and in some measure share it.”

Thus Monsieur Petrie concluded his remarks, after which Professor Physick proceeded with his clinic as usual. The clinic being over I had an opportunity to shake hands with M. Petrie. I was much pleased to see him again and inquired how he was enjoying his tour and how long he would remain in our city. He replied that he was delighted with his tour. He had encountered only the greatest civility and assistance. He intended to remain some little time in Philadelphia. I invited him to come and visit me, and anticipated much pleasure in his society. I regarded him as a man of great erudition and of great skill as a surgeon, though I had then no idea I should ever be calling upon him for an exercise of his professional skill in my own behalf. I expected only to profit by his agreeable company and intelligent conversation, and in return to show some courtesy to a stranger.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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THE RIVALRY FOR CORDELIA CONTINUES—BRUSH DARES  
HIS FATE—THE ENMITY BETWEEN BRUSH AND  
JAMISON CONTINUES.

**D**ECEMBER was now upon us. The weather had been cold at times, but to me who was accustomed to the rigorous climate of the North, it scarcely seemed that winter had begun. People were hoping for a good hard freeze to banish yellow fever into the tropics, but so far it had not been cold enough to stiffen the plentiful mud in the streets. A light snow had fallen. "Not enough to track a rabbit in," Jim said. Jim was convalescent. His stump was healing nicely. He lamented greatly the loss of his leg. What to do he did not know. He talked of learning sail-making where Stines worked. Nobody could beat him on birch bark or deer skin; so he guessed he could learn to sew sail-cloth again, and perhaps start a loft of his own.

I had quite a few patients betimes. Also a little work that Dr. Physick gave me to do when he was too busy. I was faithful in attendance on all the lectures and met the class for demonstrations, and had the satisfaction of knowing they were doing their work well.

All these things did not prevent me from living, heart and soul, at Mrs. Tottenham's. Various persons came and went at that house. A few lodgers were there year in and year out. Such was old Mr. Higginson. He read his newspaper and said nothing, or he spurred us all into keenest mental activity, as the whim struck him.

Sir Arthur and Lady Wingate had gone to amuse



the New York public. Boggis was one of those who had left us. He sailed for London, eager and enthusiastic. I wished him well. He faithfully, as I believed, performed the task I had set for him. He had made diligent search but could not learn that with all his negotiations far and near, Mr. Jamison or Sudbury had ever made a single purchase or sale of landed property. Of course, as Boggis explained to me, it was possible that business was transacted in some other name or for some other person, but he could find no evidence of it.

When Boggis sailed for England I entrusted him with another commission—to make investigation for me concerning a certain noble family there. I wanted to know what became of Lord Cumbermore and his young American wife. I waited with great eagerness for news from Boggis. But that might not come for weeks longer.

Jamison continued to reside at Mrs. Tottenham's, and he continued his attentions upon Miss Marston, to witness which gave me pangs of jealousy, fanned the flames of my love for her and spurred me on in my determination to win her at all hazards. She appeared to me the paragon of woman-kind; but I cannot say whether that be the reason why emotions filled me and thrilled me when I beheld her, nay when I even thought how she looked when last I saw her; or when I heard her voice, or even in absence listened to the echoes of her tones in my own memory. Thoughts of her were ever with me. Day and night they followed me. I have heard people talk of "falling in love." I have found nothing appropriate in the expression. With me, love is like a holy ecstasy lifting me into ideals and heroic purposes that strong angels might envy. That the fulfillment of the hopes depends upon the consent of the one beloved; and a consideration of the possibility of her refusing casts one sometimes into despairing darkness, is too true. Yet it cannot take away the privilege of loving.

I sought every fair opportunity to speak with her, to be near her, to please her. I could not complain that she treated me with disdain. She ever bore the part of a well bred lady, considerate for the feelings of others. Spirited, yet gentle, she won the hearts of all who met her by the charm of her unassuming sweetness. We were on the footing of friends and knew each other's traits and opinions upon many subjects. I knew she held me in esteem. If her heart had been touched with the tender sentiments which filled mine, I had no means of knowing it. She never betrayed it. We met almost daily, and yet the time I could devote to her was necessarily limited. I had the pain of seeing that she was more frequently in the company of Jamison. He seemed to have time and resources at command, and at Mrs. Tottenham's always carried himself with the manners of a polished gentleman. He appeared haughty at times to those about him, but again would make amends by great condescension. The general opinion held in our community, as throughout our country, concerning the emptiness and even the wickedness of the distinctions of rank and title did not prevent the members of our little household and others as well, from behaving with great deference toward the Earl of Sudbury. Such Jamison was reputed to be. It was said by some—I heard Mrs. Tottenham for one express the opinion, that the man's native modesty as well as his respect for our republican institutions had led him to lay aside his title during his stay in America. Besides, there was a good business reason; while he possessed a large fortune, the wish to make new investments was what brought him to the New World, and it was not always expedient if one would buy at reasonable figures, to have it known that one was wealthy. So he had chosen to travel incognito, and to live in simple comfort like a plain American. And Mrs. Tottenham told me or at least uttered in my presence that she thought the real benevolence of Mr.

Sudbury's heart was unappreciated. That even then he was considering a plan of purchasing a large tract of land in central Pennsylvania and founding a colony and a school on a large scale for the amelioration and education of the blacks. He had asked Mrs. Tottenham's advice about it, and had no doubts of its success. The surplus funds of the colony were to be devoted to purchasing the freedom of black slaves, who in turn would devote their earnings to free their relatives or friends.

But in my opinion there was one other reason why Mr. Jamison had chosen to say so little at first about being the Earl of Sudbury, until Blakesley had driven him into that statement. This Sir Arthur Wingate had communicated to me privately, just before he and his amiable lady left for New York.

"I know the peerage pretty well, but," said Sir Arthur shaking his head and smiling, "there isn't any earldom of Sudbury. I think the man is acting a part; though there are some peculiar things about his temperament and actions that I don't understand. And I must say he's a pretty fair actor. He's playing the lover in earnest these days and in very good style. I don't know how his suit prospers. Eh, Alice, what do you think about it?"

This last to Lady Wingate, who was present. She made him no answer excepting to shrug her plump shoulders. But she tapped my arm lightly with her fan. "Dr. Brush," said she, deliberately, "what was that I once heard you say to Mr. Blakesley—'Never lose time between planning and acting.' I think that was a wise saying." She gave me an arch look, an imperious little toss of the head, and then Sir Arthur threw her great fur cloak about her and handed her into a chair.

While I felt quite sure that Jamison was a scoundrel, how could I prove this to the people I most wished should hold the same opinion? Anything I might say derogatory to his character would be attrib-



uted to envy and jealousy. The rivalry between us for the favor of Miss Marston was well understood among our acquaintances. Lady Wingate's remark and other occurrences made that very evident to me. In regard to her ladyship's hint—quoting my own maxim at me by the way of advice—I was very willing to act upon it if I only knew what was best to do. My plan for exposing Jamison required more time for its execution.

But that need not hinder me from daring my fate in the eyes of the woman I loved, and that I resolved to do at the first opportunity. In a house like Mrs. Tottenham's and among people busy with every-day affairs as most of the inmates were, an opportunity for a quiet interview with the young lady was not an every-day occurrence. At least it was difficult for me without making it so formal an affair that everybody would know that something unusual was going on.

But for once fortune favored me. The school-room used by the Christian Women's Benevolent and Missionary Society had been found too cold for comfort. Mrs. Tottenham had offered the use of her parlor as a meeting place for one of the classes. So that when, going down stairs from a visit to Blakesley one day, I saw a half score of negro women and girls each with a bundle of sewing in hand, emerging from Mrs. Tottenham's parlor, I knew that Miss Marston was within. I entered the room. I saw chairs ranged in a semi-circle, and a fire glowing on the hearth. I saw Cordelia, beautiful and radiant, putting rolls of cloth into a basket. She stood rather startled as I entered without speaking. I could not possibly have given utterance to the ordinary civil phrases of polite society at that moment. I had but one theme in my heart and on my tongue. I remember that I walked up to where she stood and looked deep into her eyes. I do not remember the words I used, but I told her that I found it impossible longer to refrain from coming thus. I told her my love and that I dared to hope she would love me and be my wife.

She was deeply moved. With her bosom heaving and face flushing with emotion, while her eyelids drooped, she answered me. She said she felt the honor I had done her, and could truly say that she esteemed me highly, but she did not know whether she could regard me as I wished. We had not known each other very long. In the present state of her feelings she must answer me "No."

Then I begged her not to answer me at all; but to wait and think of it; and to think of me as an honest man who loved her truly and ever should; that my heart and life and all I was or ever should be were hers whenever or wherever she would take them. I would have taken her hand in mine, but she stepped back a pace.

There was nothing for me but to depart. I could not cease gazing upon her as I stepped slowly backward toward the door. As I reached it she looked up at me, with tears in her eyes, and I would have sprung forward again, but she raised her hand with a little gesture that forbade and I passed out. So, she had refused me. But it was done so kindly that I loved her, if possible, the more.

How little can we foretell what the future has in store for us! That seems a trite saying. It appears to me now that I ought then to have seen that a long chain of events had led up to a situation which would only be changed by a violent rearrangement of the elements. I had commissioned Mr. Boggis to investigate the history of Lord Cumbermore, and his family, and his present whereabouts; and charged him also to inform me of the coat of arms of the Cumbermores. But I had received no news from Boggis. It seemed that I ought to await the result of his investigations. That might put quite a different interpretation upon appearances, or supply important links in the chain of evidence. Time went on and I did not hear from Boggis and I daily grew more anxious and impatient. Jamison was ardent in his attention upon Cor-

delia. I was sure he had an influential advocate in her Aunt Tottenham. He was more than presentable in appearances and had the reputation of rank and wealth. I had offered myself and been declined, not unkindly to be sure, but declined nevertheless. I was in a frame of mind not to be envied by god, angel, man or demon. Dr. Physick remarked that I had not as good color as usual, and advised me not too study too hard. Blakesley tried to cheer me.

A thousand schemes ran through my mind, but not one seemed practicable. I thought of returning along the stage route and attempting to trace Jamison's doings more closely clear back to Farmerstown, and his stay there. But I could ill spare either the time or the money necessary, and it might result in nothing. I thought to follow him or have his footsteps dogged by some shrewd fellow to note his present actions, whether they might disclose some new deviltry, or betray something of the past. But for days at a time he would remain in town and scarcely miss a meal at Mrs. Tottenham's, appearing as a gentleman of elegant leisure in the public places through the week, and going to church in exemplary fashion on the Sabbath. I grew the more bitter and the more nonplussed the more I thought of it. In my hatred and exasperation I even thought of challenging him to fight. But that, even if I should be fortunate enough to come off victorious might not recommend me to Cordelia. It might bar me from her esteem entirely. Besides I had scruples against wilful homicide. And all this time no news came from Boggis, and all this time I was obliged to meet these people at the same table three times a day and make a show of serenity and civility. I thought of going elsewhere to live; but that would have deprived me of the daily opportunity of at least seeing Cordelia. She still treated me with the same faultless friendliness of manner. Why should I leave the field entirely in possession of my rival?



In proportion as I, in spite of my efforts, grew abstracted and taciturn, Jamison became entertaining and complaisant. Occasionally he took on patronizing airs, which aggravated me worst of all. His presence was almost unendurable to me. Several times I had thought he even dared to be sarcastic toward me. Such a state of tension could not longer exist without an explosion.

One day, as we left Mrs. Tottenham's door he remarked with mock civility, "I suppose, Dr. Brush, you are now going out to minister to your numerous wealthy patients?"

"Well?" said I hotly, stepping in front of him on the foot-walk, "Mr. Jamison, or Sudbury, or whatever your name is, I'm not going out to murder them, as somebody did a patient of mine once, nor to rob them, as somebody tried to do me."

The suddenness of it startled him for a moment. He changed color.

"What do you mean, sir, by acting this way? You are talking very strangely," said he, recovering himself.

"I mean just what I say, and more," said I. "I know more about you than you might suppose. I'd advise you to hire the Cynthia and hurry back across the Atlantic where its likely you're wanted. Or take a long trip on the stage route."

"You impudent scoundrel!" said Jamison. "After all my forbearance to insult me. You shall give me the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"You'll get all the law allows a rogue, in due time," said I.

"Then you are too cowardly to meet me," sneered Jamison.

"I prefer to do my killing legally," I retorted, "and to let the law take care of your case."

"Then you are afraid to fight me," he repeated contemptuously.

"I fought you once," said I, "when I was unarmed. I think you owe me a shot at you already."

"Now is your opportunity to get it," said Jamison. "Or perhaps you'd rather see how the law takes care of grave robbers! I know more about you than you might suppose; and the Farmerstown resurrection's not the only one you'll have to answer for. Mr. Ludlam's friends will be delighted to make an angel of you, and if you escape them, you'll do well in practice here! Now you'd better make arrangements with Captain Harriman at the Coffee House." He bowed with an excessive show of courtesy and was passing on.

"Very well," said I, "and you would better go and really buy at least six feet of land," and I walked away in the other direction.

Clearly there was no other way for it. I must meet him. An impugment of cowardice from Jamison had no sting for me. But I knew the desperate character of the man. Now that he thought I was certain of his crimes, and knew I was bent on bringing him to justice, he would cause me and the college also, endless trouble. I was now sure he or his shady companions had spied upon my expeditions with Van Damm and they would appear as witnesses against us to prove any assertion he might choose to make. We had suspected we were watched, now I knew it. He would damage or ruin my prospects of practice in the community; and if that did not drive me away, my lief would not be safe for an hour. Right or wrong my mind was made up. I was glad that it had come to this. If it lay within my power he should never live to win Cordelia. But Stines had told me he was skillful with weapons, and I knew he was treacherous. I must be careful and if possible, cool. It was time to act. Blakesley had not left his lodgings yet. I went up to his room. He was conning a text-book.

"Blakesley," said I, "will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly," said he.

"I wish," said I, "that you should call on Capt. Harriman at the Coffee House and say that, for weapons I choose rifles, distance thirty yards; as to time, my preference is for tomorrow morning at six; place, on the Delaware river with row boats a mile above the city; the men to be stripped bare to the waist. Tell him that to avoid interruption I would suggest that a hunting trip should be the ostensible object."

Blakesley stared at me in amazement.

"If you don't like the errand you needn't go," said I. "I'll ask Van Damm."

"Indeed you'll not!" said Blakesley. "But this is sudden after all. Great Nation! Has it come to this! So you are going to fight. I'll be right there with you, Brush. But that is a queer place to meet."

"So it is," said I. "But I have a certain reason for it. I don't trust Jamison in the least. If we meet in the middle of the river there'll be no ambushing. And if the men are stripped there'll be no plate metal shields in this target practice; besides I have no fancy for having a fragment of clothing carried into a bullet wound. By the way I want you to see that there are no brass bullets, nor copper bullets, nor bullets of glass, nor any other material than lead, slipped in when those guns are loaded. I want a fair fight."

Blakesley put on his beaver, and after a thorough understanding of the arrangements he went out to find Capt. Harriman. I had an errand to do also. I called on M. La Petrie at his lodgings and asked for a private interview. I could not go to Dr. Physick in an affair of this kind. Monsieur La Petrie was as usual urbane, and received me cordially. After a few preliminary questions to be sure of my ground, I asked him to act as surgeon at a little affair between two gentlemen.

"I assure you I shall be most happy, Monsieur Docteur Brush," said he. "I have seen some most interesting cases on the field of honor. I had not expected



this pleasure during my tour to America. But will you kindly supply me with instruments and dressings, as I have none with me. I can easily understand that it will be less embarrassing for me than for one of the local surgeons to participate. Ah, yes. That is a good plan—'a hunting trip'—then in case a gentleman is hit we could say we had an accident. I shall be most happy, Monsieur le Docteur, and I feel honored in your choice."

I went to my lodging and made ready instruments and dressings. I supplied Monsieur with a tourniquet, scalpel, sharp and probe-pointed bistouries, probes and bullet forceps. Also with styptics, both the lycoperdon vulgare and agaric of oak; and with ligatures and with charpie, linen and bandages, cerate and adhesive plaster, and a few splints.

I likewise placed a couple of amputating knives in the portmanteau, and told Monsieur that, as for me, if a bullet were to fracture the ends of the bones in a large joint, or penetrate it so as to expose the joint cavity to the air, I would rather he would amputate without hesitation than to risk the inflammation that would surely follow.

At Mrs. Tottenham's at the dinner table, we talked of a short hunting excursion. We were tired of city life. A day or two of field sport would be beneficial. The merits of the high-lands beyond Centre-wood, Springetsbury or Bushhill, and of the low lands of Moyamensing and Passayunk were fully discussed. Mr. Higginson became interested, and told of his youthful experiences, shooting ducks and rail around League and Mud and Petty's Islands, where they used to be found in great numbers. The old gentleman became so enthusiastic I was afraid he would volunteer to accompany us.

I was in better spirits than I had been for some time. If certain misgivings over my intended course rose up within me, they were put down by what then seemed to me sufficient reasons. If thoughts of my

parents and sisters and brother, and more than all, of Cordelia Marston, bade me pause to consider what grief I might be causing or happiness losing, I argued to myself that no other course gave any better prospect. I felt a new buoyancy within me—an elation—unaccountable but agreeable.

The possible nearness of death led me into solemn thoughts upon that marvellous phenomenon, and regarding Him who made the laws of nature and who rules the destinies of men. Perhaps it was presumption or perversity in me, but I could not as some have professed to do under like circumstances, feel a great apprehension in regard to future weal or woe. Not that I thought my merits worthy of consideration; but that it seemed to me that the Great Being who saw fit to bring me into the world and here sustain me for a time, might safely be trusted with my exit and whatever future lies in the beyond.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

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BRUSH ANSWERS A NIGHT CALL—LATER HE BECOMES  
HIMSELF A PATIENT—AT DEATH'S DOOR.

**H**AVING talked with Blakesley in the evening and made sure that all arrangements for the morning were perfected, I went to my lodgings intending to retire for the night. I was preparing to do so when there came a knock at the door. "A doctor's time is never his own," thought I. I found a lad at the threshold. He said there was a sick man who wanted me to come to Callowhill St., North side, third door from the wharf. I asked who the sick man was. The boy did not know. A sailor-man, he supposed, as that was a sailors' lodging house. I thought it was not likely a very aristocratic patient. Most of mine were of the humbler sort. But a poor young doctor must not be too particular. Besides, the patient might be very sick. I said I would come, and prepared myself to do so.

How little can we tell what life has in store for us! And those who study life, the dramatists whom I have so much admired, with all their skill, wisdom and play of fancy, how faultily do they portray the coming of the unexpected—the occurrence of the undreamed of, as we meet it in our real lives.

In drama it usually appears that the principal incidents of the play are foreshadowed or led up to by a series of events which apparently make it inevitable that the play shall culminate as it does; and in the tragic scenes the actors pause to parley, or they stand at bay, or strut about the stage with threatenings or with arguments or pleadings.



I suppose that in drama it is necessary to the entertainment of the spectator that the plot be thus unfolded by the succeeding acts and dialogue, and that his interest be intensified by exciting his apprehension and holding him in suspense, while the actors approach nearer and nearer to the closing scene. But I cannot think that in real life it is usually so. I know that the most intense and awful moments of my life have come upon me with sudden swiftmess. Delay was brief, and words were few when the time had come for action. And in this simple relation of its occurrences I cannot be expected to make the story interesting by the employment of the playwright's art, but only to give a plain narration of what took place.

The hour was late and the night dark; but I cared nothing for these and did not even trouble myself to carry my lantern. I walked up Second Street to Vine, down Vine to Water Street, up Water Street to Callowhill. There, on the North side stood a long, old frame building once painted yellow—but that must have been long ago. I knew the locality. It was not a respectable neighborhood—for the most part grogeries and cheap lodging and boarding places. The third door from the wharf stood open. I entered a narrow hall. There was a stairway, at the top of which stood a candle by a door. I mounted the stairs and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a voice within. I entered and glanced around. It was a low-ceiled room with an outer door by which I had just entered and an inner door upon the opposite side. It was lighted by an oil lamp on a deal table. A couple of stools and a low bed completed the furniture. A man lay on the bed covered tightly with the bed clothes. He was breathing heavily.

"What! All alone here?" I said to him, throwing my great coat and beaver on the table.

"My bunkmate's—gone to—get some—liquor," he



I suppose that in drama it is necessary to the entertainment of the spectators that the plot be thus unfolded by the succeeding acts and dialogue, and that his interest be intensified by exciting his apprehension and holding him in suspense while the actors approach issue and hurry to the closing scene. But I cannot think that in real life it is usually so. I know that the most intense and awful moments of my life have come upon me with sudden swiftness. Delay was brief, and words were few when the time had come for action. And in this simple relation of its occurrence I cannot be expected to make the story interesting by the employment of the playwright's art, but only to give a plain narration of what took place.

The hour was late and the night dark, but I carried nothing but a torch and did not even trouble myself to call. "*I tried to Shout for Help, but My Assailant was Choking Me*" I went to York Street in the North side stood a long, old frame building once painted yellow—but that must have been long ago. I knew the locality. It was not a respectable neighborhood—for the most part groceries and cheap lodging and boarding places. The front door from the wharf stood open. I entered a narrow hall. There was a stairway, at the top of which stood a candle by a door. I mounted the stairs and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a voice within. I entered and glanced around. It was a low-ceiled room with an outer door by which I had just entered and an inner door upon the opposite side. It was lighted by an oil lamp on a deal table. A couple of stools and a low bed completed the furniture. A man lay on the bed covered tightly with the bed clothes. He was breathing heavily.

"What! All alone here?" I said to him, throwing my great coat and beaver on the table.

"My landlady's—gone to—get some—liquor," he







gasped, shivering and holding the blanket close to his chin.

"When were you taken sick?" I inquired approaching the bed.

"Today—I fell—with—a spar—acrost me—I've got a—terrible pain—here—an'—something goes—'choo'—'choo'—'choo'—you can—hear it."

As he spoke he threw down the bedcoverings. I stooped and held my head near. Instantly he seized me in his arms. I surged back, so suddenly that I partly broke away. But he had his hand clutched in my hair, and was grasping at my cravat. At that instant I distinctly saw the inner door open and a tall man with the lower part of his face covered by a black cloth, and with a dirk in his hand, thrust half his figure into the room. I knew that figure! It was Jamison! I was trapped! I tried to shout for help, but my assailant was choking me. His neck was bare. My right hand sought my waistcoat pocket—my lancet—I opened it—there's his carotid—I thrust—slashed—the blood leaped. The figure in the doorway shrank out and closed the door. My assailant tried to shout but I covered his mouth. I was dyed with his blood. How it spurted and welled! His hands relaxed, and I shook him off dying. How his face twitched! In a mad fury I bounded to the inner door where Jamison had disappeared, and tried to open it. I felt an ecstasy of rage to be at him. I tugged at the latch. I threw my weight against the door again and again, leaving great prints of blood upon it as I did so, but it would not yield. Then I turned and seized my hat and coat and rushed from the room and down the stairs, out of doors. I crossed Callow-hill Street to Britton's wharf, looking this way and that. I still held the lancet in my hand. I avoided the houses and walked out on the wharf, peering into the shadows. The great skeleton of a ship on the stocks loomed up against the sky. I stood and looked at it, and looked back and listened. The water



plashed softly underneath the wharf. The breeze was cool. How calm nature was—as though nothing had happened. My hands were stiffening with gore. Slowly making my way between the timbers and blocks, and then among long ranks of cordwood I came around to a boardyard where the earth sloped down to the water in Taylor's dock. The water was cold but not frozen. I washed the lancet and felt of its keen point which had neither bent nor dulled, even upon the muscular or tendinous coat of the artery. I washed my hands and face, pausing to turn and look about me at every fancied noise. My knees were trembling now, and I felt for the first that the air was chill. I donned my hat and great coat and sat on a pile of boards. I tried to think, but my head was dull. I rested a while. All was quiet. What should I do?

There appeared to be nothing better to do than to go home to my lodgings. I walked along the wharves to Vine Street, and on homeward, not even meeting a watchman. If I had seen a watchman I believe I should have told him what had taken place. I thought of that as the wisest thing to do. Probably I would have been taken into custody; for how could I prove the truth of my story? If detained how could I meet Jamison in the morning and put an end to his villainies as I felt determined to do. I met nobody, but walked on homeward.

I let myself in, and going to my chamber, I removed my clothing, and throwing the bloody garments into a corner, I went to bed. Strange as it may seem I promptly fell asleep. I do not know how long I had slept when I was awakened by a loud knock at the door. Most likely a nightwatchman or a constable I thought; but I rose mechanically and went to the door. On opening it a letter was thrust in by a person who immediately walked away into the darkness. I picked up the letter and, having lighted a candle, read as follows:

"Dr. Brush:

"Don't you think you would better take a sea voyage for your health? Or a trip on the stage? It will be much pleasanter than facing the charges of grave robbery and of murder. If the meeting in the morning ends your career you will escape these charges, not otherwise. I have felt it a duty to this community to make such arrangements that in case it should be my fortune to meet death or a serious wound on that occasion, that you will not escape the grasp of the law for your past crimes. The deliberate murder of your patient on Callowhill tonight can be readily proven by eye-witnesses, and will be sufficient to hang you, even if you should by any possibility escape the penalty for your previous crimes. Only pity for your ignorance and stupidity have prompted me to give you this timely warning. If you have as much as a spark of wit you will retire to the obscurity from which you sprung."

"The scoundrel," said I. "He is trying every plan to get rid of me and save himself. Probably he will do as he says and it will make an ugly charge to face. We will see what happens in the morning. I think there will be one witness less against me if the rifle is a good one. Blakesley says it is."

Getting into bed again I did not find it easy to sleep. When at last I lost myself in slumber my mind was full of troubled dreams in which were encountered the events of the past few days, and particularly of the last few hours, distorted with horrible grotesquerie. These were repeated again and again with new variations, yet with a tiresome monotony, a painfully exhausting sameness at each repetition. Finally I dreamed again for the hundredth time that I was at the dock, trying to wash the blood stains from my hands and face. The water seemed ice cold and chilled me through. I awoke to find myself shivering in bed. I roused myself to put on more cover which I drew tightly around me and even over my head, in a

fruitless attempt to get warm. I dozed again amid miserable dreams that ended in the sound of frightfully loud voices, the noise of which seemed almost to crush my head down into my spine. These sounds resolved themselves into Blakesley's voice.

Then I realized that he was in the room, and was saying, "Man alive! What a sleeper! Don't you know it's past five o'clock? And the coachee is waiting outside."

He opened the blinds, letting in a dazzling light. My head appeared bursting with pain. My back and limbs were little better. I sat up in bed but was taken with such a giddiness that I lay down again. I raised up once more and stared at Blakesley. Strange how unsteady he seemed, wavering about in the air, like a distant object in the landscape on a hot day.

He spoke again. "What's the matter with you, Brush?. Your eyes are red as coals and your face is purple." That giddiness overcame me again and I lay down.

"I had a bad night," said I. "It started out unpleasantly. I had to kill a man to keep from being killed myself. Then I slept badly and now my head and back are one bundle of aches."

"You are going to kill a man you mean," said Blakesley impatiently, "or a scoundrel at least. Pshaw! Pluck up and let's be off. We're late already."

While he was talking I thrust my feet out of bed and then stood erect upon the floor. Then, how it happened I did not know, but I was lying on the floor, with Blakesley bending over me. He felt my pulse.

"What *has* come over you, Brush?"

"I don't know," said I. "My head aches and I ache throughout body and limbs. I felt about as usual when I went to bed excepting very tired. I felt uncommonly well till I went to Callowhill and



had that trouble. But I don't think that is what ails me."

"What is what ails you?" said Blakesley.

"My having that fight and killing that man," said I. Blakesley felt my pulse again and passed his hand over my forehead as he said more gently, "You dreamed that. I guess you've been dreaming, haven't you?"

"Well, I didn't dream *that*," said I. "Look in the corner and you'll find my bloody clothes. Be kind enough to find me some clean clothes in the clothespress, will you, Blakesley? We must be off. They'll think we are not coming."

I rose and steadied myself by a chair and felt my way along the wall to the clothespress. My ears were hissing and the room was like a boat at sea tossing about while Blakesley's voice sounded like the captain shouting through a trumpet.

"Come, get into bed, Brush. You're sick."

He covered me up in bed. When lying down my head felt steadier. Then he spied the bloody clothing. "My God!" I heard him say, "He *has* been bleeding somebody sure enough! Who was it, Brush? Tell me what happened."

I told Blakesley in a few words the events of the night.

"That hellion Jamison! He meant to murder you while the other man held you. When he saw what happened to his partner he fled, and wrote that letter. I see through the whole thing. It's a pity you couldn't have finished him off this morning. But you're sick? You're going to stay right here in bed. I'll attend to that little business myself."

Then Blakesley was for saying "Good morning," but I would not let him go. I argued that it was not his quarrel; and that I never would consent to his acting for me as principal in that affair. I could attend to it myself when well again; and that I would have no possible defense to offer his mother

and sister if he met any harm. I begged him not to go. Still I believe he would have gone in spite of my arguments and entreaties but for that I was taken with a violent nausea and a retching, which gave him employment in attending to my necessities.

"I tell you, Brush," said Blakesley, "I think I'd better go and ask Dr. Physick to come and see you. What do you say to that?" I consented.

It was but a short distance and Blakesley soon returned. Dr. Physick would come soon. Blakesley had left the coachee to bring the doctor he said, "and I sent a messenger to Capt. Harriman to say you were taken suddenly ill and hoped they would consent to postpone our meeting until your recovery."

Dr. Physick arrived soon and examined me. "You have quite a fever," said he thoughtfully; and he looked at my eyes, and my tongue, felt my skin and my pulse and inspected the vomited matters—"quite a little fever. Um-um, h-m-m. So this all came on last night? And you have been 'feeling uncommonly well for the last few days?' Possibly that was the stimulus of the disease in your system; and it did not over-power you until now. 'What disease?' Well, we'll wait a little and see. You must lose some blood."

So saying Dr. Physick bade Blakesley hold a bowl while he opened a vein and drew ten ounces. Then I took a powder of "ten and fifteen."

"This is no place for you to stay," said Dr. Physick. "Who is to take care of you here? Is the carriage still waiting in front, Dr. Blakesley?"

"It is, sir," replied Blakesley.

"I'll find a better place for you."

"Where, Doctor Physick?"

He only looked at me.

"Tell me, sir, have I the yellow fever?" said I.

"What put that into your head?" said he. "I don't see that you look very yellow, do you?"

"No, not yet," said I. "But I know the symptoms. But what is the difference? I am in good hands if you will be kind enough to take charge of me."

"That I will," said he. "That's the way to look at it. Don't you trouble your head about your case. You're sick now. I'm the doctor."

Blakesley soon made ready a few articles of clothing, then he and Dr. Physick helped me down stairs and into the coach. The middle seat being removed I lay at length on blankets in the bottom of the vehicle. I bade Blakesley keep the keys of my room. Dr. Physick promised to see me after a few hours. We drove away.

"Blakesley," said I.

"Well," he answered.

"Take me to the college."

"For what?"

"Take me to the college, dismiss this driver and wagon and let Peter take me in his cart to the hospital. My whereabouts must be kept secret."

And so we did.

The jolting of the wagon aggravated my headache and nausea and Peter's cart was even worse, but there was nothing for it but endurance. At length we arrived at Bush Hill. It was a large, airy old residence that had been turned into a hospital for yellow fever the year of the great epidemic. What scenes of suffering those walls had witnessed and what groans echoed! Of all the many who had been borne within as patients how few had been able to walk out restored to health!

They carried me in; but stopped Blakesley at the door. I halted the carriers.

"Blakesley," I called. He bent near me.

"No one must know where I am for a time."

"Of course not," said Blakesley.

"My name is MacLennan, here; John MacLennan."

"I understand," said Blakesley.

"And Blakesley."

"Yes."

"I want you to find out what is being said or done about that Callowhill business."



"You leave that to me," said Blakesley, pressing my hand.

They put me to bed in the ward—a small ward, but filled with cots—most of them empty—as the fever had been prevailing but little. My headache was worse than ever.

After some hours, that seemed to me like days, Dr. Physick came. He examined me and I told him of my aches and pains being worse.

"That is often the way after a small bleeding," said he. "It was not enough. The blood vessels were very much depressed until a moderate bleeding restored a degree of action, which however was morbid, and must be reduced by more copious bleeding."

Then he drew ten ounces more, which seemed to ease me somewhat. The calomel and jalap being followed with Glauber's salts began to show effects soon after, and but for the fatigue I felt relieved. But not many hours after the doctor's visit the head and back aches returned worse than ever. The nurses and the resident physicians were kind, but there was nothing much could be done, further than the application of cold to the head. The retching continued, bringing up yellow and green bile. I felt weak, and fain would have slept, but could not.

Dr. Physick came again late that evening. He looked fatigued I thought, and very grave, or even melancholy, but that expression was common with him, especially when in deep thought. His face brightened when he saw that I regarded him.

I said I regretted to bring him out again, but he only answered "Tut, tut," and inquired after my symptoms, which I gave him without the aid of the nurse or doctor.

"Is it not strange that I am not delirious?" said I.

"It is not usual," he replied, "but I have seen patients go through severe bilious yellow fever without ever being delirious at any stage. So your headache is no better, or is even worse? You must lose some more blood."

He bled me again and I really felt better, but extremely weak. Then he warned the resident doctor against the use of bark, wine, laudanum or any cordials, and ordered a powder of "ten and ten" and took his departure with a promise to come on the morrow. I think I slept a little then, but am not sure of it, for there seemed scarcely a moment's break in my consciousness of mental and physical wretchedness, the details of which I need not distress myself anew to record. I knew I was desperately sick—that I might never recover. But the physical illness was not the greatest cause of my wretchedness. I knew too well Jamison's blandishments. I knew the advantage my absence would give him, and that he would take every advantage, fair and unfair. I knew he would set afloat stories concerning my disappearance and the reasons for it. Half dreaming and yet sleepless, I imagined I heard his voice in dark insinuations, and saw his lordly shrugs at parts of his stories too terrible for polite ears. I could hear Mrs. Tottenham's pious exclamations of horror at the current accounts of my perfidy. I knew she would not fail to remind Cordelia in private that of the two suitors she had always preferred the English Lord to the country doctor, and that now her judgment was confirmed by events. I could see the fair girl in serious thought but saying little in return. I believed she would decide the question for herself—but how? I could not quite give up hope. When I thought of failure—and imagined that I had lost and Jamison won her, I felt my heart sink within me to such depths of anguish that I hoped death might relieve me. Then I hoped to keep my reason throughout my illness, and that some means might occur to me, helpless as I was, to defeat my rival. I did not see how anything could be done. It was fortunate if I could succeed in dropping entirely out of public view for the time. But if so, how was I to keep up communication or exercise any influence upon that public or any portion of it. All these

thoughts worried me almost unbearably and I longed for sleep, but sleep came not.

No night is so long that it must not end at last.

When morning was well advanced, to my surprise I beheld Blakesley enter the ward and come to my bedside. It seemed an age since I had seen him before.

"I was deputized as Dr. Physick's assistant," he answered, nodding his head knowingly.

Then he proceeded to examine into my symptoms and condition. When he had done he said, "Now I have other things to tell you." He turned to the nurse. "That is all for the present, nurse, I will talk with Mr. MacLennan a little." The nurse moved away. "I have talked with Dr. Physick and told him *all about your case*. It is better he should understand all the particulars. I shall probably not come up here again soon, for prudent reasons. It seems there has been a man found dead in a tavern on Callowhill and the town is all agog over the mystery. The only clue so far is that the porter's boy took a message calling a certain Dr. Brush to see the man. Now the man is dead, with his throat cut, and Dr. Brush is missing. Nobody seems to know where he went. The constables are searching. I shall be watched. It will not do for me to be seen coming here after this. Dr. Brush's disappearance is all the talk at the college. It's the great subject of conversation at Mrs. Tottenham's. Mr. Jamison says he sees nothing in recent events more than might have been expected. Mrs. Tottenham is astonished, for she knew Dr. Brush's family—humble but honest people. Mr. Higginson says the murder and the disappearance may be mere coincidence, or that the doctor as well as the patient may have been murdered for aught any of us know at present. Or the doctor may have been suddenly called home or accidentally drowned. It is too soon to judge before the evidence is in. Miss Cordelia says but little, but when Mr. Higginson expressed himself thus, she remarked that people were too apt to form opinions



hastily, particularly if they were bad opinions. She is looking dreadfully pale lately—is Miss Marston. Mr. Jamison is extremely deferential toward her and solicitous for her company. ‘How does she treat him?’ Well, she is certainly gracious in her treatment of him so far as I can see; but then it is her way to be gracious in her manner with every one, up to a certain degree. Of course, when everybody was having a say I had mine, too, though it wouldn’t do for me to say too much; but I just offered to lay a hundred pounds of the best Virginia twist against a corn-cob pipe that when the truth came out it would be found that Dr. Brush was innocent of any wrong, and had the best of reasons in the world for anything he had done. Now I’m telling you too much.”

Then he shook my hand and left me.

## CHAPTER XL.

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BRUSH AT BUSH HILL HOSPITAL—THE CONVALESCENT AT  
MART M'GINNIS'—HE TAKES TO WRITING HIS RELATION.

**W**HAT I endured in physical discomfort and in mental anxiety during the following days and nights I will not attempt to describe. Nor can I tell precisely how much time I passed in the hospital, for the nights seemed interminable and the days as miserably dark with gloom as the nights. Other patients came, and either got better or died. But for a time I did neither. I just held onto life with sheer pertinacity. Dr. Physick visited me daily, or almost daily. His kindness I shall not soon forget. At length I made visible improvement. One day the resident physician placed in my hand a letter. Dr. Physick had brought it, but according to his instructions, it had been kept from me a few days until I should be a little stronger. I took it and broke the seal and glanced first at the signature. It was from Blakesley, and read as follows:

“My Dear MacLennon:

“I hope you are about well by this time and will be glad to hear all the news. Nobody has been appointed in your place yet and the boys are hoping you'll come back soon. Of course, they don't know any more than other folks, but they say you're all right anyhow.

“Do you remember I was telling you about Dr. Brush having disappeared? Nobody knew for certain why, unless it was because a patient of his was found dead. I went to see the dead man, as did hundreds of other people. Some of whom recognized him as

'Jack Doubleday,' as they called him, who had been a frequent denizen of the Coffee House of late. But I recognized him as *one of those blacklegs who killed my father!*

"In regard to Dr. Brush's appearance, Mr. Jamison found out and told us at Mrs. Tottenham's that the doctor was to have fought a duel with a French doctor who was visiting here at that time but left town about the same time, or soon after. It seems, according to Jamison, that the two doctors had a quarrel over some woman in Southwark, and were to have met to fight on the very morning that Brush disappeared, probably (according to Mr. J.) to avoid the meeting with the Frenchman. When I heard this, as you may suppose, I was boiling mad. For a wonder I was too angry to speak a word. I ran up to my room and just rolled on the floor till I got cool enough to think a little. Of course I felt like calling Jamison out. But I concluded there was one thing for me to do first anyhow, and *I did it*. I made a formal call on Mrs. T. and Miss M. and I told them *the whole truth*; and I did not spoil it in telling either. You ought to have seen their eyes stick out. Mrs. T. could not think it possible, Mr. Sudbury was such a religious man. I have not seen Miss M. since. I don't know whether she keeps her room or is gone away. Neither have I seen Jamison since.

"Dr. P. says you will be able to leave the hospital soon, but not to work yet. Keep a stiff upper lip and take care of yourself. By the way, there was a woman killed in Southwark the very same night that the man was killed on Callowhill. She was found dead, with wounds in the abdomen, exactly like those you described to me upon the woman murdered in your town in Maine. Goodbye.

Yours,

"Blakesley."

Here was something to think about. In fact, here were several subjects for thought. I sincerely hoped Blakesley might be able to hold his temper and not



challenge Jamison, who, I was sure, was an adept with weapons and would not scruple at any trick. To think of the ingenuity of his story! Well, there was some comfort in the fact that Blakesley had told Cordelia the truth so far as we knew it. I feared she would be dreadfully shocked at the idea of duelling, but was glad to have her know that it was not through cowardice that I had failed to meet my antagonist, and that I had not proposed to fight about any woman of Southwark. That was a strange coincidence that a woman was killed in Southwark upon that very same night; and singular, I thought, that the wounds were only upon the chest and abdomen like those upon Mrs. Gray.

But where was Cordelia now? Blakesley's last piece of information was rather ambiguous. Ought the fact that he had not seen her, nor yet Jamison, to be taken to mean that they had gone away together? This gave me a dreadful fear.

I felt so weak and apathetic that it had seemed to me at times I could suffer no more, and that I was incapable of human passion. But now it seemed to me that I loved Cordelia and hated Jamison more than ever before.

At Dr. Physick's next visit he said: "You must get away from here soon, Dr. Brush. We have done about all we can do here. All you want now is rest and fresh air and good food and good company. Don't you know some nice people in the country?"

"Indeed, I do," said I smiling, though a big lump came into my throat. "I know some very nice people in the country, who would be glad to see me—at home in Massachusetts."

He shook his head. "That's too far away. Well, we'll think about it. There's no hurry."

"Oh," said I, recollecting suddenly, "I know one family near here—Mr. McGinnis, on the Wissahickon. But they might be afraid of the fever."

"No danger about the fever," said Dr. Physick. "You're over it, anyway."

"If you'll be kind enough to tell Blakesley, I think he'll go out and see them for me," said I. To this Dr. Physick agreed. Then he left me to my thoughts, which were comfortless companions.

That night at the Bush Hill Hospital there came a scuffling and a sound of voices on the stairs. The ward in which I lay was on the second floor. A new patient was carried in. This was no strange occurrence, and I paid small attention as the attendants bore him into the ward and proceeded to put him to bed. He gave them hard work of it, for he was a large and heavy man, and moreover was violently delirious. His voice caught my attention, as betimes it rose in his raving. I thought I knew that voice, strangely as it sounded. So I looked more attentively and as the candlelight fell brighter upon his face I recognized—Jamison. His face was purple and bloated and his eyes gleaming red. He talked and swore and struggled at times violently. He seemed to think the place was a prison and the attendants officers of the law, from whom he vainly endeavored to escape.

"Let me go, you blackguards!" he cried with horrible oaths. "You can't prove anything anyhow," and much more of the same tenor. I did not need to hear the resident say so, after he had examined him, to know that he was a very bad case of the fever. They bled him, and after great difficulty induced him to swallow a powder. It was nearly two hours before quiet was restored in the ward.

The patients were all asleep excepting myself. Even Jamison appeared to fall asleep, only starting up occasionally, tossing and muttering. The night nurse dozed in his chair, and finally went fast asleep, snoring louder than any other in the room. Poor fellow! He was worn out with his labors. I could not sleep. A thousand thoughts persistently coursed through my brain. I was weary of thinking, and painfully weary of my own emotions, and yet they would not cease

and let me sleep. All of that panorama of that wakeful night, I cannot attempt to record. Strange thoughts came to me. They were natural, I suppose, but strange because the circumstances were strange and I had never been placed quite thus before. One thought or impulse among the thousand I will record. It occurred persistently. I thought how easy it would be for me to cross quietly, barefooted as I was, those few yards between my bed and Jamison's, loosen the bandage on his arm, slip quietly back into bed and let his life flow away at his open vein while the nurse slept. It would be supposed that the patient in his delirium had loosened the bandage himself. That would be merciful compared with what he had deliberately planned to do for me, and what I believed he had done to Mrs. Gray. I could justify it by a score of sophistries, and it was perfectly practical and safe for me. While I arranged the arguments pro and con, suddenly I saw Jamison rouse from his sleep and sit up in bed, clad only in a night-shirt as he was. He glared about for a moment, then swiftly crossed the room to the nearest window. I saw his danger, for he meant to jump. My evil fancies and sophistries vanished. I know not whether it was a better thought or only my training as a physician that impelled me, but I instantly sprang to his side, calling to the nurse at the same time. I thought to seize the frenzied man and prevent his design, but then bethought me that in his present state he might display preternatural strength, while I was yet very weak.

So I said, "Good evening, Mr. Jamison. Wouldn't you better wait a minute and take your hat? You are going out without your hat." My words attracted his attention. He stared around at me.

"Why, so I was," he said, passing his hand over his head. By this time the nurse came to my aid and the sick man allowed us to turn him about and persuade him back to bed. However, he soon became so violent that we found it necessary to call more help



and hold him, and finally to restrain him by tying him to the bedstead. I offered to watch at the bedside and give him water or medicine as needed; for I could not sleep anyway, and the night nurse was tired enough; but the resident would not consent, as I was too weak for any fatigue and he and the nurses insisted on my going to bed again. But when they were all gone but the one night nurse, I prevailed upon him to take some rest, and I waited upon the sick man, and such others as needed attention, until gray dawn. Then I called the nurse and went to bed. I must have fallen asleep and had not yet awakened when a message was brought, that a farmer with a team had come to convey me away.

It was Martin McGinnis, in his most benevolent mood, with a bed in his wagon and innumerable blankets and comfortables. He had brought also a suit of young Mart's clothing, in which I was soon arrayed, and with hearty good-byes from the resident doctor and the nurses I left behind me the scenes of my late sufferings and almost despair. Not that I was either happy or contented yet, nor ready to take up the burdens of active life. Far from that. Nor was it yet prudent for me to go back to the town below. But the air was crisp. Martin's sleek horses tossed their manes as they found the road lay homeward. Heavy as they were they even attempted to prance in elephantine fashion. The wagon and its occupants were no load for them. The old farmer was so kind to me, and he told me, with such implicit expectation of my interest and sympathy, all the little homelike news about "mother" and "the children;" and what each one had said upon the occasion of Blakesley's visit, and how it all came about that he was there with the wagons and the two big roan mares, Doll and Kate, that I could not forbear making a show of being interested. As we drew away into the country, amid its scenes of winter quietude, and recuperative restfulness, I felt the influence of my surroundings. Na-

ture even in sombre winter dress, although less light-some and winning than in summer garb, hath yet her charms for those who love her. The serenity of nature in winter, even without the added sanctity of the snow, ever appeals to me.

She speaks a lesson, too—that rest must alternate with labor, calmness and coolness succeed the heated storms of passion; and that even in adversity when all we had builded is razed, all we had cherished appears blasted and all hope seems dead, we should patiently endure, looking forward to that certain change which after Winter surely brings the Spring.

“Time goes by turns and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

Not always full of leaf, nor ever Spring,  
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
Thus with succeeding terms God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.”

The brown, bare fields, the leafless trees, the silent brooks were beautiful and eloquent to me. How different the banks of the romantic Wissahickon now appeared from their Autumnal gorgeousness! Yet the present scene was better suited to my mood. My sickness had given me another lesson in submission, in obedience, in the philosophy of life.

Arrived at the farm I was made welcome. Young Mart would have me lean upon his shoulder although I scarcely needed it, to walk into the house. Fanny with the dark hair, milk-white skin, round wrists, dimpled cheeks and merry blue eyes, met us with girl-ish frankness at the door and ushered us into the sitting room. Mother McGinnis came in from the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron.

She shook and turned the pillow on the settee, and bade Young Mart bring another stick of wood for the

fire, and Fanny to fetch me a cup of milk. When I murmured against too much attention, she only said "Shure and you're very welcome. I says to father, says I, 'What if it was our Mart away from home, and sick. Bring the young gentleman here in God's name,' says I, 'and we'll soon have him hearty and well,' says I. Now, if ye'll only content yerself to do nothing but rest fer a spell ye'll be strong agen in a fortnight or two."

But to do nothing is a poor way of bringing contentment. It is a hard task to set for one who has been accustomed to fill every hour with labor up to the measure of his strength. By way of lightening this task of idleness I cast about me for some occupation for those wintry days of my convalescence. The events of the year had crowded themselves upon me so hurriedly as scarcely to give me time for adequate reflection, and now, often pondering over them, the thought came to me to write this narrative. Being once begun I found it no small task to set all down on paper. But Young Mart was a strong if not an elegant penman, and in the long winter evenings after the feeding was done, he trimmed a quill to his liking, grasped it in his strong fist and worked away with it manfully. Fanny wrote a really neat and pretty hand, and volunteered her aid on sundry afternoons. She said it was as good for her as going to school; but I think it was done out of the kindness of her heart, and possibly to gratify an innocent curiosity. So it happened that this manuscript shows other penmanship than mine. Some parts of my relation surely I could not dictate to either Mart or Fanny, but I managed that they did not know of their existence or feel hurt by any seeming lack of confidence on my part.

Thus the days wore quietly on in this industrious idleness. I could sleep soundly of nights and each day found me stronger. I walked out of doors, guarded by the great watch-dog who marched at my heels,—past the beehives whose swarms slumbered on



in their hyemal rest, along the orchard pathway to the barnyard, and watched the stock fed, and the cows milked. When pretty Fanny came over to the bars and poured a dipper of milk and held it up, I did not need to hear that her mother had said it would be good for me, for I was nothing loath to drink it. Looking into her friendly blue eyes fringed with long dark lashes how could any man feel that life had in it nothing to make it worth the living? Yet I almost did so. Then I believed myself dead to emotion.

But at times when the image of Cordelia came life-like to my memory, my heart was filled with such tender anguish that I wished for total insensibility to all feeling, that I might be relieved of the distress her memory brought me. I realized that without her love, life could never again be even the same that it was before I saw her. As for the glorious possibilities of happiness and success that had dawned upon my vision when I had dared to think she might be mine, they were but a dream—unsubstantial—unattainable—impossible as a journey upon the mountains of summer-cloudland. And those hopes of professional usefulness and distinction, those ambitions for knowledge and skill, that fine *esprit du corps*, that philanthropic desire to benefit humanity—what of all these? How empty, vague, and vain they seemed—how flat and tasteless and all unnecessary!

Yet being still alive, I must do something; and after reasoning over the whole matter I resolved to forget all thoughts of love; and to devote myself entirely with what little enthusiasm I could muster to professional work—that is, bye and bye I would do so. When I was better able—not now. I would pass the time in writing now, when I could not eat or sleep. And so I wrote and wrote.

One day Fanny came dancing through the room with her eyes sparkling. "There is company coming," said she. "A carriage is coming up the road." She tripped upstairs, only to come down again in twenty

seconds with a clean apron, and tying a new ribbon in her hair. But what was company to me? Some friends of Mother McGinnis' likely, to drink tea and piece quilts; or maybe a friend of Father McGinnis' to stay over night on his journey farther inland. They would be only interrupting me. I dipped my quill again and scratched away on the paper. The great watch-dog bayed and trotted out to challenge the newcomers, and Fanny and her mother both went out to call him back. I heard the sound of voices, but I doggedly scrawled along. There came a step on the threshold, and as the door swung, I looked up.

There stood Cordelia Marston! I sprang to meet her. She extended her hand, but when I looked into her eyes I caught her in my arms. I felt my blood course through every vein like a delicious cordial. Then the air turned gray, and I must have sank back upon the table, for I found myself reclining there with my head upon Cordelia's arm and her hand upon my forehead.

She murmured, "Oh, my lover. Do not die now!"

I caught the hand and kissed it, telling her not to be frightened at my weakness. Fanny came in at the door, said "Oh!" and disappeared.

By this time I recovered myself, and was ready to greet Mrs. Tottenham and Blakesley, who entered, while Cordelia slipped away into the parlor.

Fanny and Mother McGinnis had the ladies in charge in a trice, taking off bonnets and shawls.

"Nothing else would do," said Blakesley. "We had to come." As he said "we" he nodded his head significantly toward the parlor. Then he seized my hand again. "Here's joy to you, old boy! But how pale you are. Never mind. You'll soon be well now."

They stayed to dinner, and we were very merry, though as for myself, while my heart swelled with joy, for some reason I found my mind upon very solemn thoughts. Blakesley was in high spirits. After din-

ner he fell into a great conversation about work on a plantation as compared with Pennsylvania farming, and Father McGinnis and Young Mart took him out for a tour about the farm.

Mother McGinnis had a kitchen, a cellar and a spring-house famous for miles around, which she was sure Mrs. Tottenham would like to see.

They left Cordelia and me alone by the fire in the sitting-room of the old farm-house. The chronicle of that sweet hour is one portion of my story I surely could not think of asking Mart to write for me, nor yet Fanny. I cannot even bring myself to set it down. It is sacred to her whose love is the most precious gift that life could give me, and without which the world holds for me neither light, nor warmth nor color nor sweet sounds.



## CHAPTER XLI.

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BOGGIS WRITES A LETTER WHICH THROWS LIGHT ON THE  
MYSTERY—OTHER FRIENDS ARE HEARD FROM—DR.  
BRUSH BRINGS HIS NARRATIVE TO AN END.

**M**Y FRIENDS drove back to town in opposition to the cordial urging of the whole McGinnis family that they lodge in the great old farmhouse over night; but Mrs. Tottenham had made arrangements to be back at a certain hour of the clock, and back she must go. However, they promised to come very soon again. Before leaving, Blakesley handed me a letter which he said he had forgotten to deliver sooner; but I knew his ways. "And Oh, yes," he said, "there is another thing had almost slipped my mind to tell you. I had news from the hospital. Jamison has relapsed and is extremely bad. He was having the black vomit."

When they were gone down the road out of sight and I had mused long upon the rapture of that last pressure of Cordelia's hand and her look at parting, I examined the letter. It bore the London post-mark, and I found it dated at that city Nov. 20, 1800. It read as follows:

"Dear Sir and Friend:

"Soon after arriving here and comfortably settling in quarters, I undertook to investigate a certain matter agreeably to your instructions. I had no trouble in ascertaining that the arms of which you gave me a drawing are those of the Duke of Cumberlandore.

"Knowing it to be your desire to possess all available facts I made a journey to the village of Cumberlandore, and soon made myself acquainted with the recent history of his Grace and family so far as it is

known in the neighborhood. Their wealth is considerable in lands and houses thereabouts, the enumeration of which would probably not interest you. The family has borne a reputation, for several generations at least, for talent and shrewdness and for a certain suavity and polish of manner which well serve to hide a love of petty intriguing, selfishness and rapacity beneath.

“William, the third Duke of Cumbermore, although he was afflicted with the falling sickness, accomplished more for the family and estate than any before or since his time. His son, the “Old Duke,” as the villagers called him, died some five years ago from the result of hard drinking, it is said, leaving the Dowager Duchess, two sons and a daughter. The elder son, Charles, soon after he came into the estate, made a tour of France and Italy and finally of America. He is described as possessing many amiable qualities, although somewhat unstable of character, and the tenantry were very much relieved at the prospect of having him in possession; and more especially when he returned from America with a beautiful wife whose kindness won all the hearts of the tenants and servants, and whose loveliness made quite a stir among aristocratic friends of the family. But her popularity excited the envy of the Dowager and her daughter, the gaunt and sallow Lady Clara, and it was soon rumored that all was not pleasant for the fair American bride.

“The younger son, James, is quite a character. He is said to have a very uneven disposition from boyhood up, being at times excessively amiable and again even cruel. For a time he made such progress and became such a great favorite at college as quite elated the family, when he suddenly quarreled with all his friends, lost all interest in his studies for the rest of the term and came home to amuse himself or annoy the tenantry during vacation. After several repetitions of this experience the idea of a liberal education

was given up and he was put in training for a military life. Finally a captain's commission was purchased for him and he went into the army, but came home again to C. for reasons unknown to my informants. He endeavored to induce his brother the Duke to allow him to superintend the estate. He proposed different rates of wages, hours of labor, and terms of rental than any they had been accustomed to for generations back, and argued the advantages of the proposed change with great plausibility. He undertook negotiations for the purchase of farms adjoining the estate; and advocated certain military regulations for the management of all the servants and tenantry, who were to be greatly benefited and enriched by all these innovations. In the height of these revolutionary projects he was confined to the house by an illness, it was said, the nature of which was not made public, though the old servants believed it was the falling sickness like his grandfather had. After several days he emerged listless and uncommunicative and spending a good deal of time with the curate.

"Not many months passed before the Duke began to tire of his bride of a year and to neglect her for various interests and amusements of the country side. If the stories of the servants may be believed he even joined the haughty Dowager and Lady Clara in twitting the American on her plebeian birth. But the time was not allowed him to show how far his noble blood would stoop to ignoble deeds, for he died suddenly of a dysentery, and was buried beside the "Old Duke," who had carried his honors and dishonors more decades than the young Duke had years. The subsequent history I was at a little more difficulty to obtain, but knowing, sir, that you desired me to be thorough to a degree, I made free to expend judiciously a little time and also small-change. It seems that not many weeks had elapsed after the burial of the young Duke, before it became very apparent that James was making ardent advances toward the widowed bride, whose



sensitive nature recoiled from him. At the same time the Dowager and Clara increased their persecutions to an extent that excited the indignation and compassion of even the house-servants. They could not tell me to what lengths this outrageous behavior was carried at the last, but suddenly the unhappy young widow disappeared from Cumbermore, and it was said that she was gone back to her home in the backwoods of America where she ought always to have stayed. The amiable James disappeared very soon after, having borrowed a thousand pounds, more or less, of a simple old friend of his father's, and rifled the Dowager's *eseritoire* of all the rents last collected, and taken a good supply of his brother's clothing. That occurred last Spring and he has not been seen since. Some think he has gone back to the army, some suppose he is on the continent where he will likely stay as long as his money lasts or he can replenish his purse by gaming; but all agreed that he is gone 'for no good.' Such, my dear doctor, is the information that I was able to gather, and I hope it is sufficient for your purpose. I enclose an itemized account of the expenses incurred, for travel, etc. As you see, my time and services are not mentioned. I hope you will accept them in return for many kindnesses in the past for which I have felt myself under obligations to you. I enjoyed the trip to Shropshire very much.

"At some other time if I have leisure and you care to hear I may write you of some experiences in London. Pray present my compliments (that 'pray' was quite unpremeditated) to Mrs. Tottenham and Miss Cordelia, to Mr. Higginson and friend Blakesley, and believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

"SENECA BOGGIS.

"To Dr. Jonathan Brush,

"Philadelphia."

This letter set me upon a train of thought that occupied many hours. In my own mind the mystery of the murder is solved. There is now no doubt that Jami-

son was the "younger son James," who had followed his fugitive sister-in-law to Farmerstown, traced out her asylum at the widow Henry's, assailed her upon the bluff, with what barbarous effect I have already recorded. Whether he was enraged by her refusal to his advances, or destroyed her to destroy a possible heir to the Cumbermore estate, I have no means of knowing. I rather believe the latter theory. I believe, too, though I have no means of proving it, that he hid the knife in the Henry barn, and that it was he who, hovering near the grave of his victim and seeing Richard and me there where we might be caught, uttered that unearthly cry which had brought people upon us. Whether he secreted the purse that was found, in order to add to the appearance of Richard's being guilty, I am not sure. It is possible that Mrs. Gray herself placed it there for safe-keeping.

But doubtless ere now Jamison's crimes and schemes are over and he has escaped the reach of human vengeance, for the black vomit is almost invariably a fatal symptom.

So I passed two more days at the McGinnis farm, when again the vigilant Fanny espied a carriage coming up the road. No, it was a stage. But what an odd one, with a sailcloth-covered top, and two extra horses led behind, and a boy on horseback riding ahead. They were coming in, though, sure enough. We watched from the window. It was nobody that Fanny knew. Nobody who lived near there. They looked a little like neighbor Brumter's horses, but they were not.

As they came closer, I perceived that they were somebody I knew. They were Richard Henry—and Dorothy. I rushed out at the door. Richard and I clasped hands; but that was not enough. We clasped arms about each other—till Dorothy said, "Ain't you going to give me a chance?"

I kissed her on the cheek. There never was a rosier.

"I couldn't be at the wedding, you know," said I.

Then we brought them into the house. The boy took the horses to the barnyard.

What a time we had talking. It would take me days and weeks to write all of that. How Richard escaped, and made his way to Boston, where he got work at measuring lumber. Then he had taken a contract to build a bridge. During the progress of this work he had made the acquaintance of a Congressman. He then conceived the idea of getting a government appointment as a special commissioner to inspect and report upon mail routes and roads. He says there are nine hundred post-offices in the United States, and he hopes to effect many improvements in the lines of communication between them. Before I had left Farmerstown Richard had gone to Philadelphia and had interviewed the Postmaster General and President Adams himself. Could I guess who had given Richard the most flattering recommendation to those gentlemen? It was none other than Judge Cobb. Richard had gotten his appointment. He had gone back to Farmerstown, and spirited Dorothy away. They were married in Bangor. One of the Whittlesey boys lives with Mother Henry. I should see the commissioner's wagon and apparatus. We went out to examine them. There was a complete equipment for camping, hunting, fishing, surveying.

When I saw the instruments of the latter art I wondered, and inquired, "Where did you learn how to use those?"

"Oh, I guess I always knew how," said Richard, "only I had no instruments before. But I understood them very soon when I got them."

He worked those arching brows of his and compressed his lips in the same old way.

Dorothy was very proud of Richard and repeatedly supplemented or interrupted his narrations. He had every convenience for records and reports. He had just received his final instructions. They were on



their way first to the new country in Ohio. She was going with him. I was ready to admit that he could not have found a bonnier nor a better comrade in the whole United States. They had only come a little out of their way to see me.

"I'm afraid mother will be lonesome," said Dorothy, "but I was out in the fields so much with the boys it won't be as bad for her as if I was one of those housegirls. Father'll miss me most. But Richard would need me if I wasn't along to cook; wouldn't you Richard? Mother used to say I wasn't much at cookery, but I do real well in camp, don't I Richard?"

I told them of Cordelia and only wished that they might know each other.

They departed on their long journey to the New West. I resumed the writing of my narrative.

Next day I was at my writing and musing. How strangely things do come about in this world! Doubtless if some one should ever read my simple story of the year's events he would feel like saying, "That could not be. That sounds like a figment of imagination." And yet it has been. And here am I recording it.

Not that I spend all my time thus. There are many things to think of for the future, and strangely, my enthusiasm is coming back to me. I must make myself master of my calling. There are in it glorious opportunities for the alleviation of human suffering and the bettering of the race; and no occupation offers better opportunities for self-culture. I am not ambitious for wealth—more than the means of decent living. I shall not strive for fame—more than an honest name. Nor yet is power the end of my desire; except that power one has within himself to know and think and feel and act. 'Tis the physician when he walks among his fellowmen—who but for his elevation to his high calling would have been his equals—walks loftily yet lowly, conscious of an understand-

ing of their infirmities and of his power to heal or to prevent their diseases—'tis the physician who rises to the dignity of a real monarch among subjects and feels within himself a kingly strength and majesty.

In return for all the legacy of wisdom and of honor which our profession has laid open to me I may yet be able to add some mite of knowledge to its treasures, or to enhance its honors, by skillfully and worthily practicing its precepts, scientific and ethical; by celebrating its glories, and elevating its estimation and influence in the minds of men.

And the present has its joys. Cordelia has come to see me again. And again we have told each other our love.

And Blakesley was here again. What did that honest fellow say to me? He said he did not know but that he needed a vacation and a little nursing himself—it was such a charming place out here. Then again he said—for Blakesley is always saying something—that he supposed whether he was a planter or whether he was a doctor, or whether he was both together, he was getting old enough to settle down. But the idea never entered my mind until I saw him marching off down the orchard-path with Fanny and the milk pail, that it was not for me alone that boy liked to visit the McGinnis farm. Well! Well! How stupid I must be, all intent upon my own affairs! Fanny would be a pretty and thrifty wife for a planter or a doctor, or both in one.

Here I rest in this peaceful home and feel my strength coming back to me day by day. I sit in the great armchair by the fire and recall the events of the year. My thoughts have traveled faster than my pen could follow—faster and farther and higher. I would be but a senseless and ungrateful clod indeed and less discerning than the simple savage redman if my heart did not rise in thankfulness and seek after the Great Spirit.

I hear a gentle rustling sound enter the room be-

hind me. Soft hands hold my brows and a voice says, "thinking! thinking, thinking, whatever will come of all your thinking? Shall I take the pen for a while?" I seize the hands and draw down the lovely face above me. "Writing, writing, writing, whatever will come of all my writing? I must have done with it. I will tie up my papers with this good deerskin thong and put them into my portmanteau, where, for the present, and perhaps for all the future, they may repose. I must go out into the world again. Just where my work next lies is the question. Shall I first go back to Philadelphia? I had a very kind note this morning from Dr. Physick, in which he said my work had been very satisfactory to the faculty, and they hope that I may soon be able to resume my duties at the College. If all goes well I may decide to remain permanently in the city. But Richard was telling me there are fine towns growing rapidly out in Ohio and he may discover a better location for us. You, my love, must help to decide where we shall live. To me it matters little where, while I have you, and —don't be jealous now—while I have you and my profession."





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